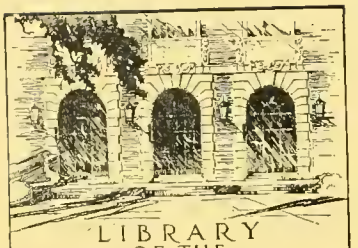
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THE

"MASCOT."

(LA MASCOTTE.)

COMIC OPERA

IN 3 ACTS.

MUSIC BY

EDMOND AUDRAN.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION AND ADAPTATION OF WORDS TO MUSIC BY

THEODORE T. BARKER.

DIALOGUE AND STAGE DIRECTIONS BY

I. W. NORCROSS, JR.

BOSTON:

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

NEW YORK:	CHICAGO:	PHILADELPHIA:	BOSTON:
C. H. DITSON & CO.	LYON & HEALY.	J. E. DITSON & CO.	JOHN C. HAYNES & CO

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

BETTINA, the Mascot ..... *Soprano.*
FIAMETTA, daughter of Lorenzo XVII. ..... *Mezzo Soprano.*
PIPPO, a Shepherd ..... *Baritone.*
LORENZO XVII., Prince of Piombino ..... *Baritone.*
ROCCO, a Farmer ..... *Bass*
FREDERIC, Prince of Pisa ..... *Tenor*
PARAFANTE, Sergeant ..... *Baritone*
MATHEO, Inn-keeper ..... *Baritone*

Peasants, Lords and Ladies of Court, Soldiers, etc., etc

ARGUMENT.

THE scene of the opera is laid in Piombino, Italy, in the 15th century. The stage represents a farm, when the peasants are celebrating the vintage festival. ROCCO, the farmer, instead of joining the pleasures, sits moodily apart. In reply to the peasants, who ask the reason, he declares that it is on account of his ill-luck, which turns all his efforts to disadvantage. PIPPO, his shepherd, whom he had sent to his brother for aid in his misfortunes, returns, bringing only a basket of eggs, and a letter, to the disgust of Rocco, with the information that his brother has sent, also, his turkey-keeper, BETTINA, who will bring good fortune to his house, she being a Mascot, or hearth-angel, whose presence makes a home happy and prosperous. Pippo gives a glowing decription of Bettina's charms and accomplishments, which Rocco laughs at; and when Bettina arrives, shortly afterwards, she meets with a cold welcome from him, and an order to return whence she came. While she is preparing to leave, the scene is interrupted by the arrival of a hunting party, consisting of Prince LORENZO, his daughter, Prince FREDERIC, and members of the court, who stop at the farm for rest and refreshment after the chase. The Prince who deems himself one of the unlucky ones, takes notice of Bettina, and by accident learns that she is the possesser of peculiar virtues, and determines to take her to his court, and make use of her gifts for his own advantage. Rocco appeals from his decision; but the prince pacifies him with the promise to make him Court Chamberlain, with large powers and emoluments. He then ennobles Bettina, as Countess of Panada, and with these added to the party, turns gaily homeward, leaving Pippo behind, to his great disgust, and the sorrow of Bettina.

In the Second Act, we find the characters at the grand-ducal palace at Piombino. A grand fête is to be given in honor of the marriage of FIAMETTA, the Prince's daughter, to Frederic, the crown-prince of Pisa. Bettina is in great favor at the court, and is believed to be the king's favorite. While she, weary of the splendor that surrounds her, pines for her free peasant life, and for her absent lover, Pippo Among the other wedding entertainments, is to be a display given by a company of actors and dancers, the principal one of which, under the name of Saltarelle, turns out to be Pippo in disguise. The lovers meet, and plan an escape, which fails, however, through Rocco, who announces the presence of Pippo to the Prince, and his arrest. Meanwhile, Fiametta has taken a great fancy to Pippo, and turns her back upon Frederic. She acknowledges her passion to the former, and tells him that Bettina is false to him, and about to marry her father, the Prince Lorenzo. At the last moment, Pippo and Bettina come together again, and explain matters. In a moment of general confusion, resulting from the cross-purposes of all parties — they escape by leaping through a window into the river below, to the horror of all present.

In the Third Act, the scene lies in the large hall of an Italian inn, in the duchy of Pisa. Soldiers of the Pisan army are carousing in honor of their recent victories, gained under the lead of Frederic, over the armies of Lorenzo. Pippo appears as a captain and friend of Frederic, and Bettina, as a young trooper, in which disguise she has fought through the war, as the companion of Pippo. They reveal their real names and persons to Frederic, and Pippo declares his intention to leave the army and marry Bettina at once. While the preparations are making for the wedding, Lorenzo, Fiametta and Rocco disguised as strolling minstrels, and wandering through the country to gain a living in their altered condition, resulting from the reverses of the war — meet the bridal party at the inn — make themselves known to each other, and after proper explanations on all sides, Fiametta goes back to her old lover, Frederic, and the wedding of Bettina and Pippo is celebrated with general rejoicing.

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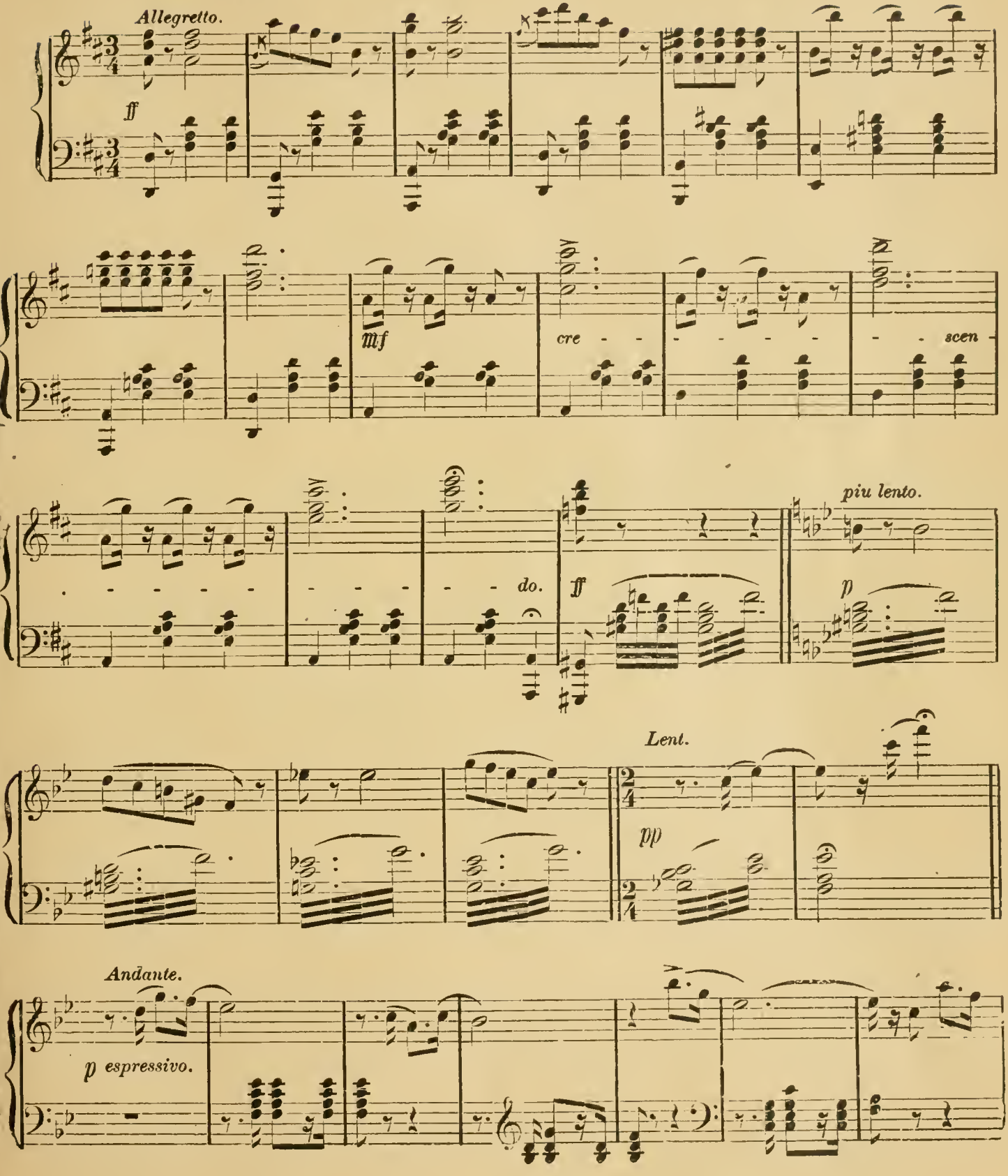
OVERTURE.



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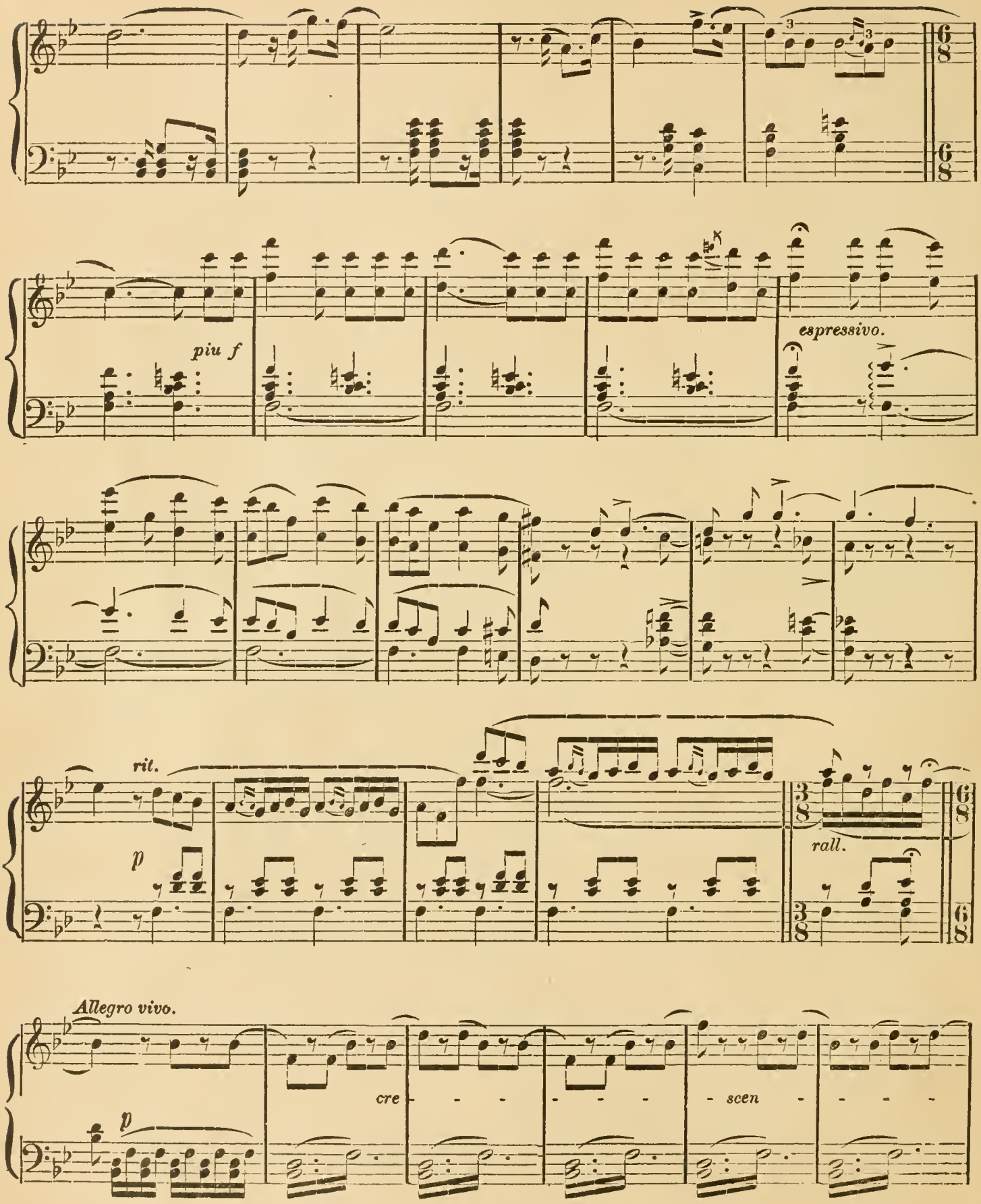
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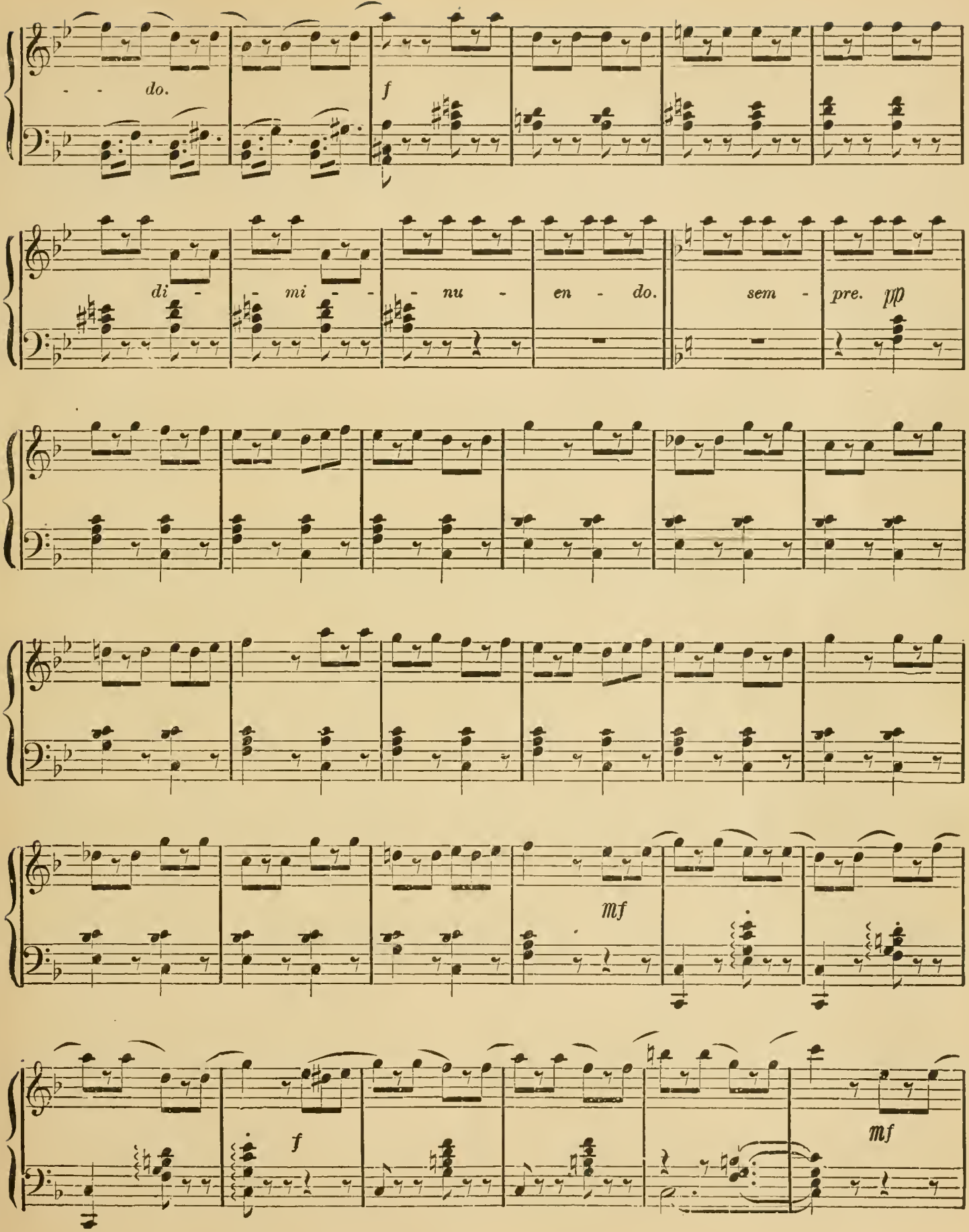
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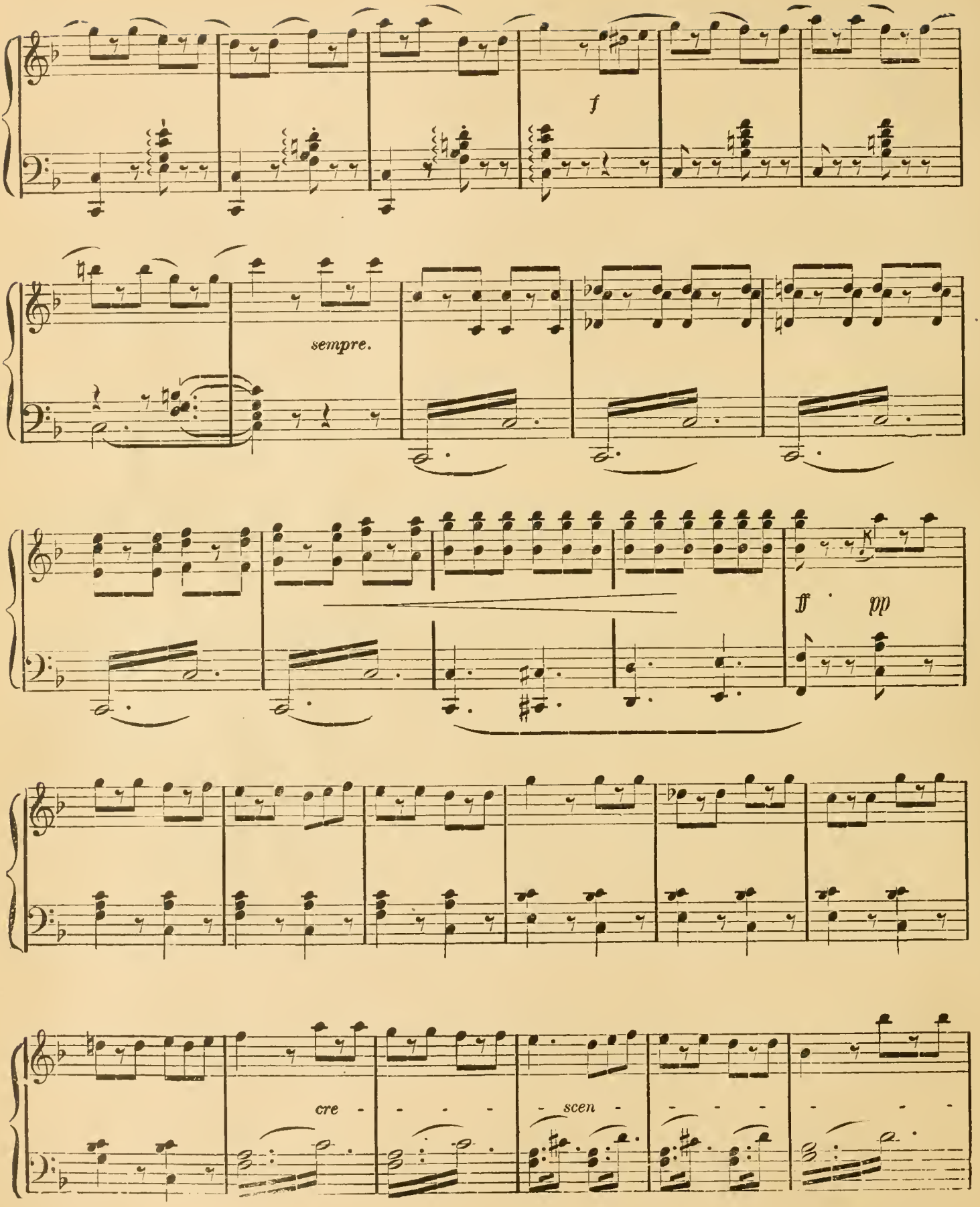
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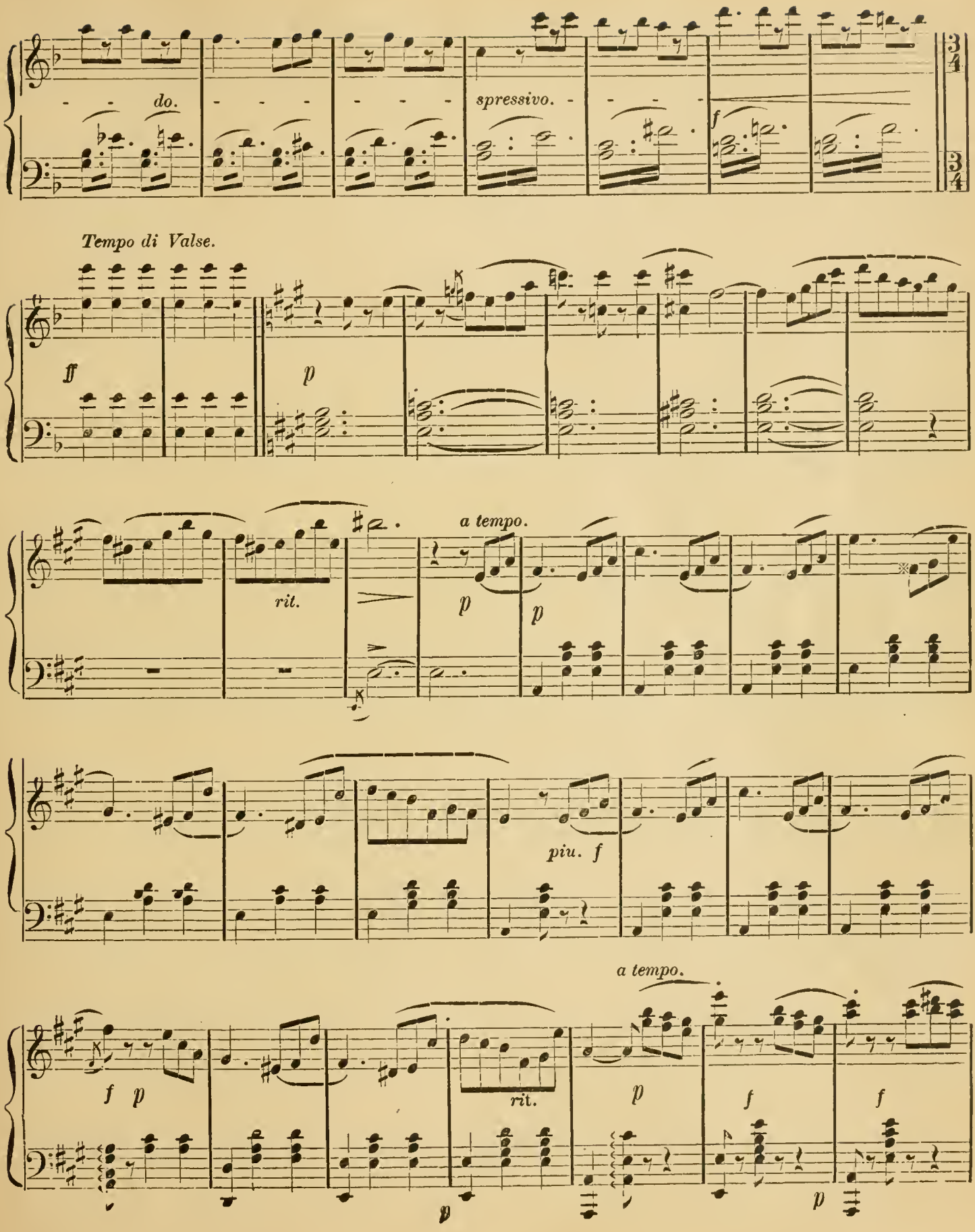
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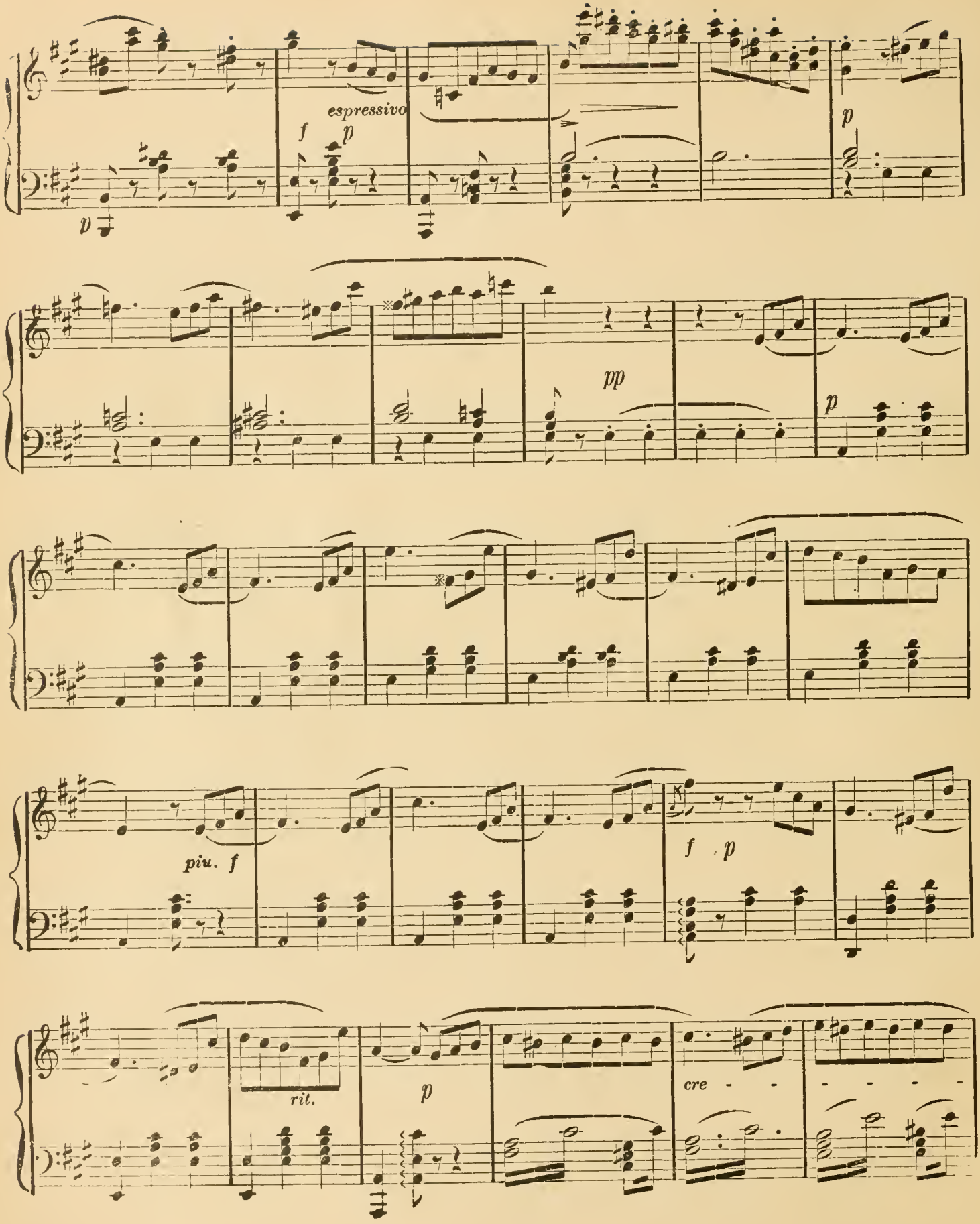
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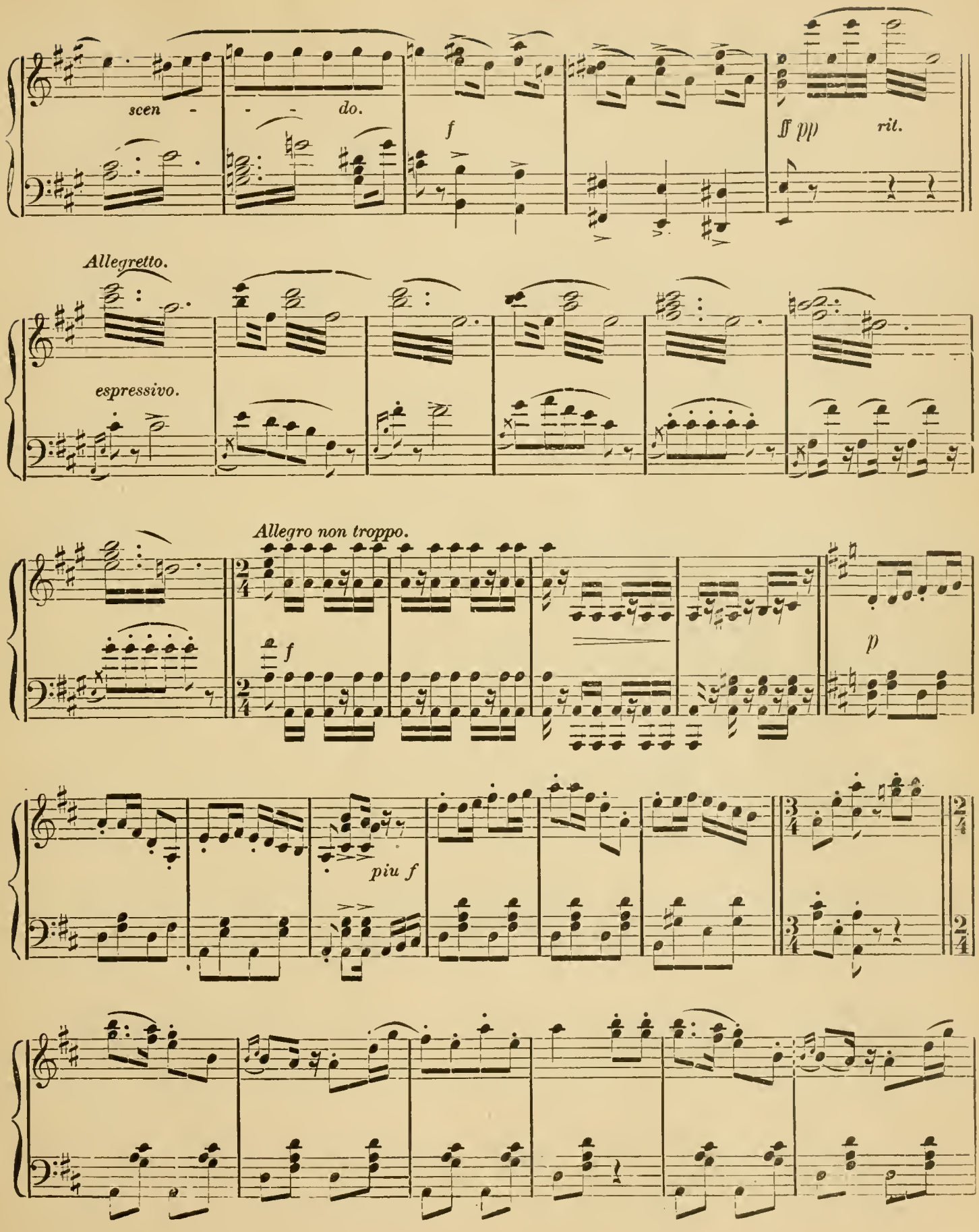
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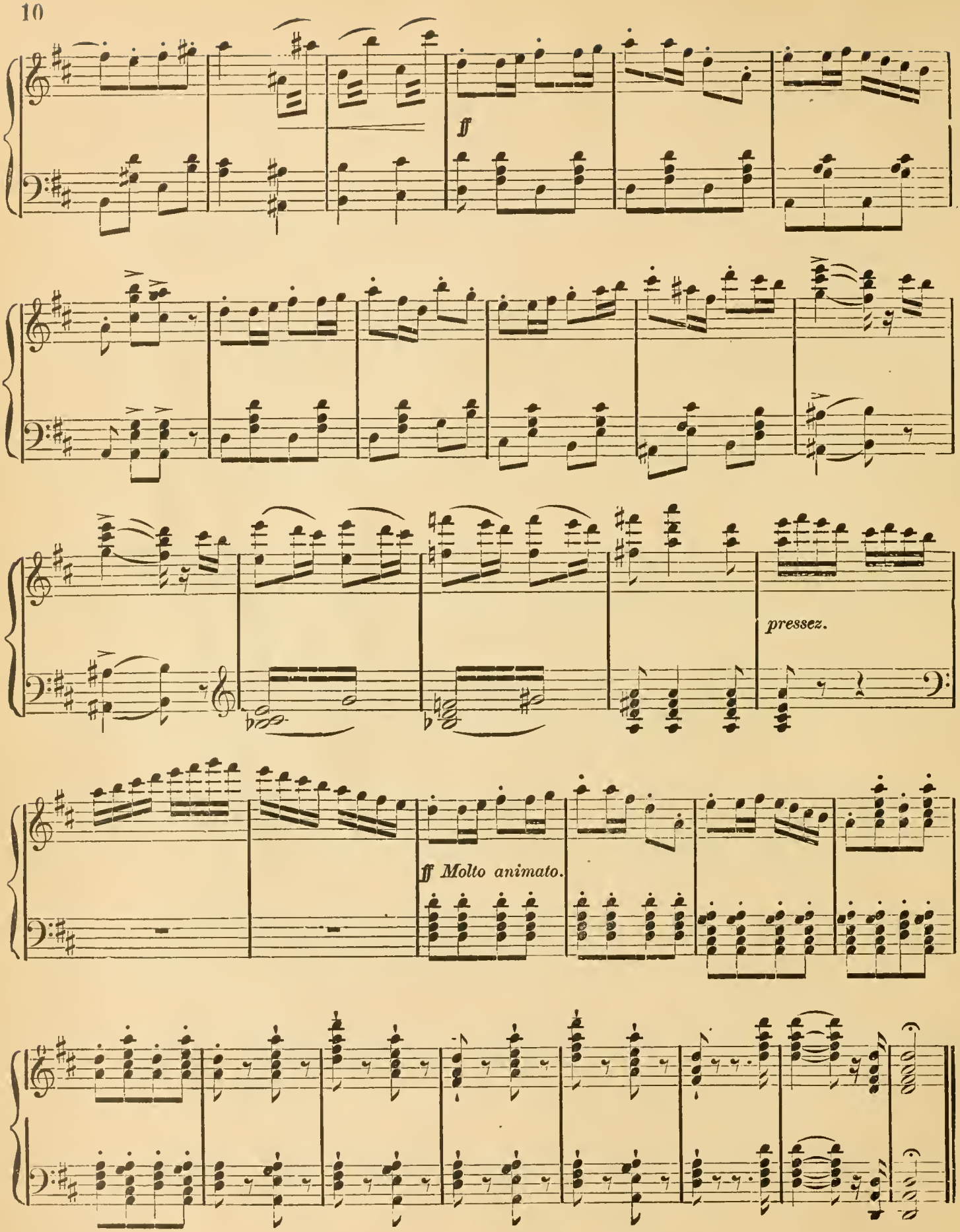
ff
pressez.
ff Molto animato.

ACT I.

The scene represents a farm yard in Italy. At the right a farm house; at the left a shed—at L. C., *back, a post with large bell at top, and rope attached. At the back, a fence across stage* R. *to* L. *with arched gateway,* C., *and picturesque country beyond. Tables and rustic chairs* R. *and* L. *At the rising of curtain the vintage feast has just begun. They are drinking new wine. Boys and girls are filling jugs from a large barrel placed* L., *under the shed. They fill glasses, which they pass around.*

INTRODUCTION AND OPENING CHORUS.

No. 1. Three Peasant Girls and Chorus.

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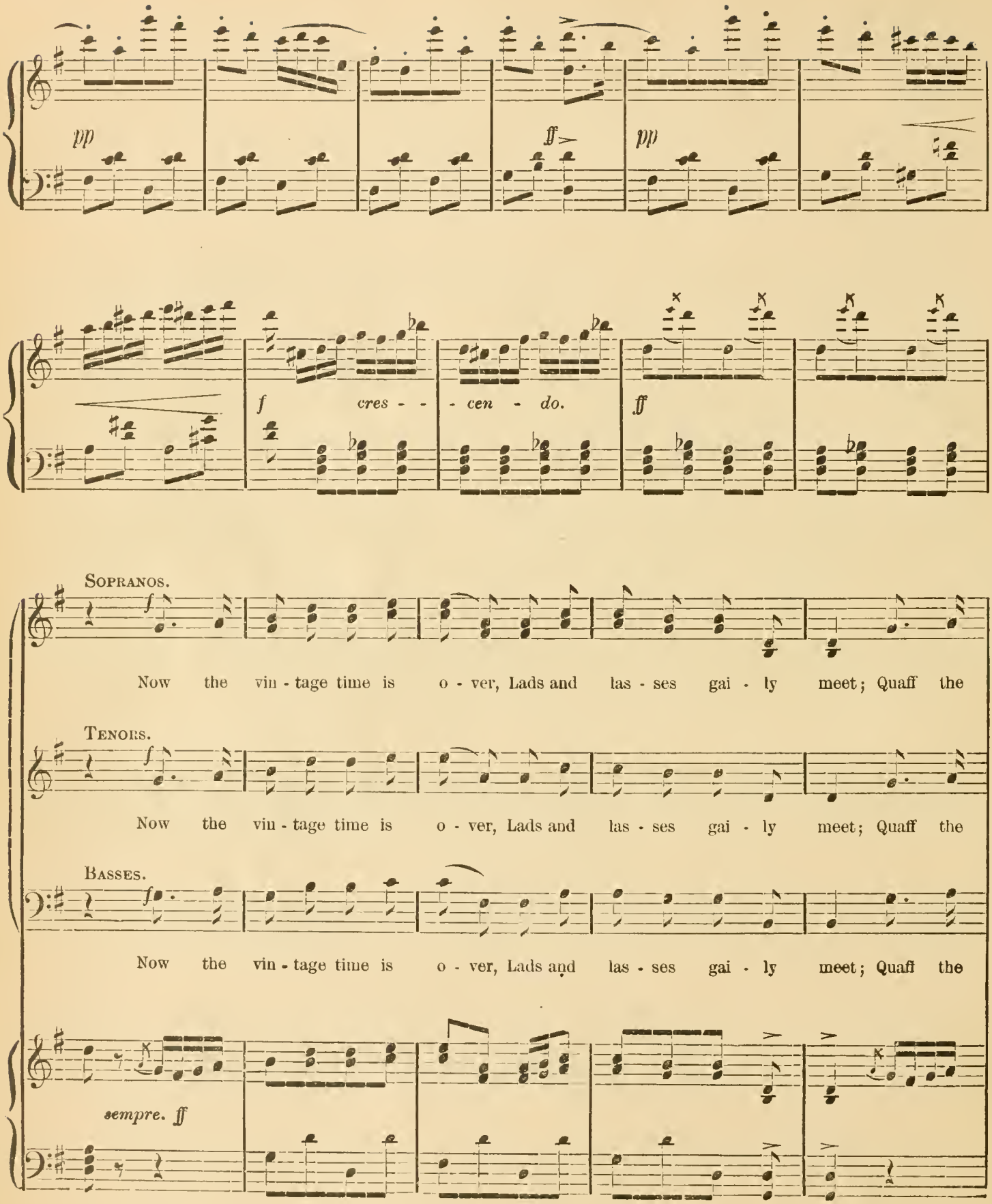
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ff
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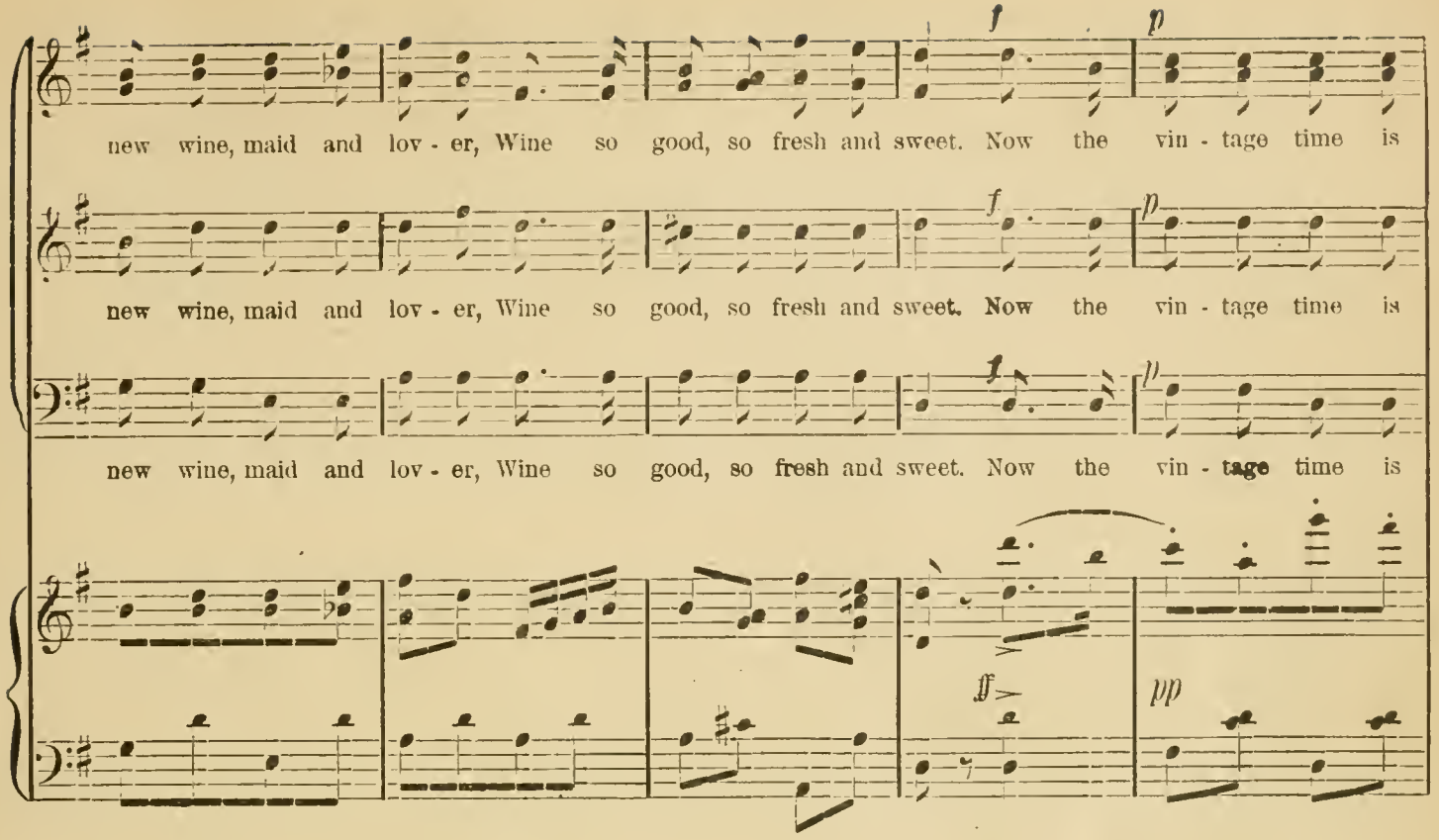
f
cres - - - cen - do.
ff
Sopranos.
Now the vin - tage time is o - ver, Lads and las - ses gai - ly meet; Quaff the
Tenors.
Now the vin - tage time is o - ver, Lads and las - ses gai - ly meet; Quaff the
Basses.
Now the vin - tage time is o - ver, Lads and las - ses gai - ly meet; Quaff the
sempre. ff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new wine, maid and lov - er, Wine so good, so fresh and sweet. Now the vin - tage time is
new wine, maid and lov - er, Wine so good, so fresh and sweet. Now the vin - tage time is
new wine, maid and lov - er, Wine so good, so fresh and sweet. Now the vin - tage time is
ff
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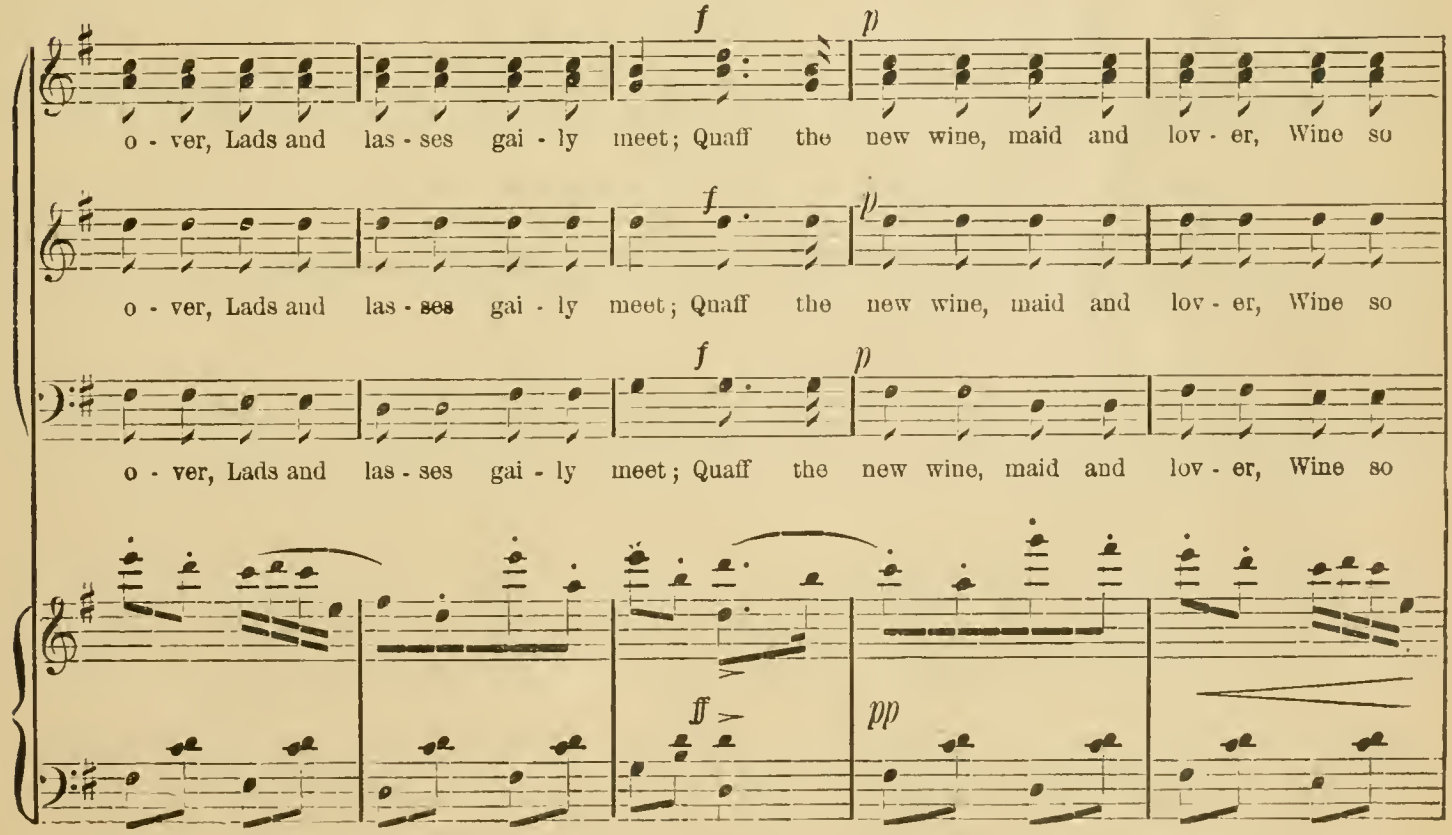
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o - ver, Lads and las - ses gai - ly meet; Quaff the new wine, maid and lov - er, Wine so
o - ver, Lads and las - ses gai - ly meet; Quaff the new wine, maid and lov - er, Wine so
o - ver, Lads and las - ses gai - ly meet; Quaff the new wine, maid and lov - er, Wine so
ff
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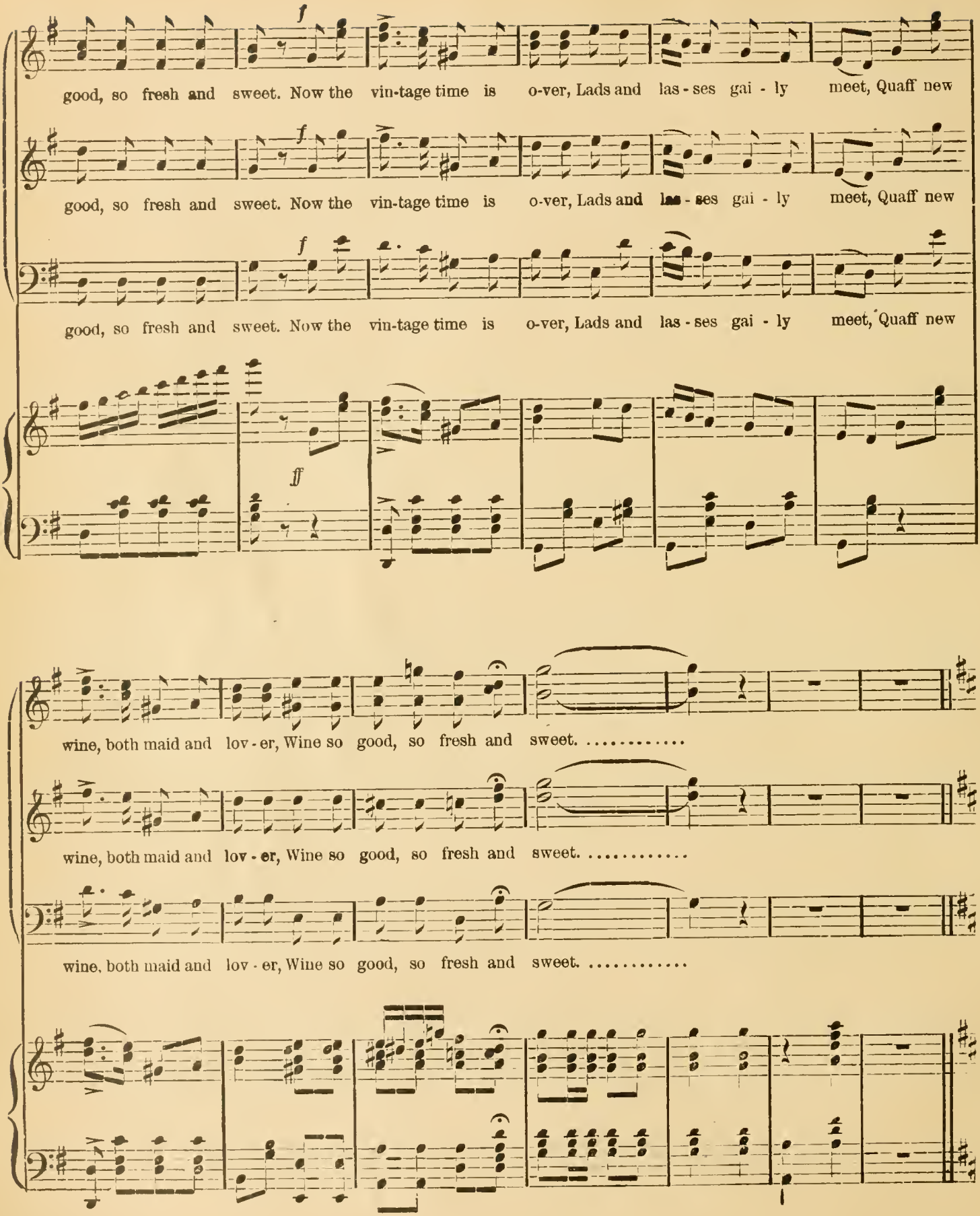
f
good, so fresh and sweet. Now the vin-tage time is o-ver, Lads and las-ses gai-ly meet, Quaff new
f
good, so fresh and sweet. Now the vin-tage time is o-ver, Lads and las-ses gai-ly meet, Quaff new
f
good, so fresh and sweet. Now the vin-tage time is o-ver, Lads and las-ses gai-ly meet, Quaff new
ff
wine, both maid and lov-er, Wine so good, so fresh and sweet. .....
wine, both maid and lov-er, Wine so good, so fresh and sweet. .....
wine, both maid and lov-er, Wine so good, so fresh and sweet. .....

DRINKING SONG.

No. 2.

THREE PEASANT GIRLS.

Moins vite.

1 Our good wine cures mel - an - cho - ly, Puts all pet - ty cares to flight; And from
2 Po - tent - ly it sways each gen - der, Wheth - er they be young or old; It makes
3. This rare juice inspires with cour - age, Our most bash - ful wives and men; That's why

p Moins vite.

a tempo.

morn - ing un - til night, Makes us feel ex - ceed - ing jol - ly. Hail! to wine! this friend so
men in woo - ing bold, And the la - dies kind and ten - der.
there have al - ways been Lots of chil - dren in this vil - lage.

a tempo.

rall.

true! Glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou! Hail! to wine! this friend so true! Hail! to its glou,

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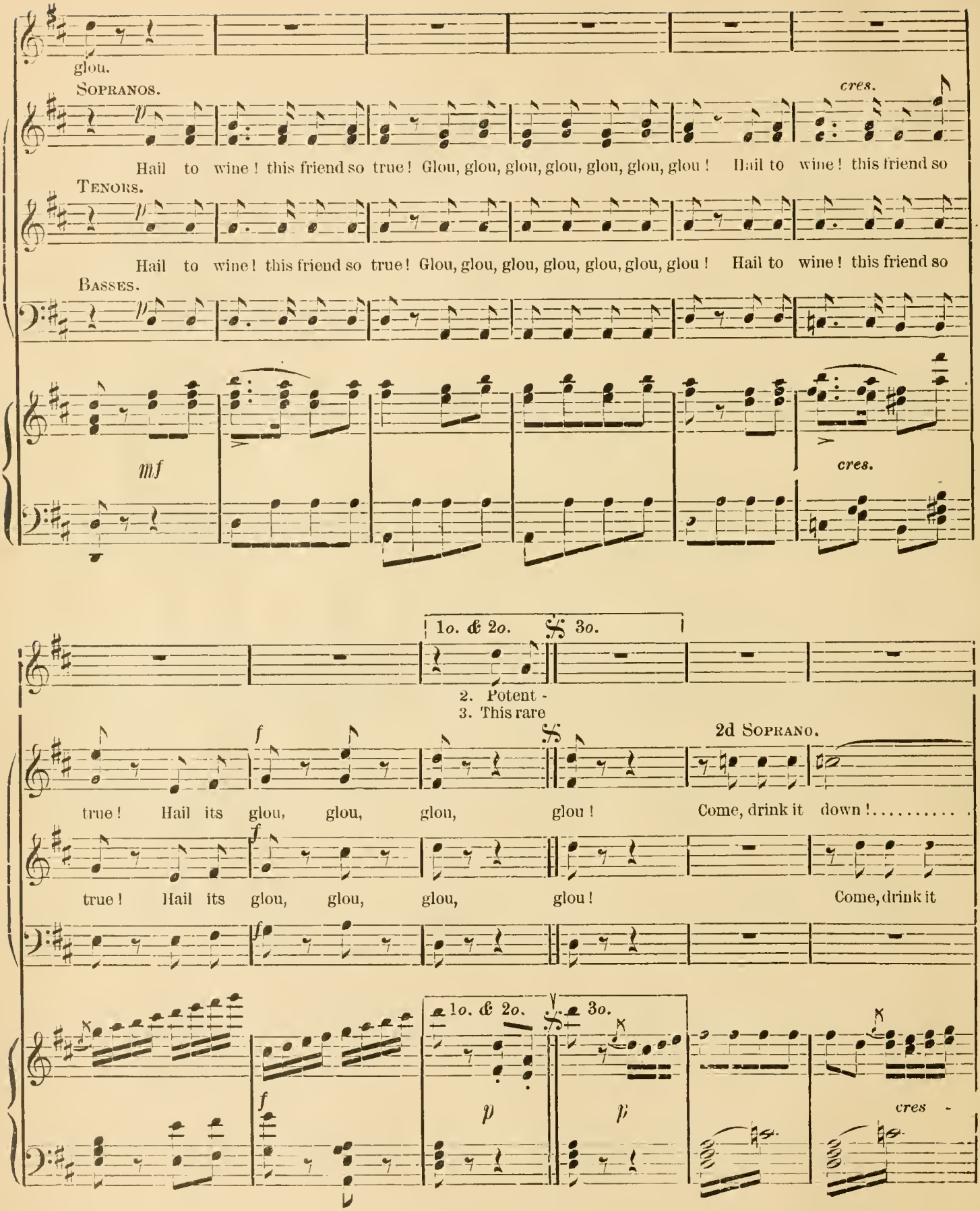
glou.
Sopranos.
cres.
Hail to wine ! this friend so true ! Glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou ! Hail to wine ! this friend so
Tenors.
Hail to wine ! this friend so true ! Glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou ! Hail to wine ! this friend so
Basses.
mf
cres.
1o. & 2o.
3o.
2. Potent -
3. This rare
2d Soprano.
true ! Hail its glou, glou, glou, glou ! Come, drink it down !.....
true ! Hail its glou, glou, glou, glou ! Come, drink it
1o. & 2o.
3o.
cres -

Come, drink it down, this wine so clear and sweet,
down, Come, drink it down, this wine so clear and sweet.
Come, drink it down, Come, drink it down, this wine so clear and sweet.
cen - do.

Now the vin - tage time is o - ver, Lads and las - ses gai - ly meet; Quaff new
Now the vin - tage time is o - ver, Lads aud las - ses gai - ly meet; Quaff new
Now the vin - tage time is o - ver, Lads and las - ses gai - ly meet; Quaff new
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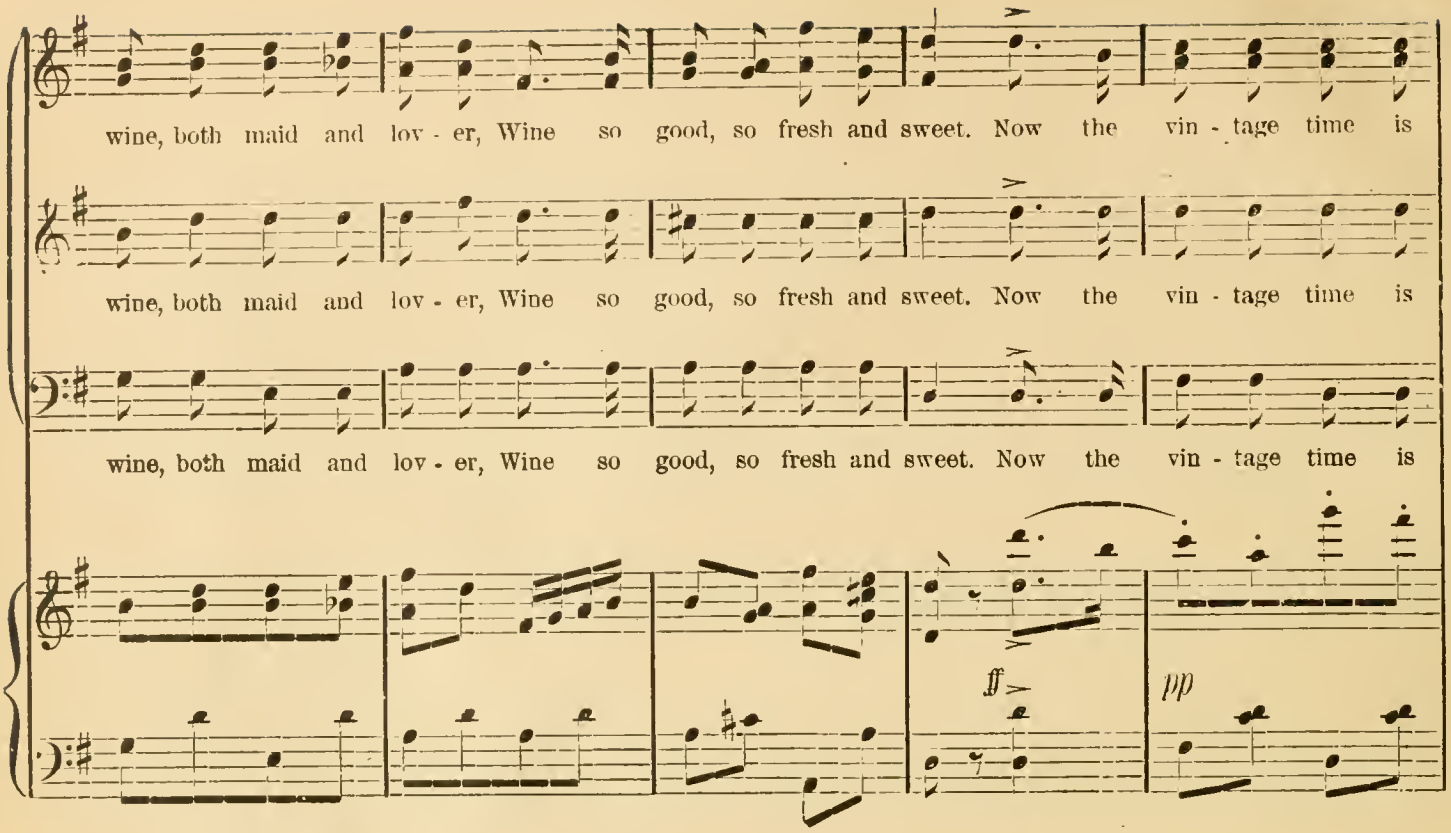
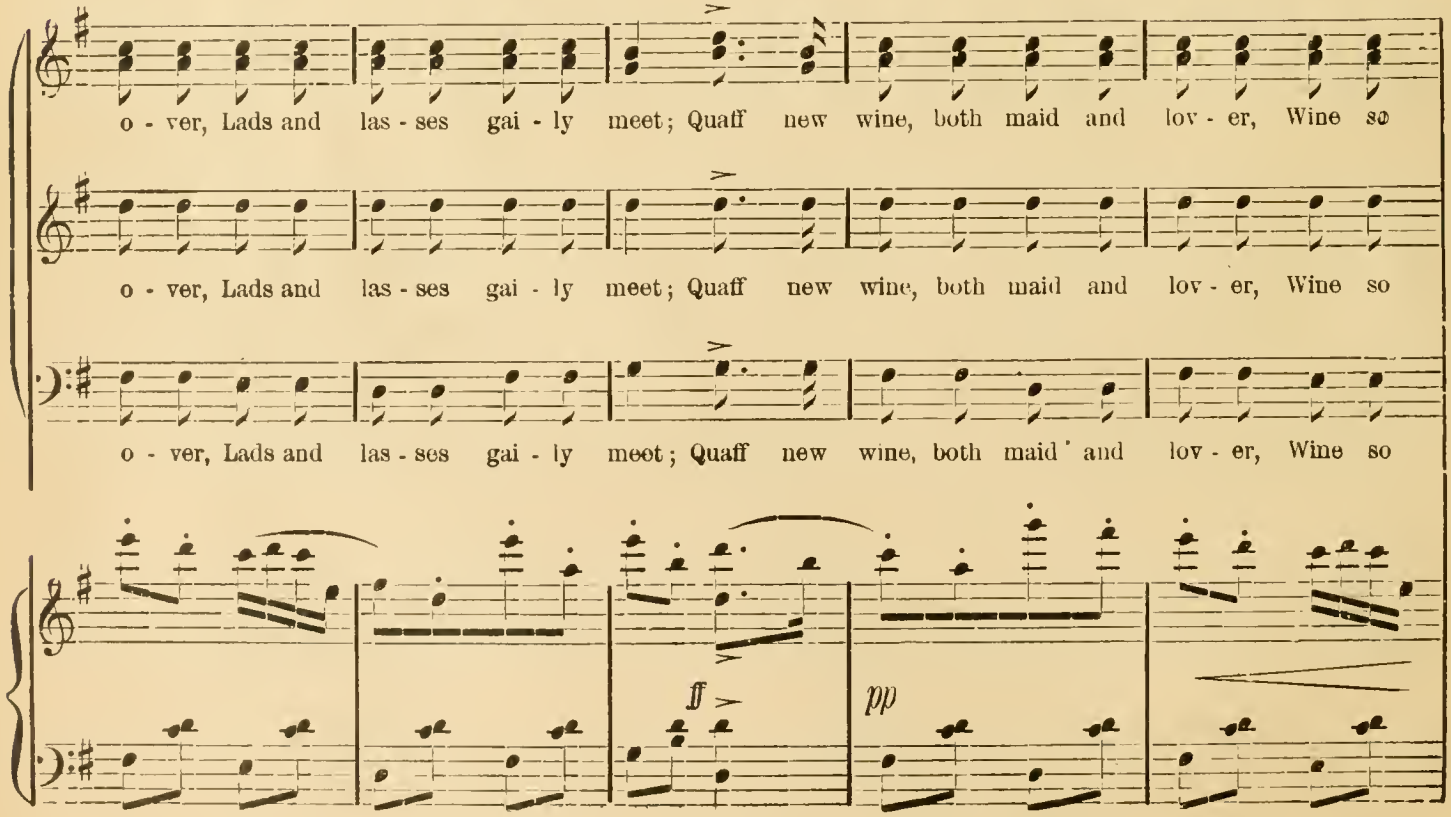

wine, both maid and lov - er, Wine so good, so fresh and sweet. Now the vin - tage time is
wine, both maid and lov - er, Wine so good, so fresh and sweet. Now the vin - tage time is
wine, both maid and lov - er, Wine so good, so fresh and sweet. Now the vin - tage time is
ff
pp


o - ver, Lads and las - ses gai - ly meet; Quaff new wine, both maid and lov - er, Wine so
o - ver, Lads and las - ses gai - ly meet; Quaff new wine, both maid and lov - er, Wine so
o - ver, Lads and las - ses gai - ly meet; Quaff new wine, both maid and lov - er, Wine so
ff
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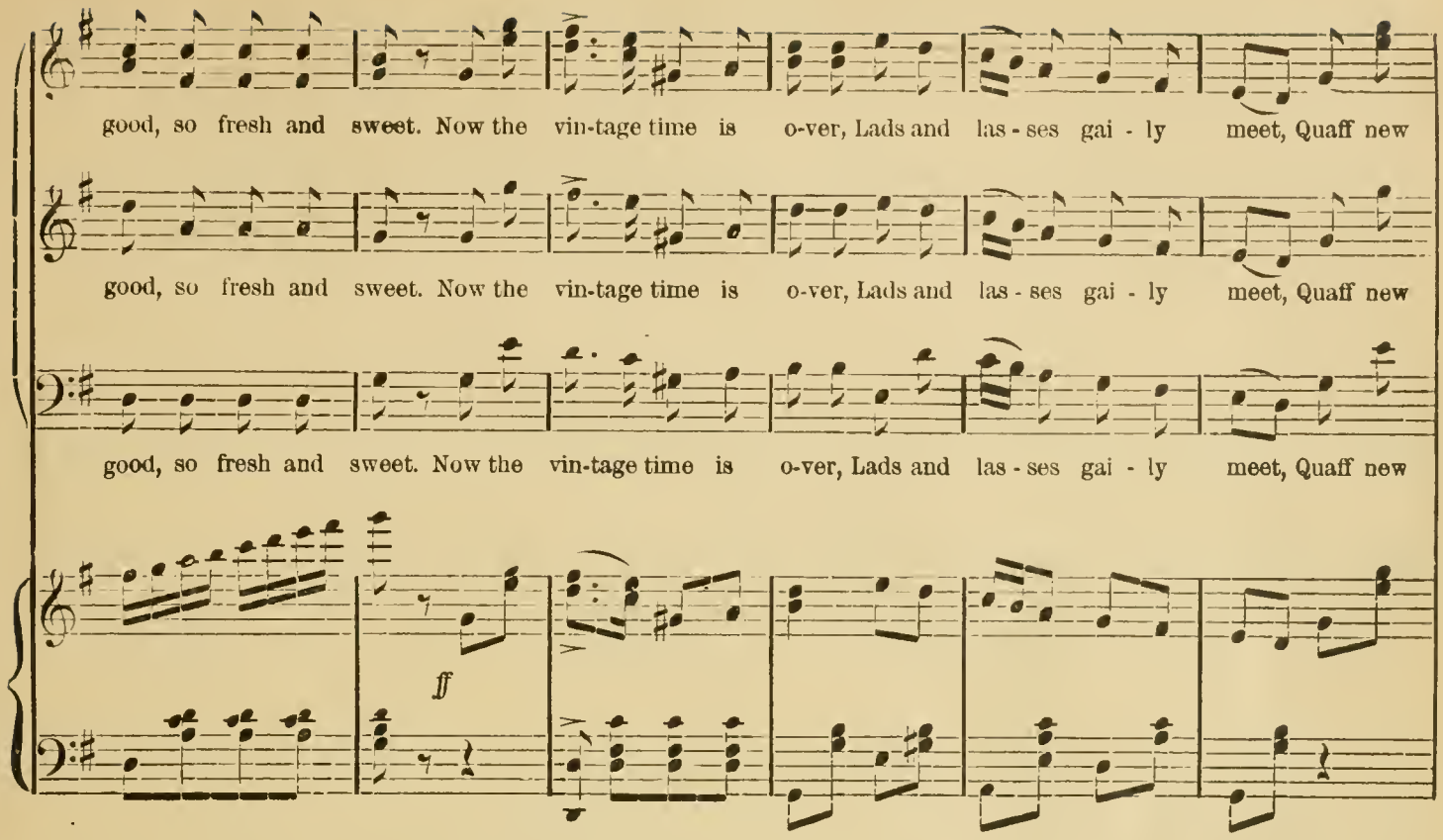
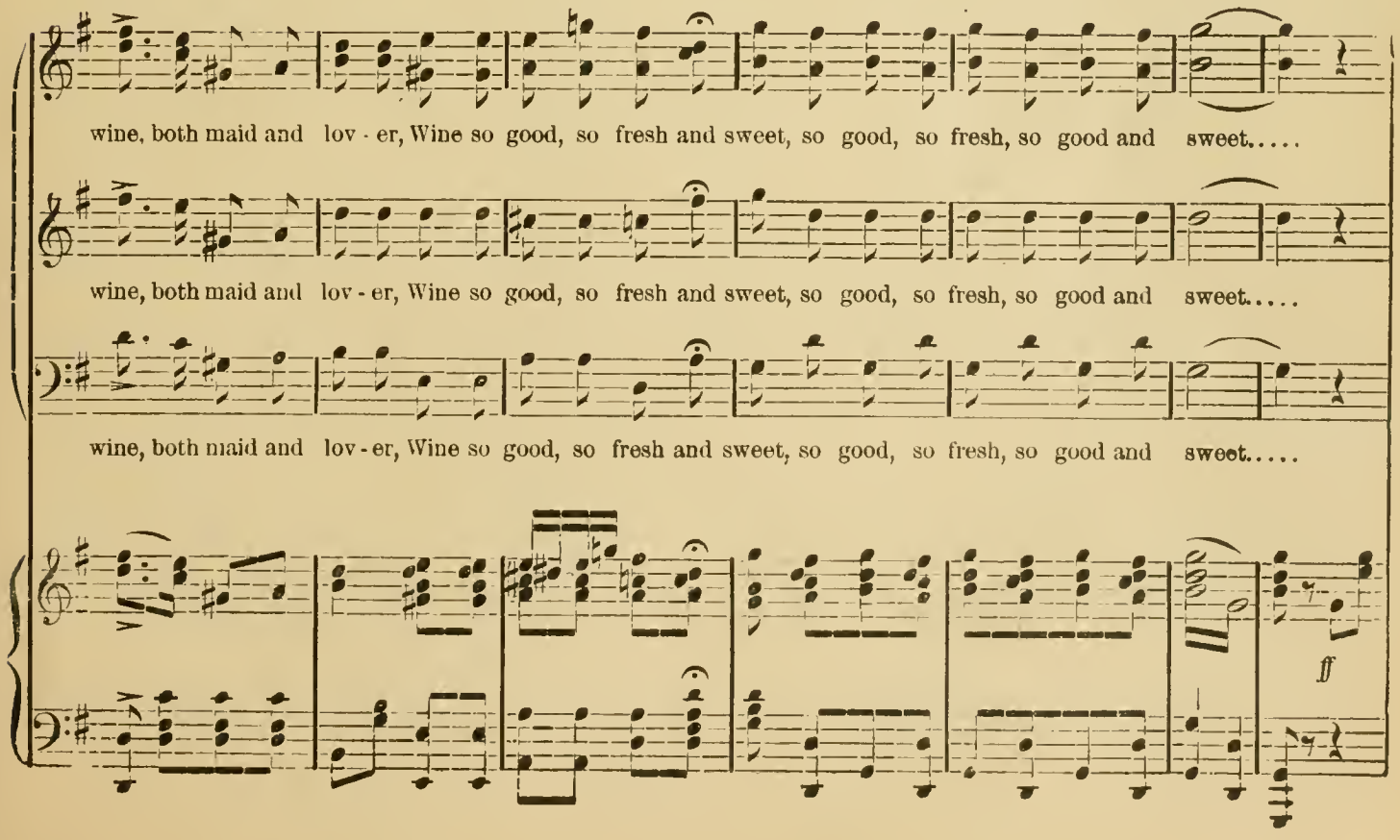

good, so fresh and sweet. Now the vin-tage time is o-ver, Lads and las - ses gai - ly meet, Quaff new
good, so fresh and sweet. Now the vin-tage time is o-ver, Lads and las - ses gai - ly meet, Quaff new
good, so fresh and sweet. Now the vin-tage time is o-ver, Lads and las - ses gai - ly meet, Quaff new
ff


wine, both maid and lov - er, Wine so good, so fresh and sweet, so good, so fresh, so good and sweet.....
wine, both maid and lov - er, Wine so good, so fresh and sweet, so good, so fresh, so good and sweet.....
wine, both maid and lov - er, Wine so good, so fresh and sweet, so good, so fresh, so good and sweet.....
ff

(ROCCO *is seated*, R. PAOLA, FRANCESC,A ANTONIA, *Peasants, men and women, servants, etc.*, R. & L.)

PEASANT. Ah, boys, that is delicious! It makes a fellow feel so gay.

ANTONIA. (*Pointing to* ROCCO, *who is seated*, R., *with his head buried in his hands.*) It doesn't appear to have the same effect on Farmer Rocco. Look at him. How sad he looks!

PAOLA. True. For the past hour he has scarcely opened his lips.

FRANCESCA. What can be the matter? I'll ask him. (*Approaching him.*) Master Rocco——

ROCCO. (*Raising his head.*) What!

FRAN. You are sad, and you do not drink with us.

ROC. Well?

PAO. Is it because you are in trouble, Master Rocco.

ROC. Yes.

ANTON. And pray, Master Rocco, what is it grieves you so much?

ROC. Ill luck.

ALL. Ill luck?

ROC. (*Rises.*) Yes; ill luck, which pursues me everywhere! Nothing succeeds with me! Last year, my barn was burnt. For six months past, my sheep have been dying, one by one. Then my gamekeeper has entered a lawsuit against me, and, last of all, my tailor refuses me a new coat, because I haven't the money to pay him.

PEASANT. Poor Master Rocco!

PAO. What a pity!

FRAN. It is provoking.

ROC. Yes; and the more provoking when I think of my brother who has all the good luck,—all the chances, all the success. His corn ripens first; his flocks and herds fatten daily. Gold fills his coffers. He is Jack who laughs; I am Jack who weeps.

ANTON. And why does he not assist you?

PAO. Ah, yes! why, indeed? It isn't because I haven't asked him often enough. Every time I apply to him, do you know what he sends me?

ALL. No—what?

ROC. He invariably sends me a basket of fresh eggs. Think of it! A basket full of fresh eggs! A most *eggs*-traordinay fact!

ALL. Ha! ha! (*Laughing.*)

ROC. Yes; and accompanied by the usual subscription—a letter full of good advice.

PAO. Such meanness!

FRAN. The heartless man!

ROC. Even to-day I have sent my shepherd, Pippo to him with a letter which would soften a rock. I made one last appeal to his brotherly feelings; you will see what answer he will send me.

PAO. Here is Pippo coming. (*Pointing off*, R. U. E.)

(*Enter* PIPPO, *hastily*, R. U. E.)

ROC. (*Anxiously.*) Have you seen Antonio?

PIPPO. Yes. He is quite well.

ROC. Zounds!

PIP. He is fresh and rosy.

ROC. Of course he is. You delivered my letter to him?

PIP. Yes

ROC. And what answer did he make?

PIP. He spoke like this. (*Imitating* ANTONIO.) "Oh, my poor brother!"—

ROC. Well?

PIP. "This time he shall not ask in vain!"——

ROC. & OTHERS. Ah!

PIP. "I would even rob myself for him. I shall make him a royal present. Go tell him I shall send him Bettina."

ALL. Bettina!

PIP. Yes—Bettina.

ROC And who is Bettina?

PIP. You do not know Bettina? Bettina, the rosebud—the keeper of his turkies.

ROC. What? He sends me his turkey-keeper! He must be crazy. Instead of reducing my expences, he adds to them, and when he knows I am in want—oh, this devilish ill luck!

PIP. Very true. Do you know what you should do master? You should have a Mascot.

ALL. A Mascot?

PIP. Yes, a Mascot. Don't you know what a Mascot is?

ALL. No—no. What is it?

PIP. Well then, I will tell you.

LEGEND OF THE MASCOTS.

Pippo & Chorus.

No. 3. BALLAD.

Allegretto.

p
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
Pippo. 1st Couplet.
One day the arch - fiend drunk with pride, ... Chose
p
sfz
out of his fie - ry do - minions ..... Some imps, the most e - vil -
- eyed, ... And bade them towards earth spread their pinions..... But

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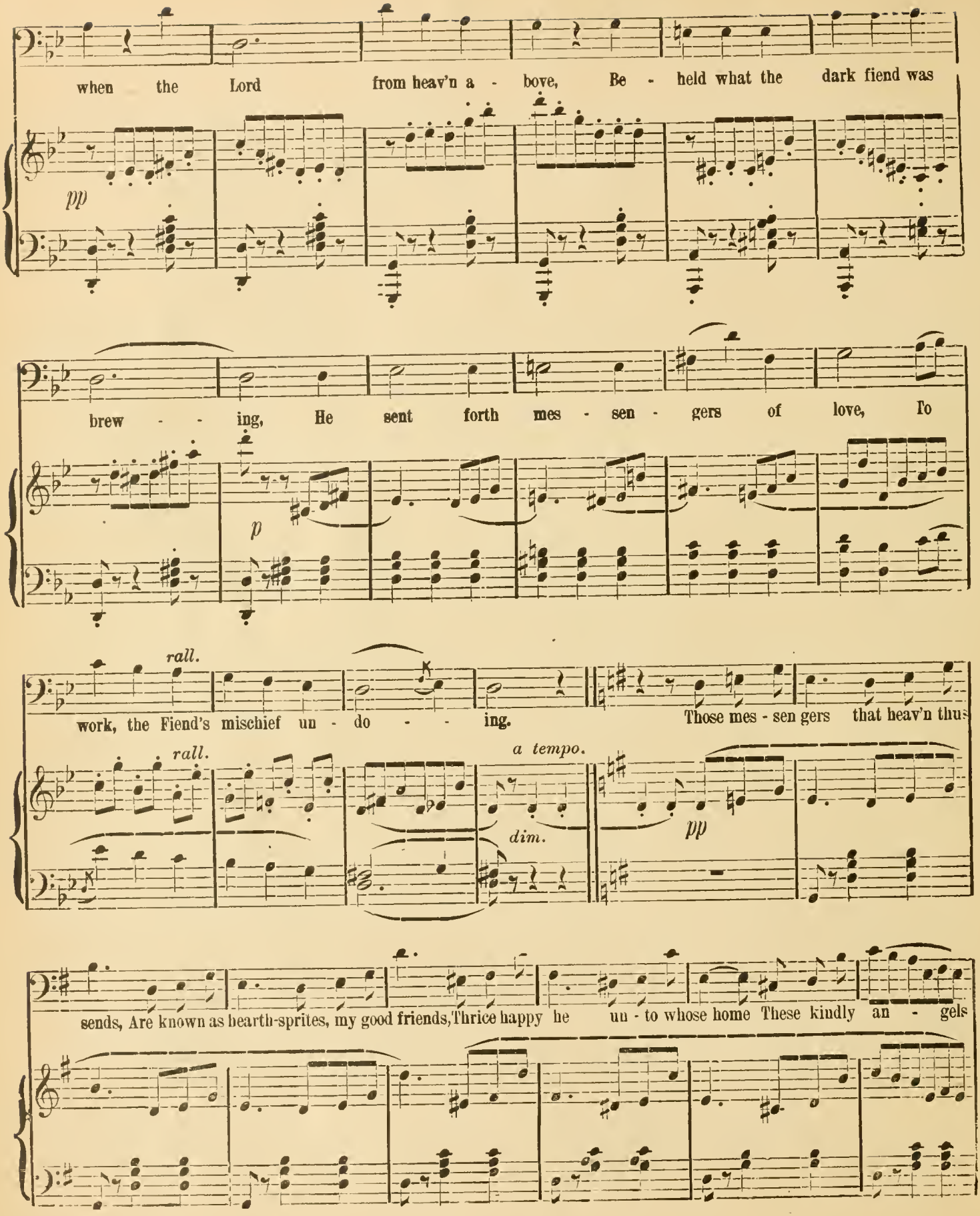
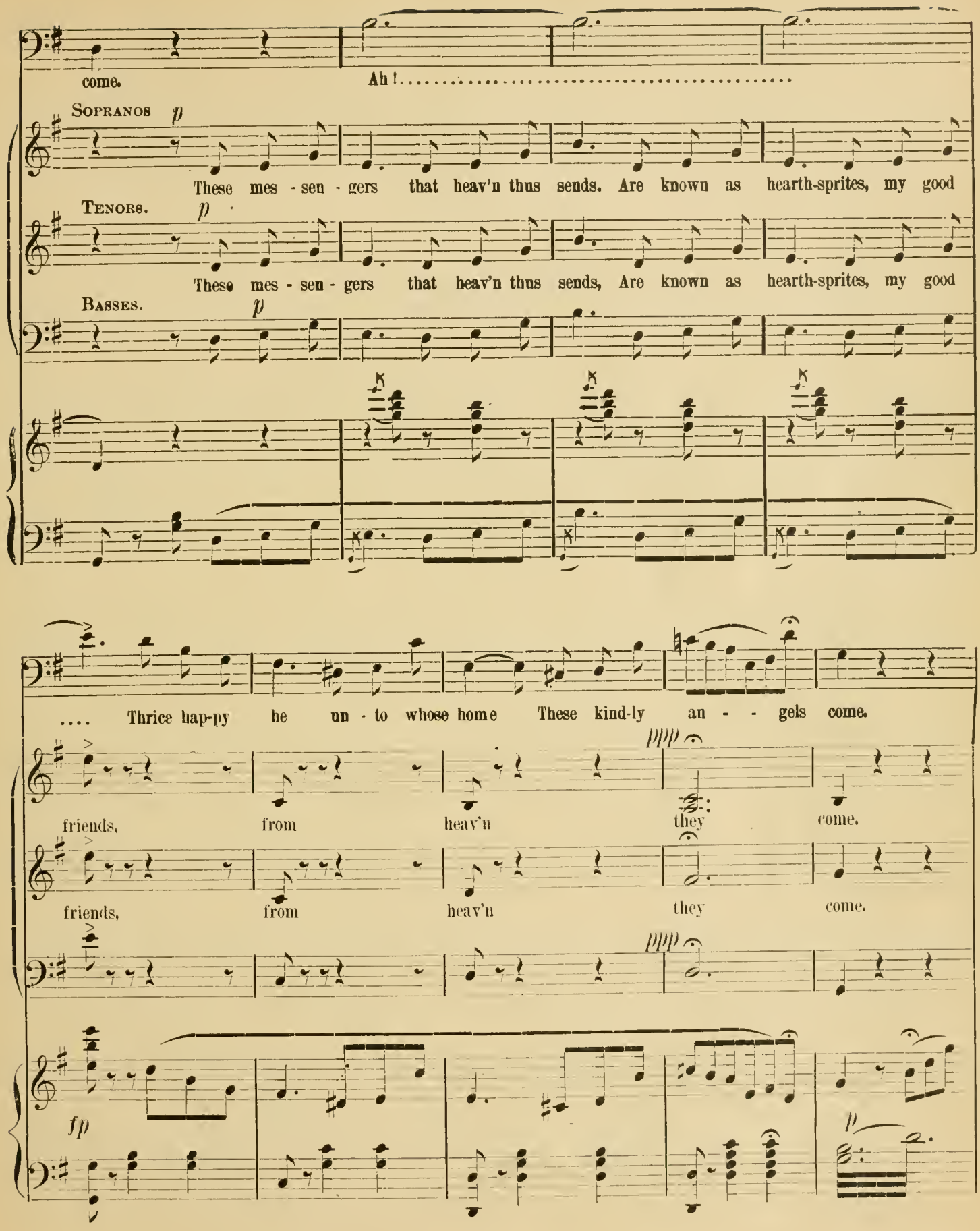
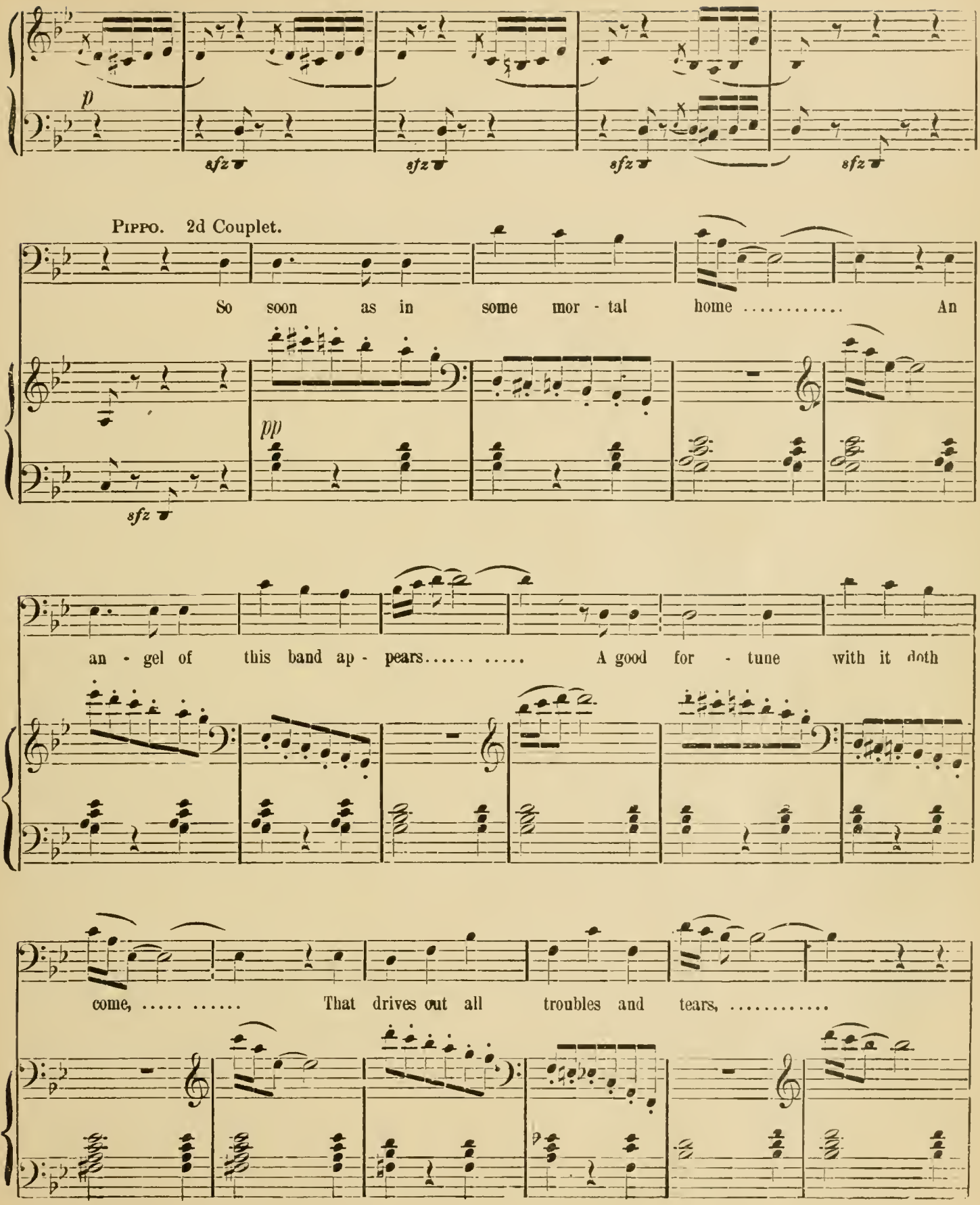
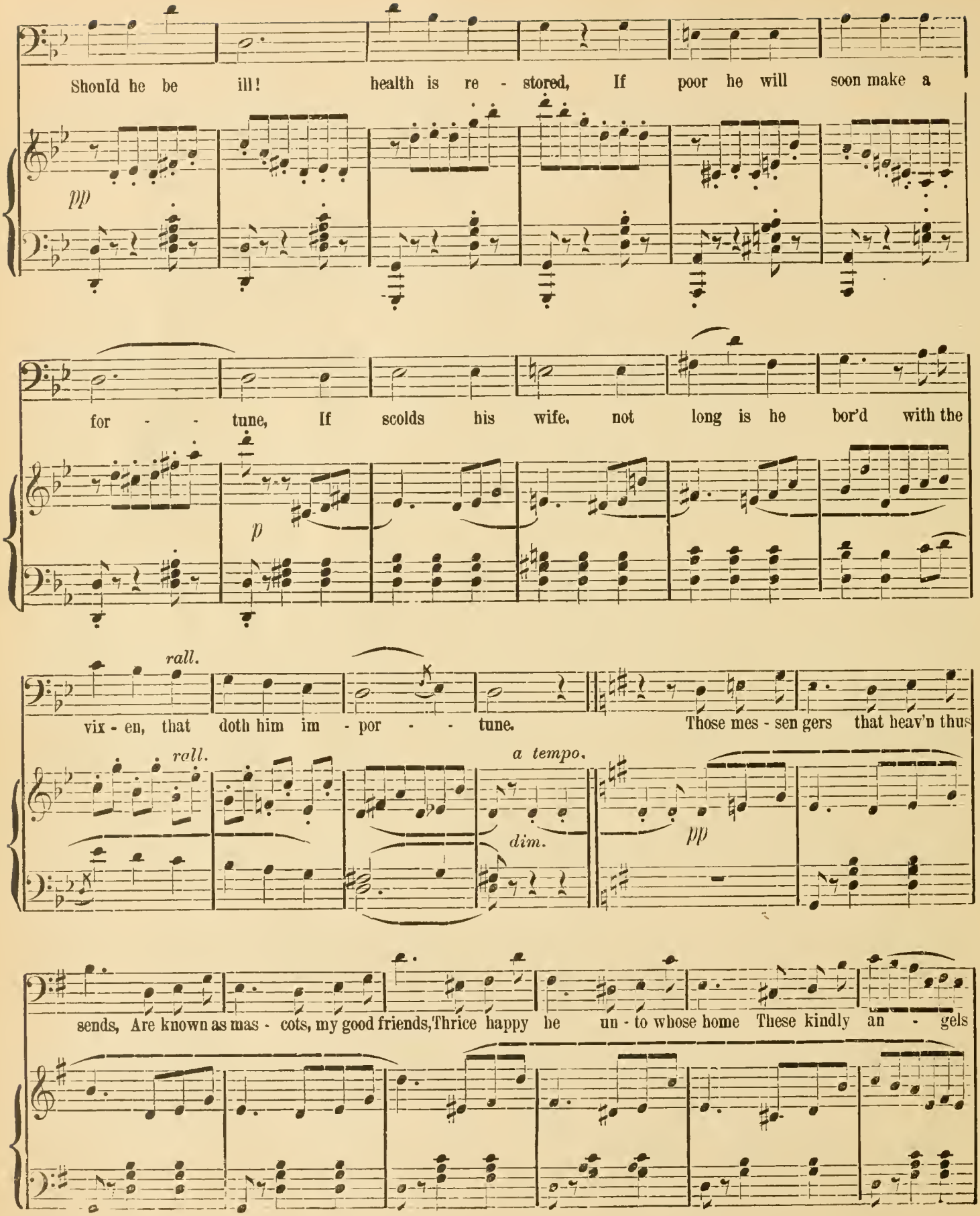
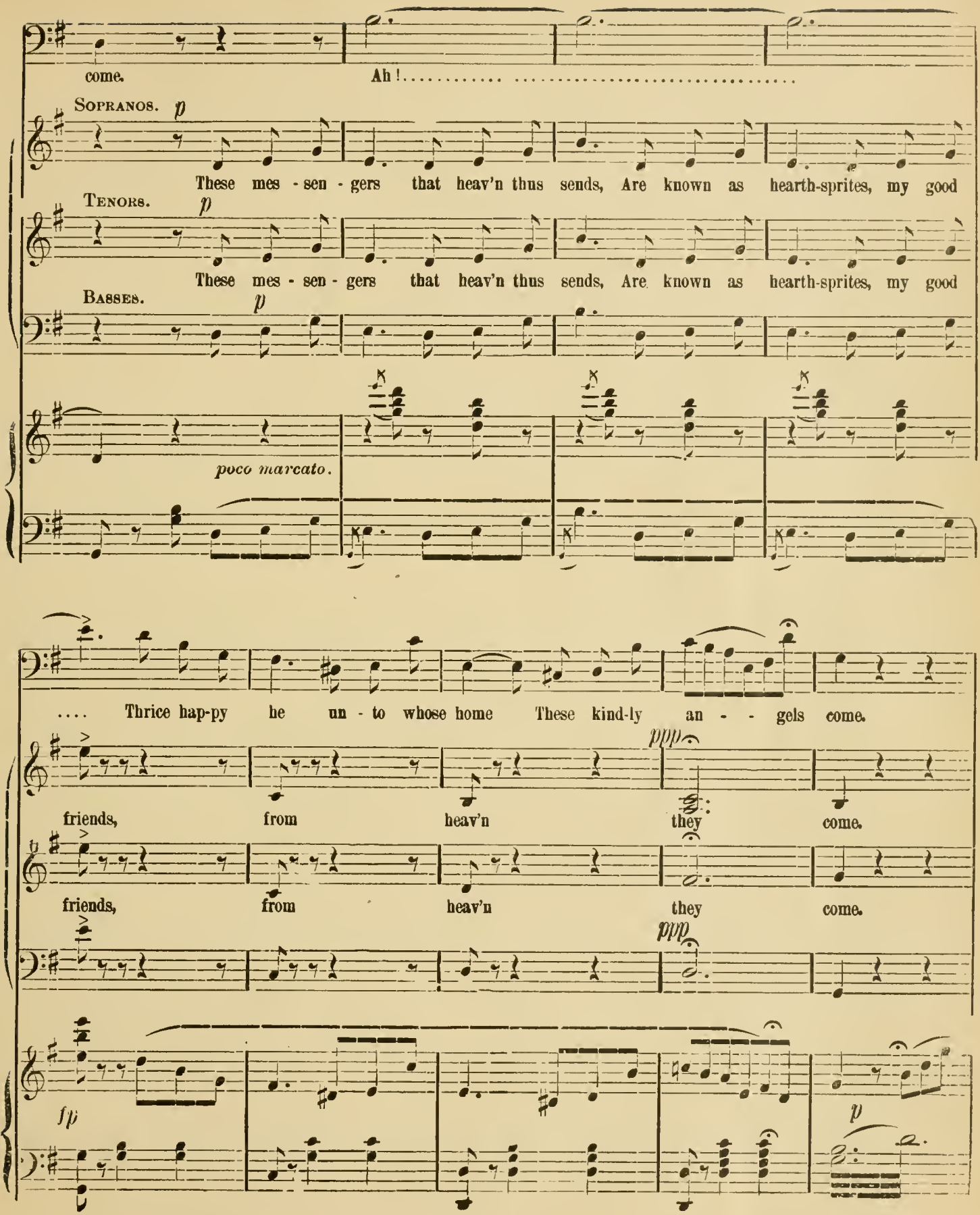

when the Lord from heav'n a - bove, Be - held what the dark fiend was
pp
brew - - ing, He sent forth mes - sen - gers of love, To
p
rall.
work, the Fiend's mischief un - do - - ing.
Those mes - sen gers that heav'n thus
rall.
a tempo.
dim.
pp
sends, Are known as hearth-sprites, my good friends, Thrice happy he un - to whose home These kindly an - gels

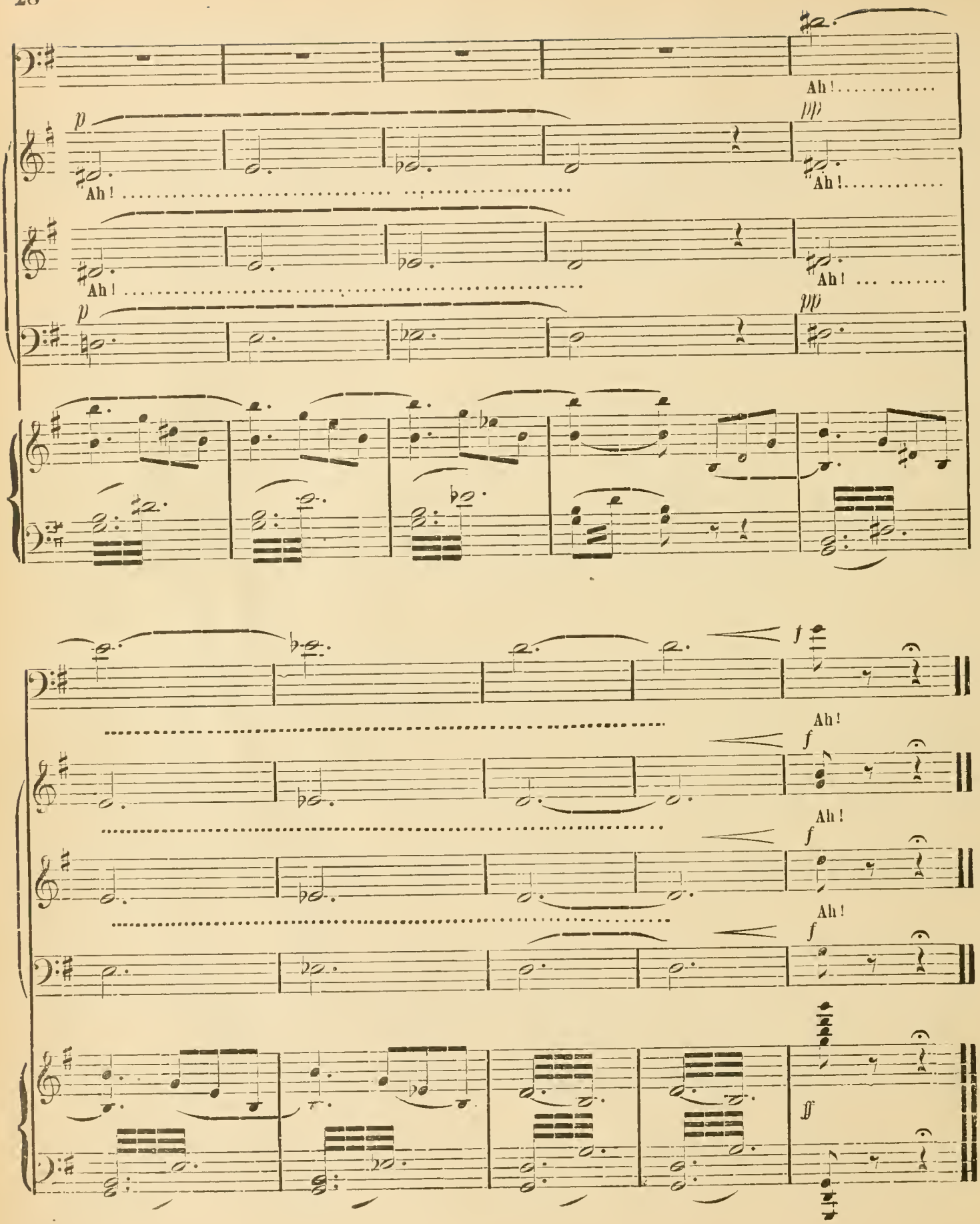

come.
Ah!
Sopranos
p
These mes - sen - gers that heav'n thus sends. Are known as hearth-sprites, my good
Tenors.
p
These mes - sen - gers that heav'n thus sends, Are known as hearth-sprites, my good
Basses.
p
.... Thrice hap-py he un - to whose home These kind-ly an - - gels come.
friends, from heav'n they come.
friends, from heav'n they come.
ppp
ppp
fp
p

Ah!
p
pp
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
p
pp
f
Ah!
f
Ah!
f
Ah!
f
ff


p
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
Pippo. 2d Couplet.
So soon as in some mor - tal home ..... An
pp
sfz
an - gel of this band ap - pears..... ..... A good for - tune with it doth
come, ... That drives out all troubles and tears, ...


Should he be ill! health is re - stored, If poor he will soon make a
pp
for - - tune, If scolds his wife, not long is he bor'd with the
p
rall.
vix - en, that doth him im - por - - tune. Those mes - sen gers that heav'n thus
rall.
a tempo.
dim.
pp
sends, Are known as mas - cots, my good friends, Thrice happy he un - to whose home These kindly an - gels


come.
Ah!
Sopranos.
p
These mes - sen - gers that heav'n thus sends, Are known as hearth-sprites, my good
Tenors.
p
These mes - sen - gers that heav'n thus sends, Are known as hearth-sprites, my good
Basses.
p
poco marcato.
.... Thrice hap-py he un - to whose home These kind-ly an - - gels come.
ppp
friends, from heav'n they come.
friends, from heav'n they come.
ppp
fp
p


Ah!
p
Ah!
ppp
Ah!
Ah!
p
ppp
f
Ah!
f
Ah!
f
Ah!
f
ff

ROCCO. Bah! idle tales all this. (*Shrugging shoulders.*)
PIPPO. Idle tales? You may laugh, master Rocco, but there are famous examples in all the country.
ROCCO. Quit, fool! They are laughing at you.

FRANCESCA. Look, girls. (*Pointing* R.) There is old Carlo, the fiddler. They are going to have a dance in the square. Let's join them.
ALL. The dance! The dance!

NOW THE VINTAGE TIME.

No. 4. EXIT.

SOPRANOS.
In tempo.
Now the vintage time is o - ver, Lads and las - ses gai - ly
TENORS.
Now the vintage time is o - ver, Lads and las - ses gai - ly
BASSES.
f
meet, Quaff the wine, both maid and lov - er, Wine so good, so fresh and sweet.
meet, Quaff the wine, both maid and lov - er, Wine so good, so fresh and sweet.
f

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(*All the peasants go off singing,* R. U. E., *through gateway.*)

PIPPO. Come, master, we mustn't always be sad.

ROCCO. And what would you have me do, when I see my last hope vanish like all the rest? When I count upon my brother for assistance, and I receive from him—what? The keeper of his turkeys.

PIP. But you do not know her. You do not know Bettina's worth.

ROC. How so?

PIP. Well then, I love her!

ROC. You?

PIP. Aye, and dearly too! Each time you have sent me to Antonio's, I have met and courted her. We have sat lovingly together, and told our tales of love. We have quarrelled and and kissed over the same differences My body is fairly black and blue from her little love-pats Even the thought of her makes my heart jump like a kid goat of six weeks. I'm badly affected. Feel of my pulse. (*Holds out his hand.*)

ROC. Nonsense! She cares nothing for you.

PIP. On the contrary, she adores me. She is always glad to see me, and then, you should see us dance together!

ROC. Ah, yes; dancing is your great accomplishment.

PIP. (*Turning a pirouette*) Our mutual accomplishment, Master Rocco. (*Turns another.*) How glad I am that she is coming here!

ROC. Yes, another mouth to feed.

PIP. But such a pretty mouth, master! and then, such eyes! such arms! and such a foot!

ROC. Come, come, no more of this! Go to your sheep, sir, where you belong, and, remember, you can't serve your master and your love at the same time.

PIP. I go, Master Rocco. (*Takes a running jump with staff, off* L. U. E.)

ROC. As for myself, I will go and water my cattle. (*Exit.*)

(*Scarcely has* ROCCO *disappeared when* BETTINA *enters,* R. U. E. *Runs down and across the stage to* L. *and back to* R., *followed by seven or eight village boys who surround her, and tease her. She carries a bag.*)

BETTINA. Will you let me alone!

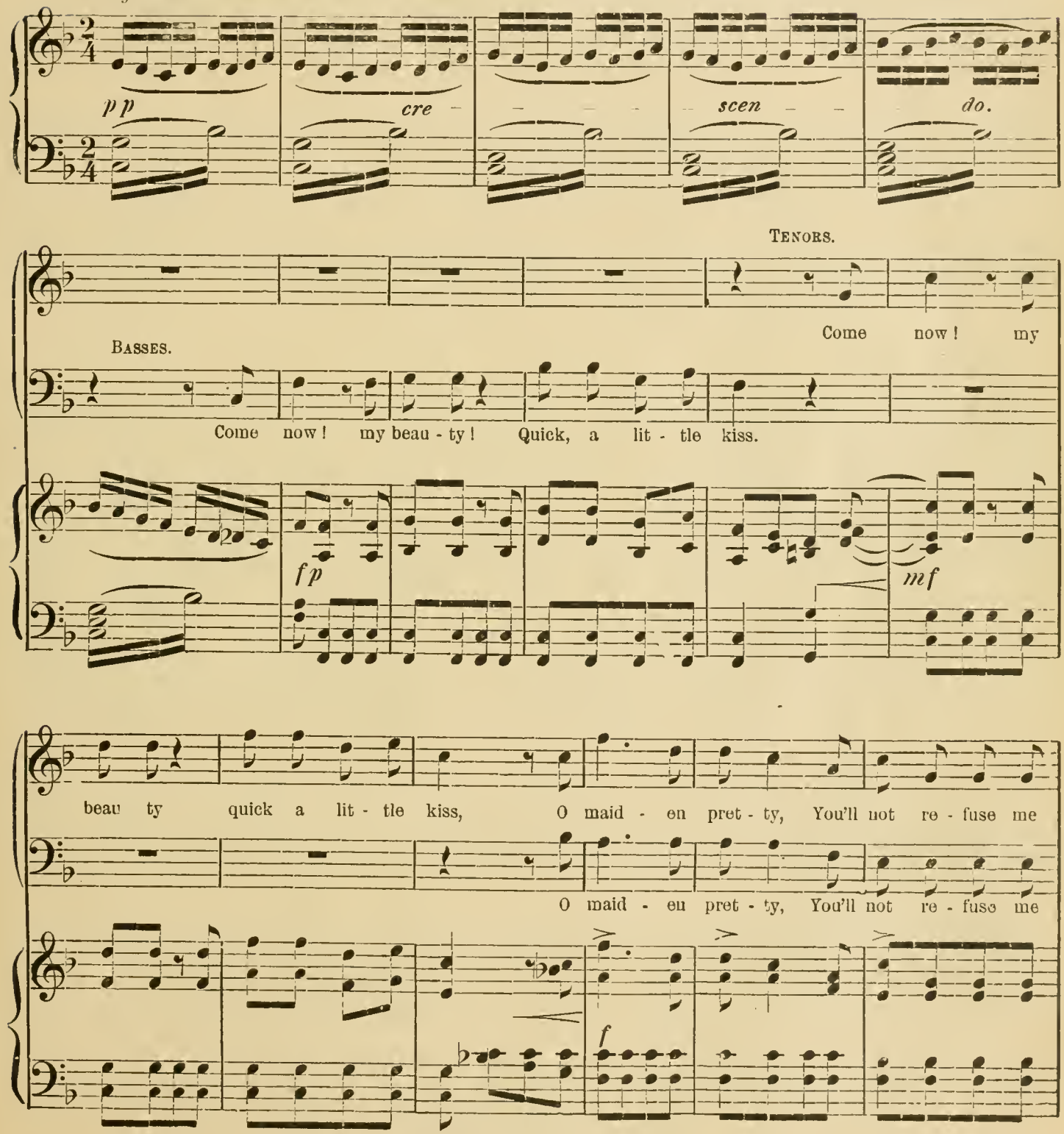
(*She pushes them from her, and darts to* C. *The boys follow and surround her again.*)

COME NOW, MY BEAUTY!

Bettina, Tenors and Basses.

No. 5. ENTERING CHORUS AND SONG BY BETTINA.

Allegro vivo.


pp
cre - - - - - -
scen - - - - -
do.
Tenors.
Come now! my
Basses.
Come now! my beau - ty! Quick, a lit - tle kiss.
fp
mf
beau ty quick a lit - tle kiss, O maid - en pret - ty, You'll not re - fuse me
O maid - en pret - ty, You'll not re - fuse me
f

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this. No, maid - en sweet and pret - ty, you can - not re - fuse me this.
this. No, maid - en sweet and pret - ty, you can - not re - fuse me this.
f
p
crescendo.
ff
BETTINA. Più lento.
You count up - on a kiss, my boys,.... But to my mind, No kiss you'll find,...
Più lento.
p
Plus vite.
.... No kiss you'll find.
Plus vite.
f
p
f
ff

"DON'T COME TOO NEAR."

No. 6. SONG.

BETTINA.

ALLEGRETTO.

Don't come too near, I tell you, Or I'll sure - ly teach Good man - ners to the
I'm rea - dy to de - mon - strate, That I'm stout - ly made, And all of you to

ALLEGRETTO.

p

first who comes with- in my reach. I think by my ex -pres - sion,
tack - le, I am not a - fraid. I mean to stand no non - sense,

f *p*

rit.

Each of you may see, That I'll not stand op - pres - sion Ver - y pa - tient -
Know it, once for all; If one of you comes near me, He will get a

suivez.

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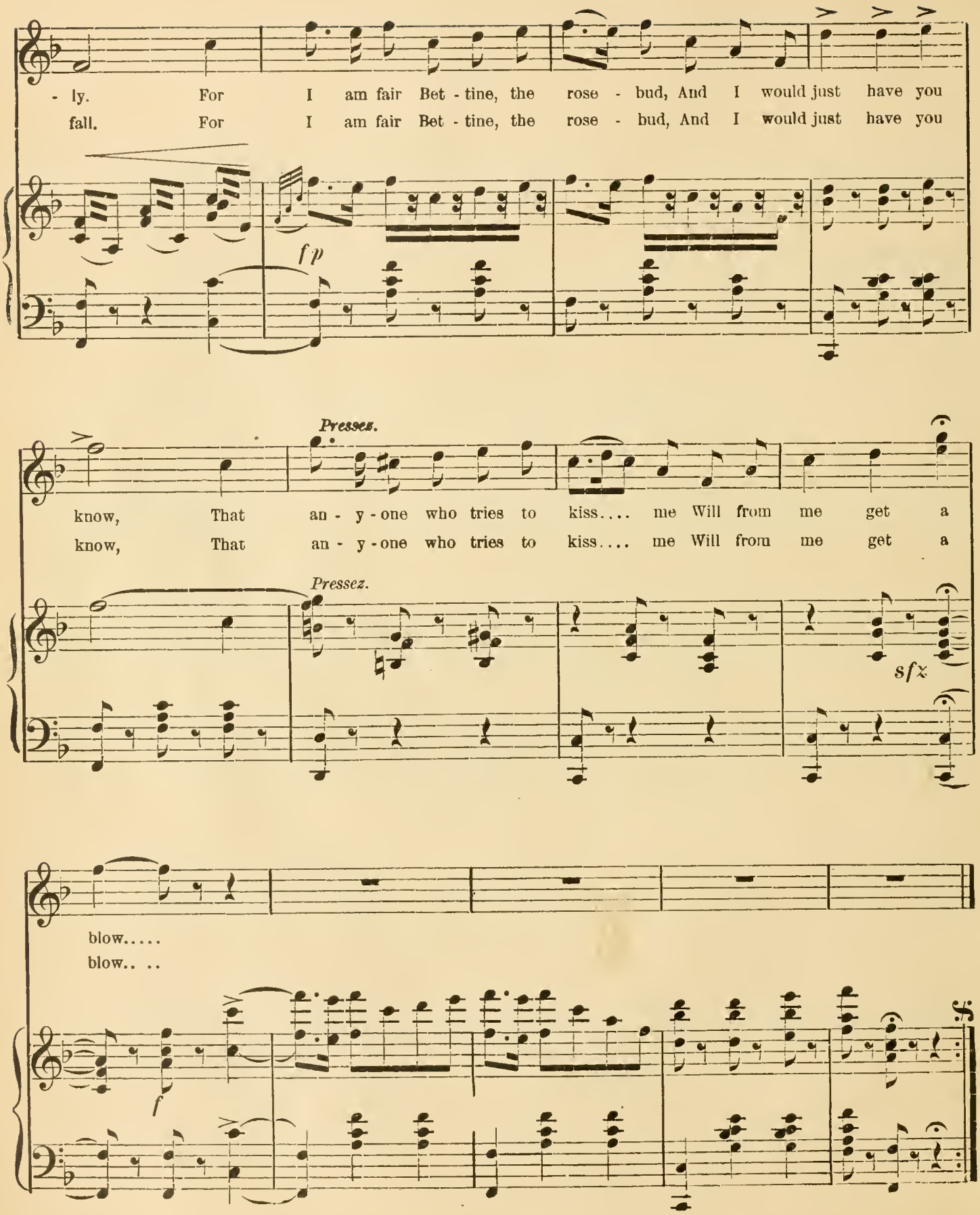

- ly. For I am fair Bet - tine, the rose - bud, And I would just have you
fall. For I am fair Bet - tine, the rose - bud, And I would just have you
fp
Pressez.
know, That an - y - one who tries to kiss.... me Will from me get a
know, That an - y - one who tries to kiss.... me Will from me get a
Pressez.
sfz
blow.....
blow.. ..
f

1o tempo. TENORS.

No, no, of such a pret - ty maid, A lad of spir - it's not a -

BASSES.

No, no, of such a pret - ty maid, A lad of spir - it's not a -

1o tempo.

p p *cres* *cen* *do.*

- fraid. Come now! my

Come now! my beau - ty! Quick, a lit - tle kiss

f p *mf*

beau - ty quick a lit - tle kiss, O maid - en pret - ty, You'll not re - fuse me

O maid - en pret - ty, You'll not re - fuse me

f

p
this, No, maid - en sweet and pret - ty, you can - not re - fuse me this, A lit - tle kiss.
this, No, maid - en sweet and pret - ty, you can - not re - fuse me this, A lit - tle kiss.
p
crescendo.
ff
ff
Allegro vivo.

(*At conclusion of song,* ROCCO *enters* L., *from under shed with bucket of water, as boys continue to tease* BETTINA. *She siezes the bucket of water from Farmer* ROCCO, *and throws contents in their faces. They run off,* R U.E..)

BETTINA. Take that, then!

ROCCO. (*Astonished*) Well, well!

BET. (*Laughing at them, then curtseying to* Farmer ROCCO.) Plenty of good things to you, sir!

ROC. (*Admiringly.*) What a jolly girl!

BET. Who ever saw such boobies? What do they take me for, I wonder? Do they think, perchance, my heart is an artichoke, and they can divide its leaves among themselves? These country chaps are very droll. They no sooner see a young girl coming than they set themselves upon her, and want to kiss her. (*Going up stage, and calling to them.*) I say, lads (*laughing*), come back here.

ROC. They won't be likely to return before they dry themselves. But, tell me, are you not from Farmer Antonio's?

BET. In straight line, sir—looking for Master Rocco's farm. (*Strikes attitude.*)

ROC. I am Rocco. So you are Bettina, eh?

BET. Bettina, the rosebud, so-called, and keeper of turkeys. Maid-of-all-work, and I can boast of it. So you are my new master?

ROC. Alas! BET. Do I not please you, sir?

ROC. No—yes—that is. But my brother, did he not give you anything for me?

BET. Oh, yes; I have it in my bag. (*Fumbling in her bag.*) It's quite at the bottom.

ROC. (*Rubbing his hands*) The royal present at last!

BET. (*Drawing from her bag a little basket of eggs and a lettter in it.*) There it is, sir—a basket of eggs and a letter.

ROC. (*Despondently.*) Always the basket of fresh eggs, and (*taking out letter and putting it in his pocket*) the usual contribution. (*Putting eggs on table.*) May heaven bless him and his eggs!

BET. You do not look happy, master?

ROC. True, I am not happy. Everything goes against me, and my brother makes game of me!

BET. Master Antonio told me you would receive me with open arms; that I should be fêted, and petted, and made much of, as I have always been with him. How is it? Do I not please you?

ROC. No; it is not that; you look like a good girl.

BET. I am called a very good girl—good character. I like to laugh. I'm merry by nature. ROC. So much the better.

BET. Then why do I not please you? Where there is work to be done, you will always find me there. I will split your wood for you, do your washing, make your butter. I will do everything for you, so that you will say, "This girl is a treasure!"

ROC. (*Aside.*) A treasure? Perhaps that is why my brother sends her. (*Aloud.*) 'Tis well; here is my house. (*Approaching house.*)

BET. Then you won't turn me away, sir? (*Shouts and hunting horns heard off,* R.U.E.) Ah! what is that?

ROC. Horns! 'Tis the royal hunt! (*Goes up stage a few steps.*)

BET. (*Excited and running to back of stage.*) Oh! Oh! see them! A heap of fine ladies and gentlemen—and coming this way too! (*Running about stage. Two pages,* ANGELO *and* LUIGI, *enter hurriedly, from* R.U.E., *through gateway,* C., *and stop at centre of stage; they salute. They are both dressed in rich costumes of the chase.*)

ANGELO. (*Officiously.*) We come before his highness, Lorenzo XVII., Prince of Piombino.

ROC. (*Taking off his hat quickly.*) Lorenzo XVII!

BET. Our sovereign!

ANG. Yes; and accompanied by his august daughter, Princess Fiametta, her future husband, Prince Frederic, and all their *suite.*

LUIGI. Their serene highnesses are tired, and wish to rest themselves at your farm, good man. Therefore, prepare ye to receive them (ANGELO *and* LUIGI *exit in same order through gateway,* C, *and off,* R.U.E.)

ROC. The Prince Lorenzo at my house! What an honor! I an not fit to be seen in this dress of sackcloth!

BET. And I with my hair all hanging about. (*She puts up her hair* And my dress all tumbled! (*She smooths down her dress.*) And—oh, heavens!

ROC. What is it?

BET. My stocking has got a hole in it!

ROC. Where?

BET. At the toe.

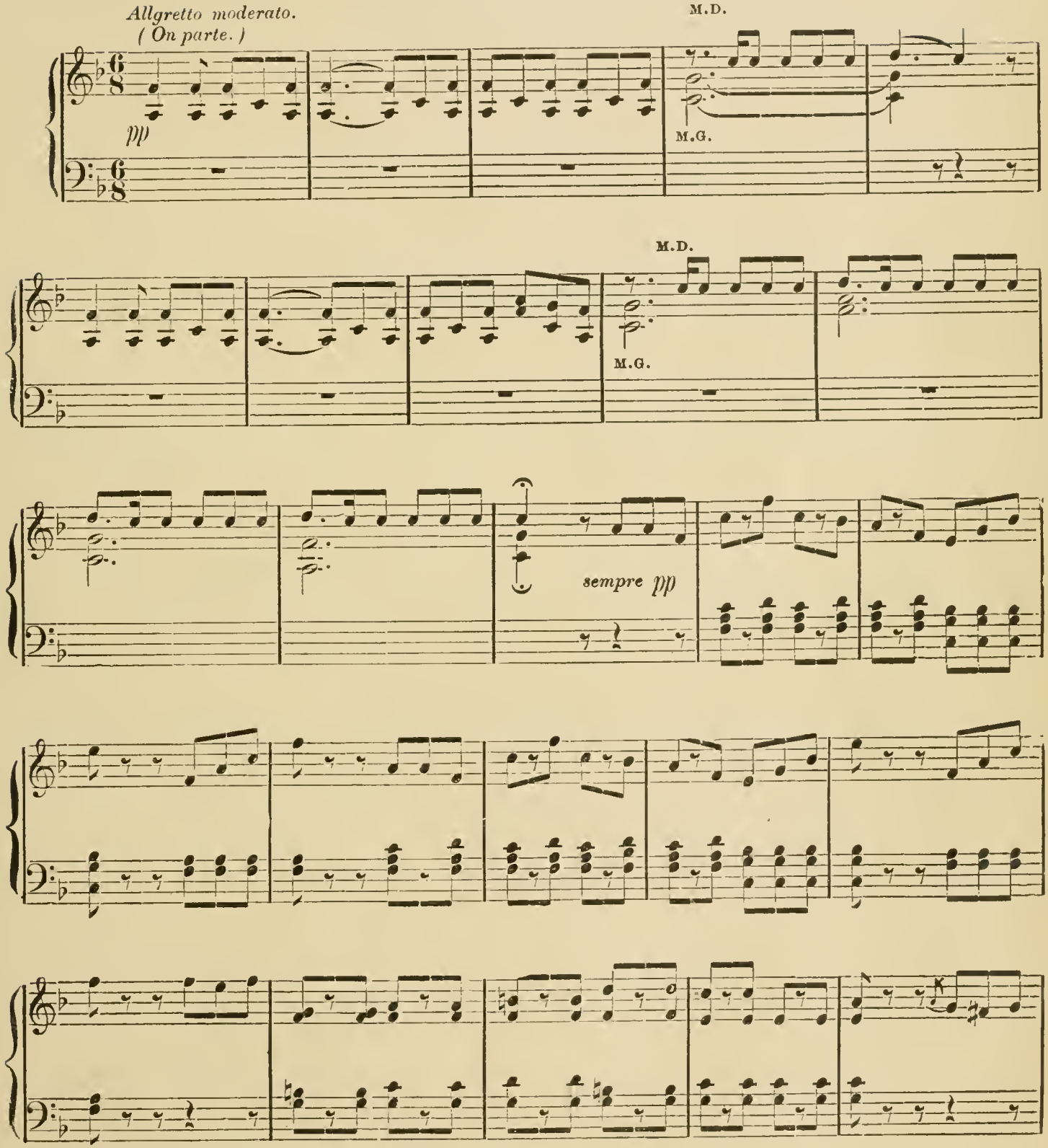
ROC. That is *toe* thin! I don't take *stock in*' that! (***Horns heard** near by*)

BET. (*Running up stage, then down,* R.) Here they are!

(***Enter pages, followed by lords and ladies.** They are all dressed in the costume of the chase, and take positions,* R. *and* L.)

ENTERING CHORUS AND PRESAGE SONG.

No. 7. Bettina, Fiametta, Frederic, Lorenzo, Rocco, Chorus.



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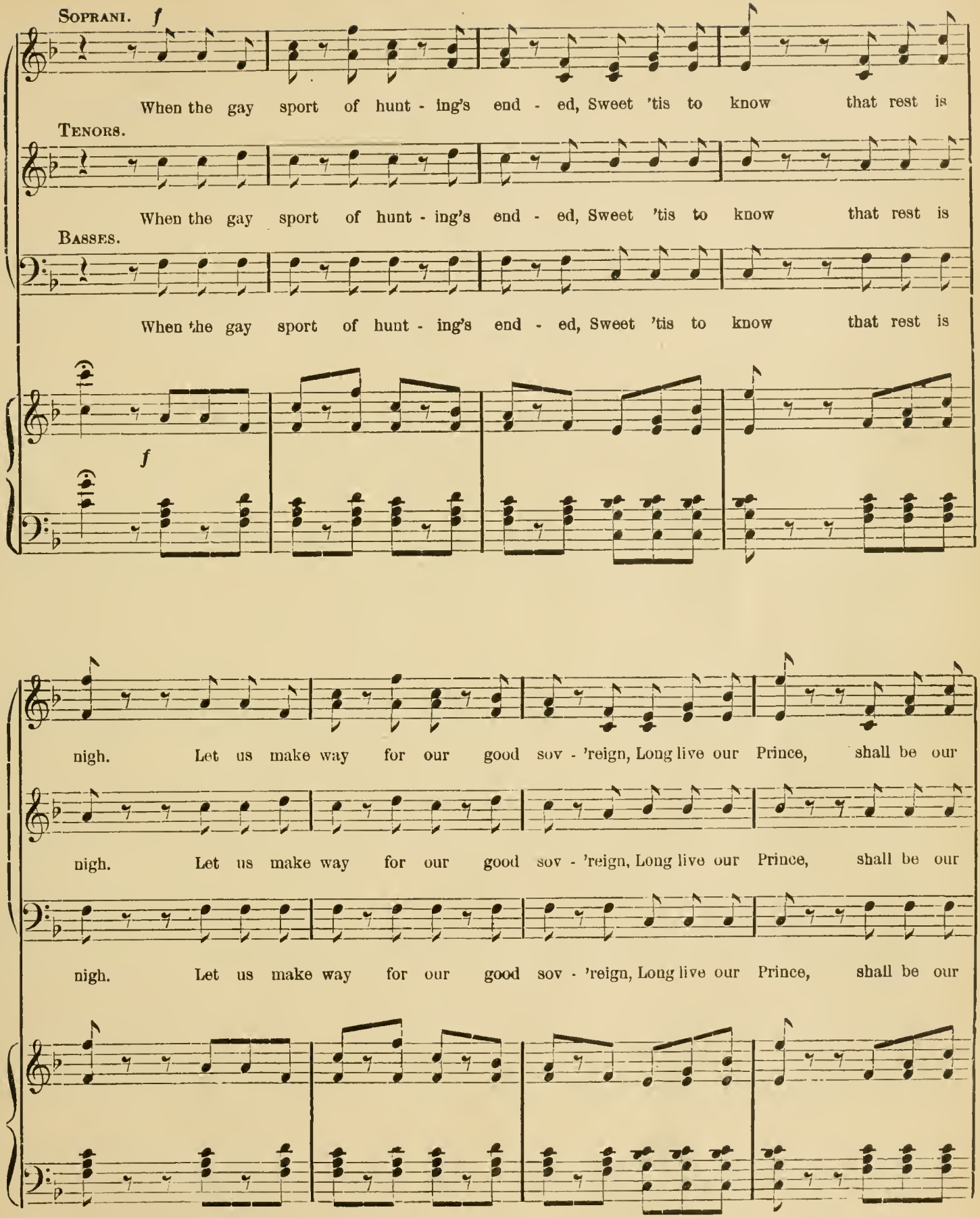
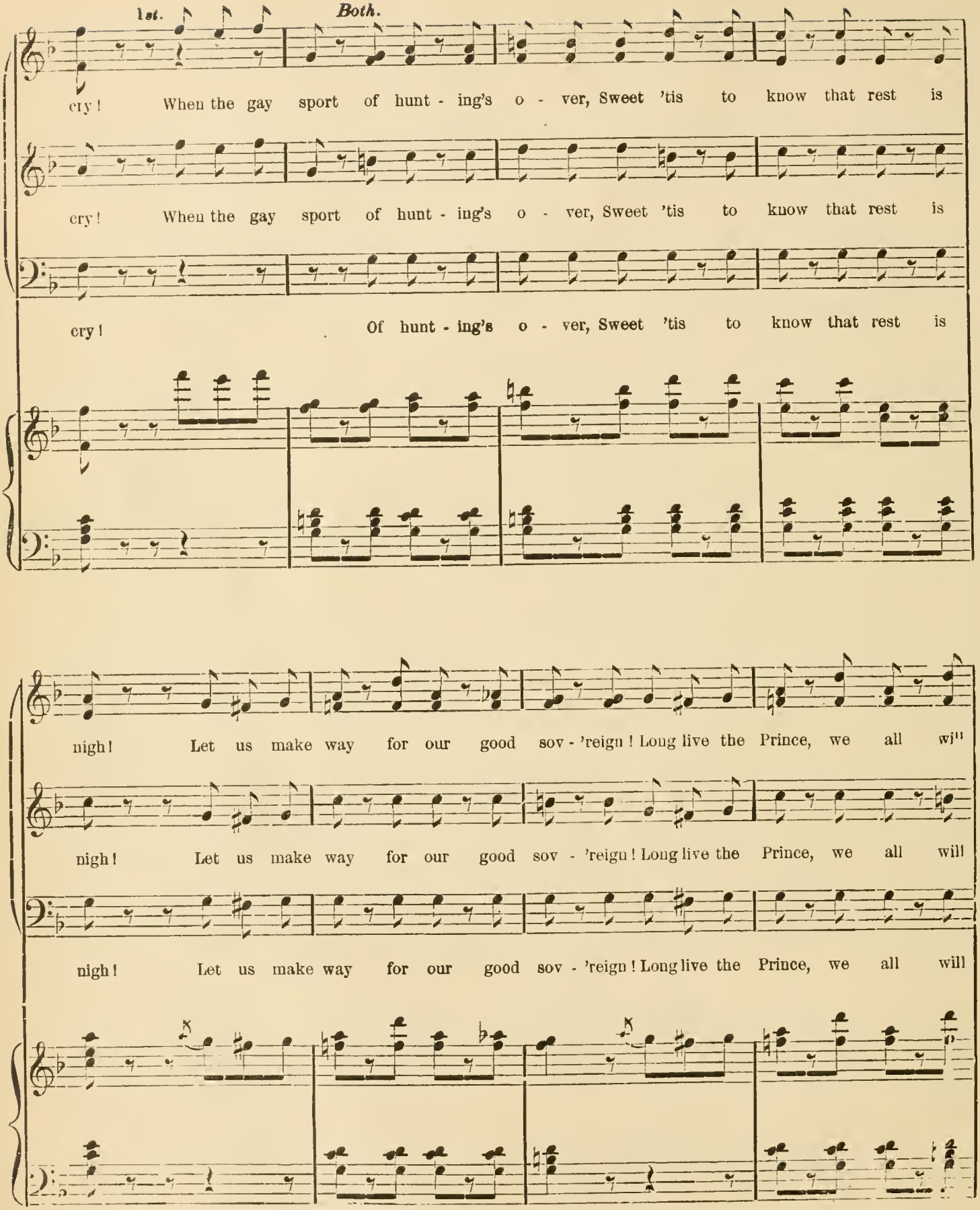
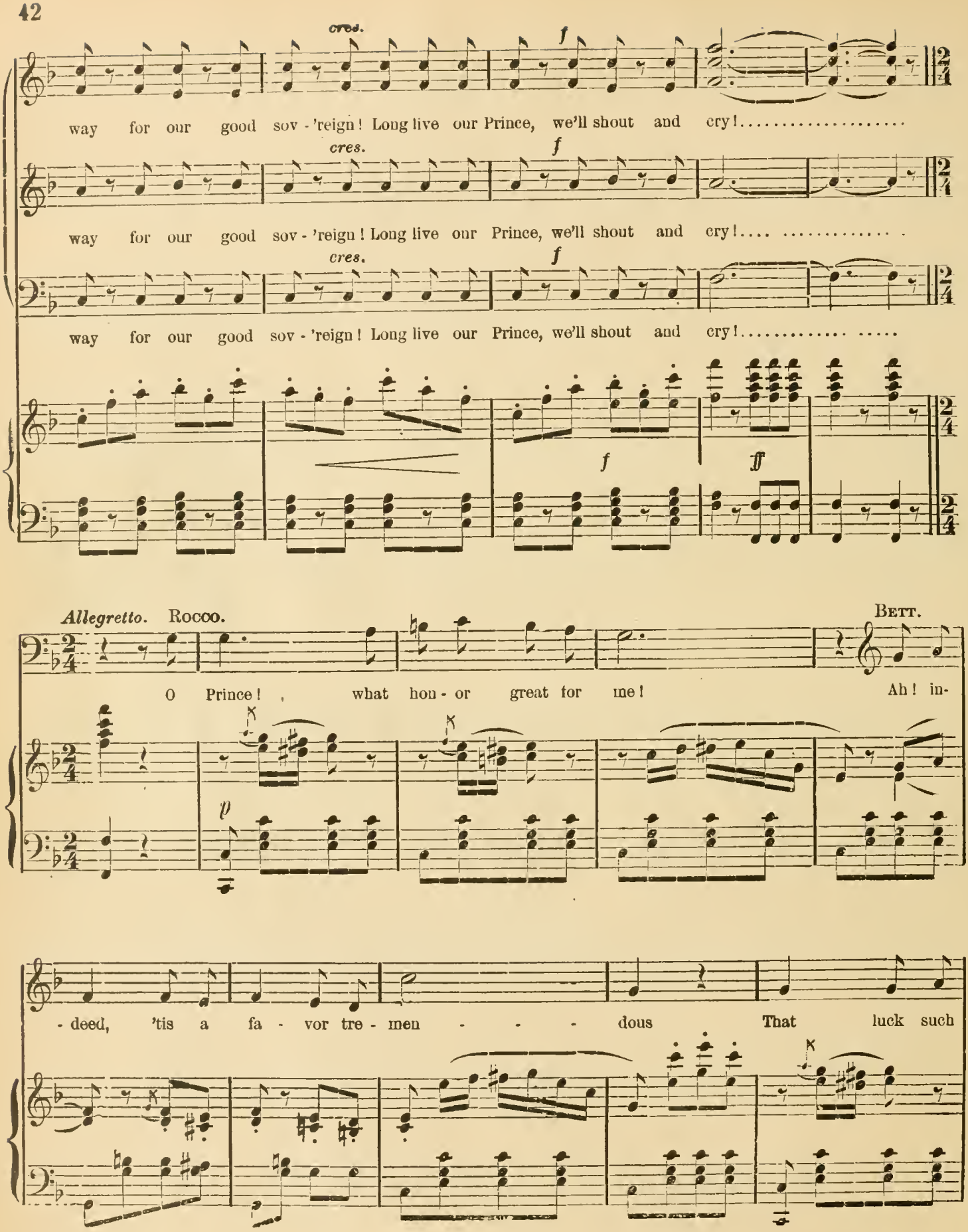
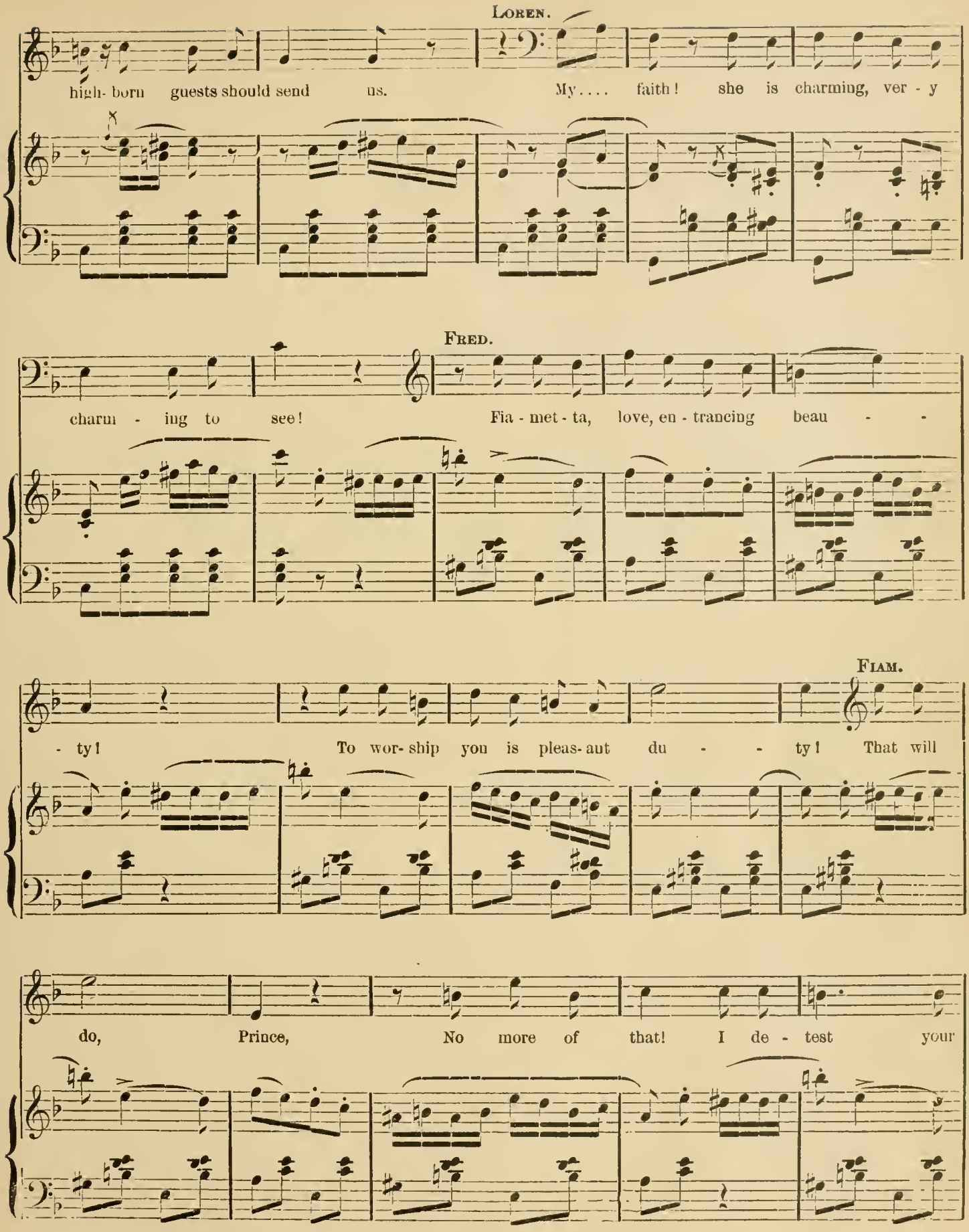
piu f
pp
Rép-les voici!
f


Soprani. f
When the gay sport of hunt - ing's end - ed, Sweet 'tis to know that rest is
Tenors.
When the gay sport of hunt - ing's end - ed, Sweet 'tis to know that rest is
Basses.
When the gay sport of hunt - ing's end - ed, Sweet 'tis to know that rest is
f
nigh. Let us make way for our good sov - 'reign, Long live our Prince, shall be our
nigh. Let us make way for our good sov - 'reign, Long live our Prince, shall be our
nigh. Let us make way for our good sov - 'reign, Long live our Prince, shall be our


1st.
Both.
cry! When the gay sport of hunt - ing's o - ver, Sweet 'tis to know that rest is
cry! When the gay sport of hunt - ing's o - ver, Sweet 'tis to know that rest is
cry! Of hunt - ing's o - ver, Sweet 'tis to know that rest is
nigh! Let us make way for our good sov - 'reign! Long live the Prince, we all wi!!
nigh! Let us make way for our good sov - 'reign! Long live the Prince, we all will
nigh! Let us make way for our good sov - 'reign! Long live the Prince, we all will

cry! When the gay sport of hunt - ing's o - ver,
cry! To our Prince long life! When the gay sport of hunt ing's o - ver,
cry! To our Prince long life! When the gay sport of hunt - ing's o - ver,
f
Yes, 'tis sweet to know rest here is nigh!..... Let us make
Yes, 'tis sweet to know rest here is nigh!..... Let us make
Yes, 'tis sweet to know rest here is nigh!..... Let us make
p
p
p
ff
p


cres.
f
way for our good sov - 'reign! Long live our Prince, we'll shout and cry!
cres.
f
way for our good sov - 'reign! Long live our Prince, we'll shout and cry!
cres.
f
way for our good sov - 'reign! Long live our Prince, we'll shout and cry!
f
ff
Allegretto. Rocco.
Bett.
O Prince! what hon - or great for me!
Ah! in-
p
- deed, 'tis a fa - vor tre - men - - - - dous
That luck such


Loren.
high- born guests should send us. My.... faith! she is charming, ver - y
Fred.
charm - ing to see! Fia - met - ta, love, en - trancing beau - -
Fiam.
- ty! To wor- ship you is pleas- aut du - - ty! That will
do, Prince, No more of that! I de - test your

LOREN.

speech - es so flat! No ac - ci - dent has marred the hun - ter's

p

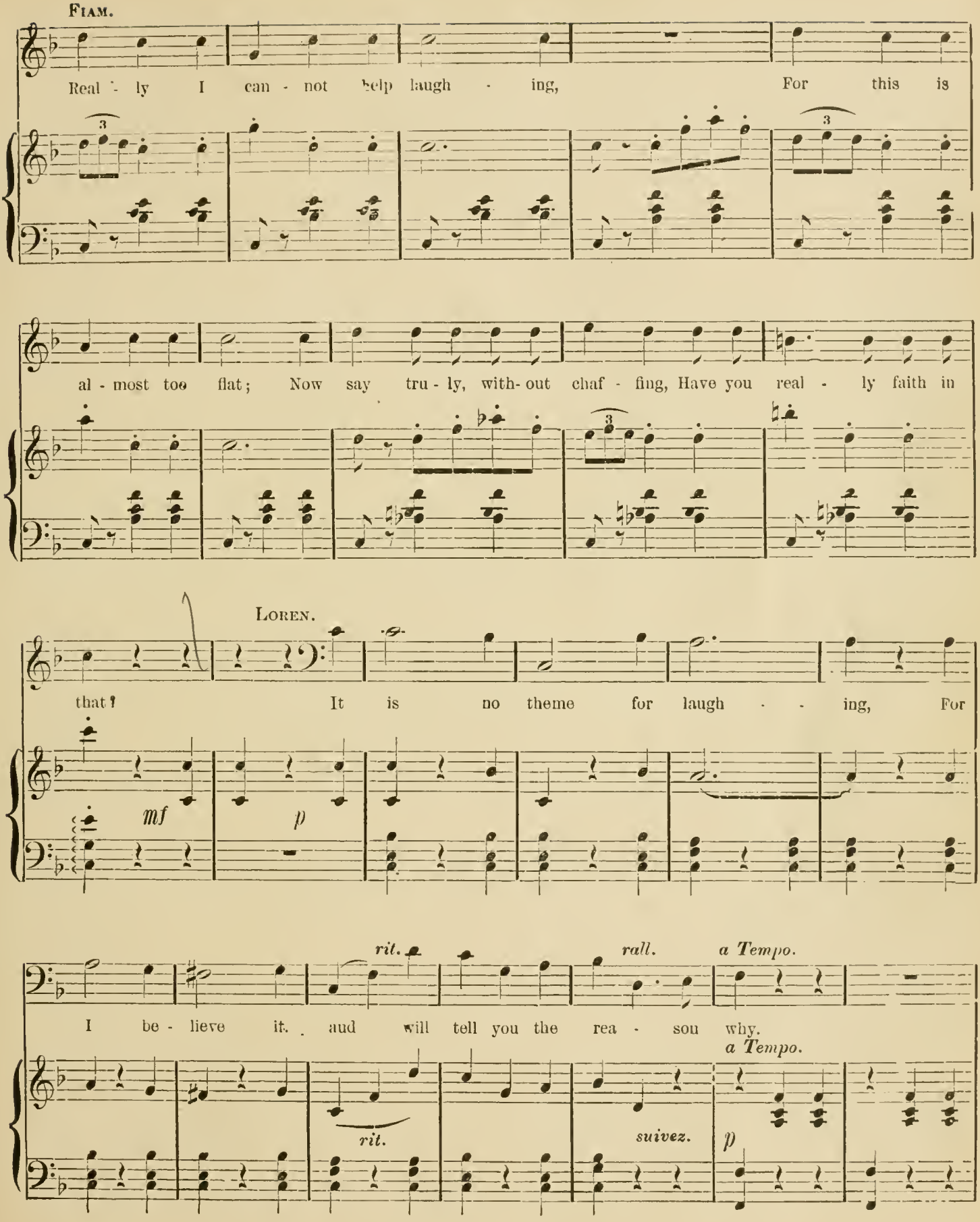
pleas - - - - ure; I am glad, for just be - fore

I be - held an ug - ly.... spi - - der, Which means that

Allegretto.

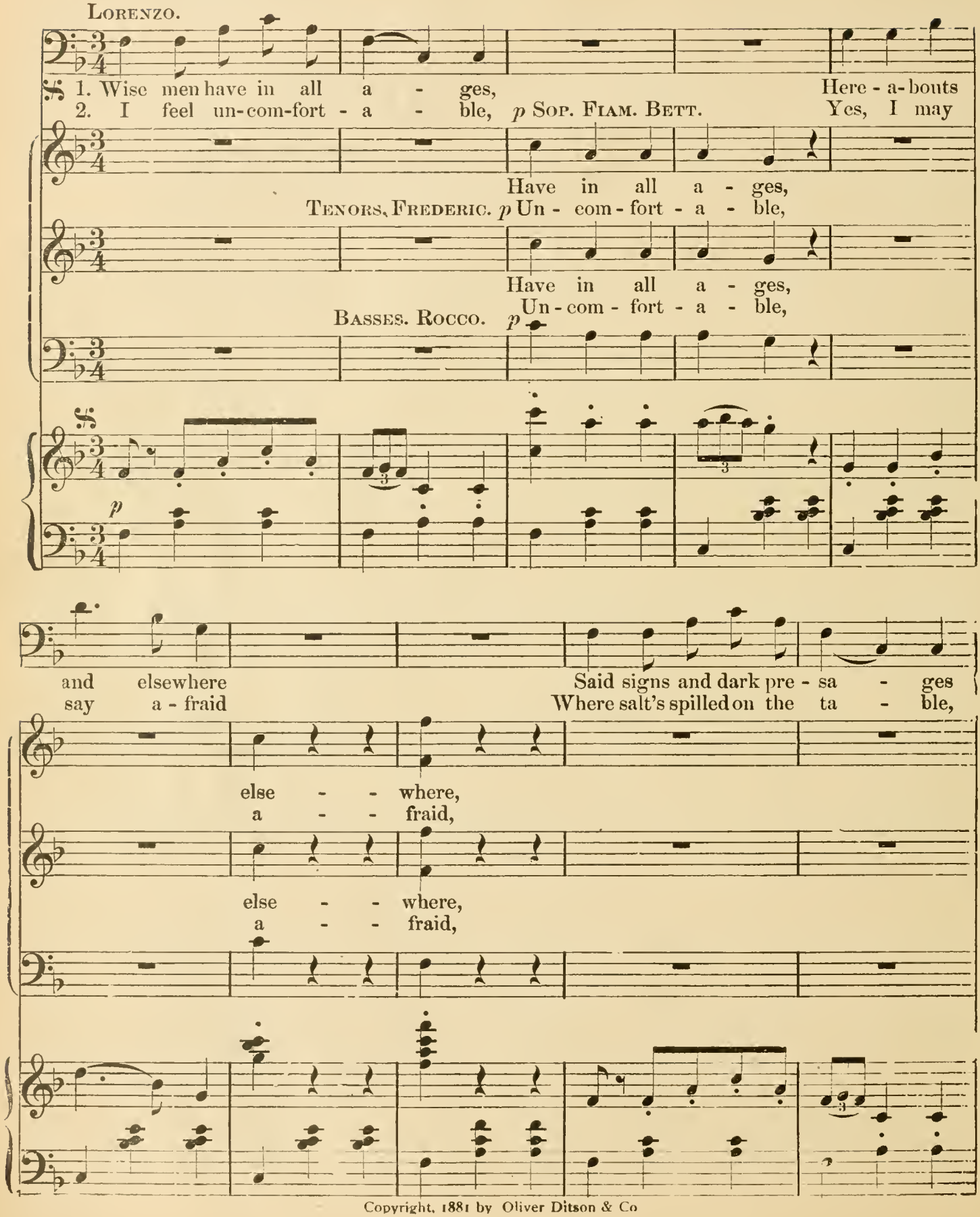
trou - - ble's in store.....

p


Fiam.
Real - ly I can - not help laugh - ing, For this is
al - most too flat; Now say tru - ly, with- out chaf - fing, Have you real - ly faith in
Loren.
that? It is no theme for laugh - - ing, For
mf
p
rit.
rall.
a Tempo.
I be - lieve it. and will tell you the rea - son why.
a Tempo.
rit.
suivez.
p

"WISE MEN IN ALL AGES."

No. 8. PRESAGE SONG


LORENZO.
1. Wise men have in all a - ges, Here - a-bouts
2. I feel un-com-fort - a - ble, p SOP. FIAM. BETT. Yes, I may
Have in all a - ges,
TENORS, FREDERIC. p Un - com - fort - a - ble,
Have in all a - ges,
BASSES. ROCCO. p Un - com - fort - a - ble,
p
and elsewhere Said signs and dark pre - sa - ges
say a - fraid Where salt's spilled on the ta - ble,
else - - where,
a - - fraid,
else - - where,
a - - fraid,

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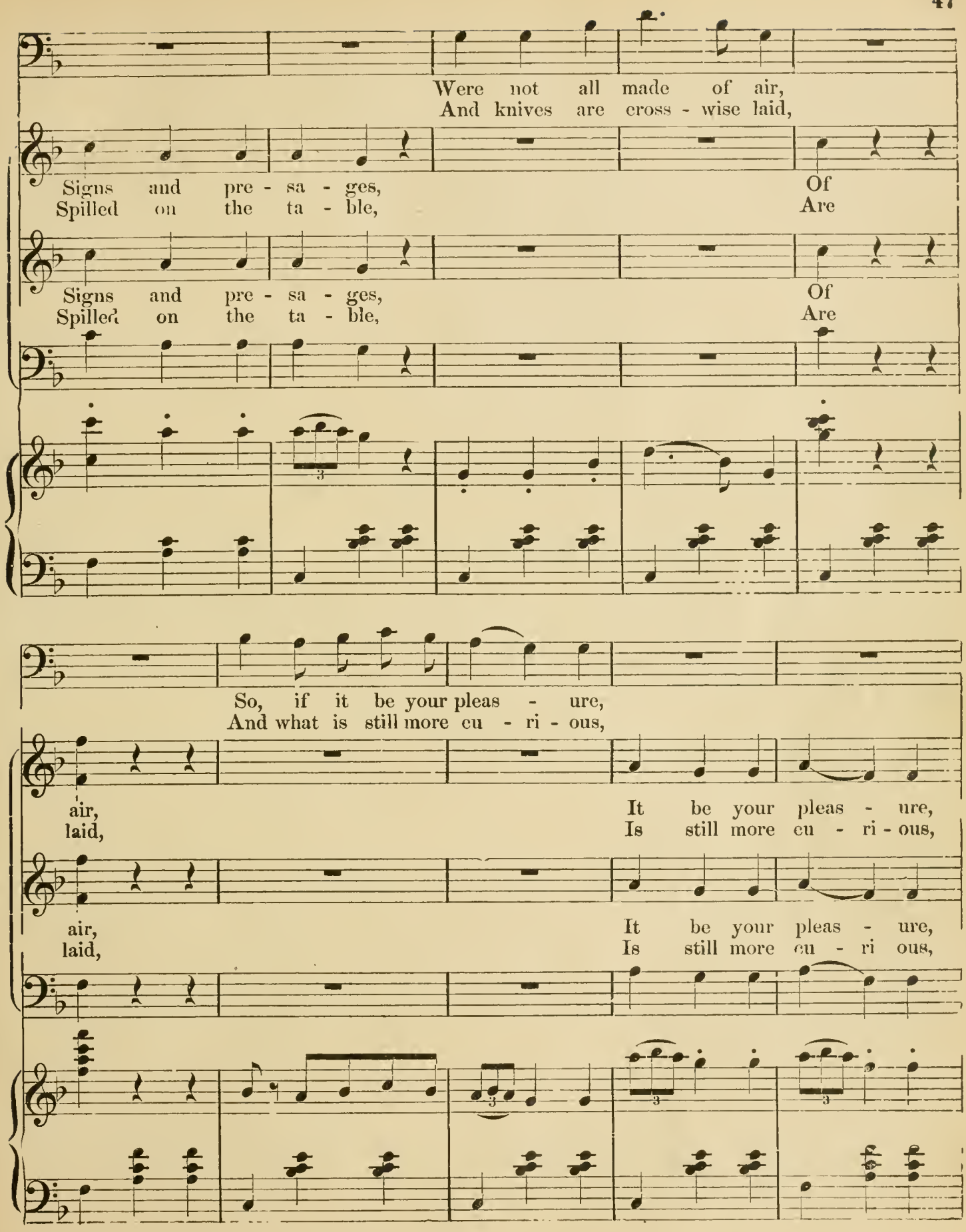
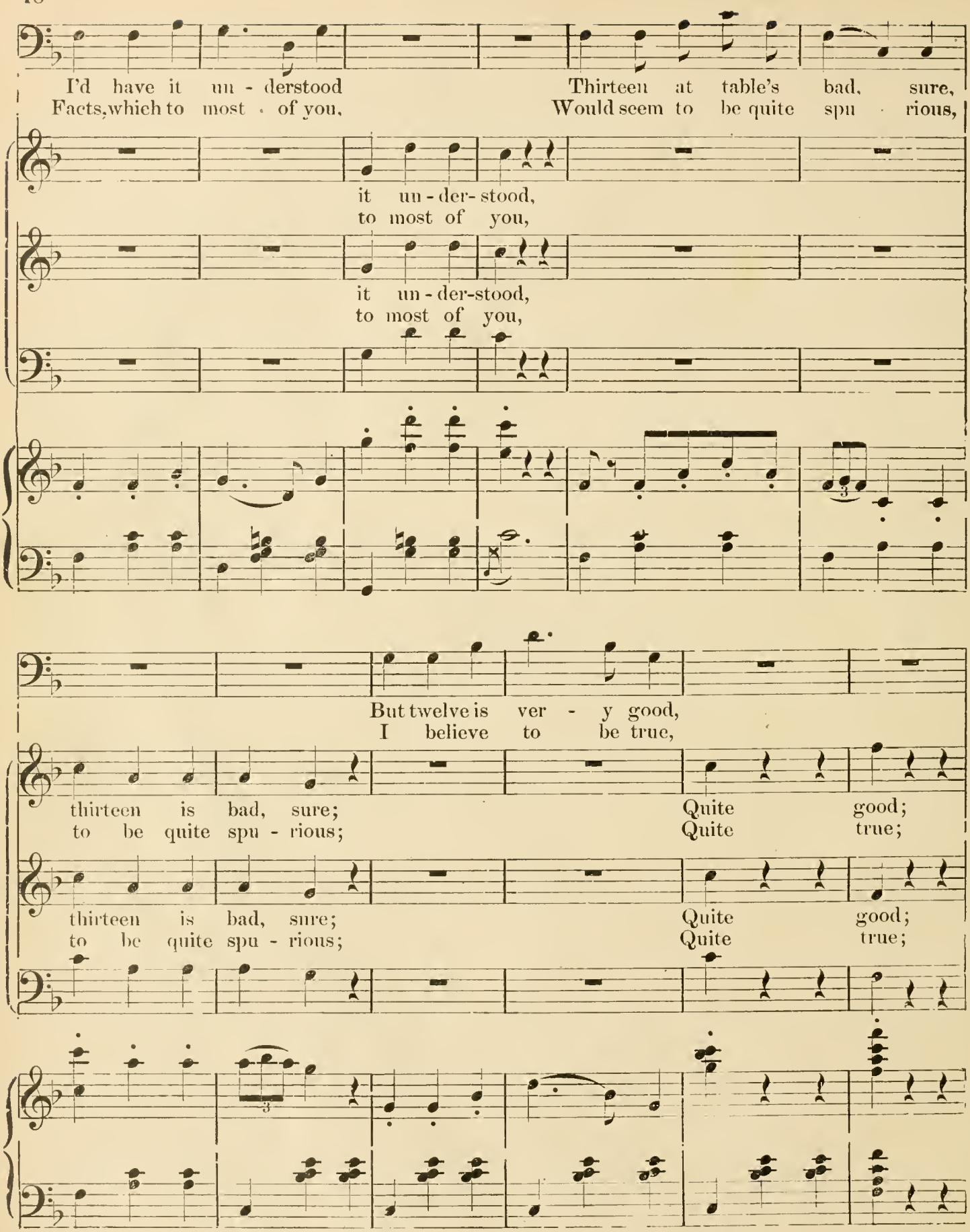
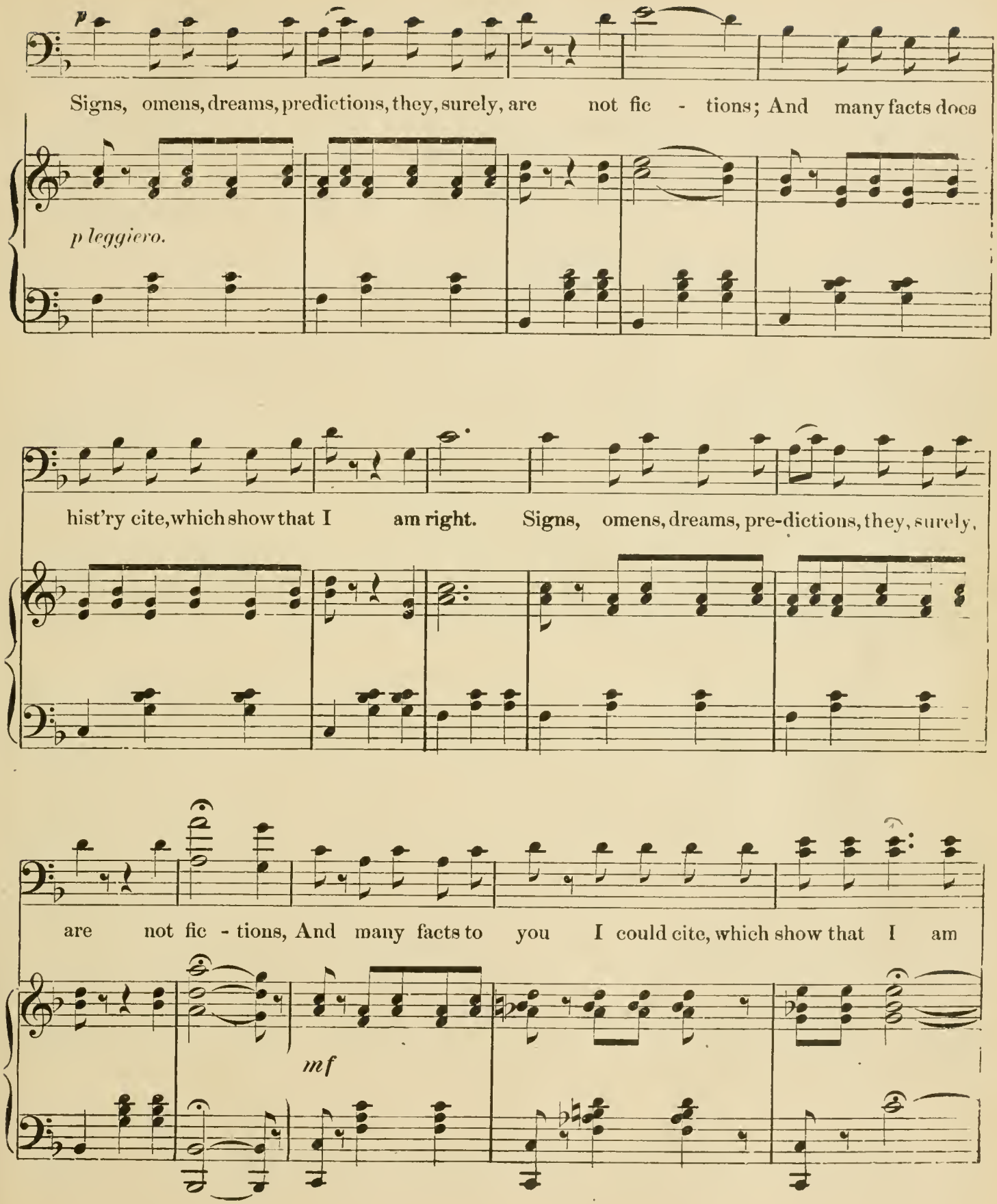
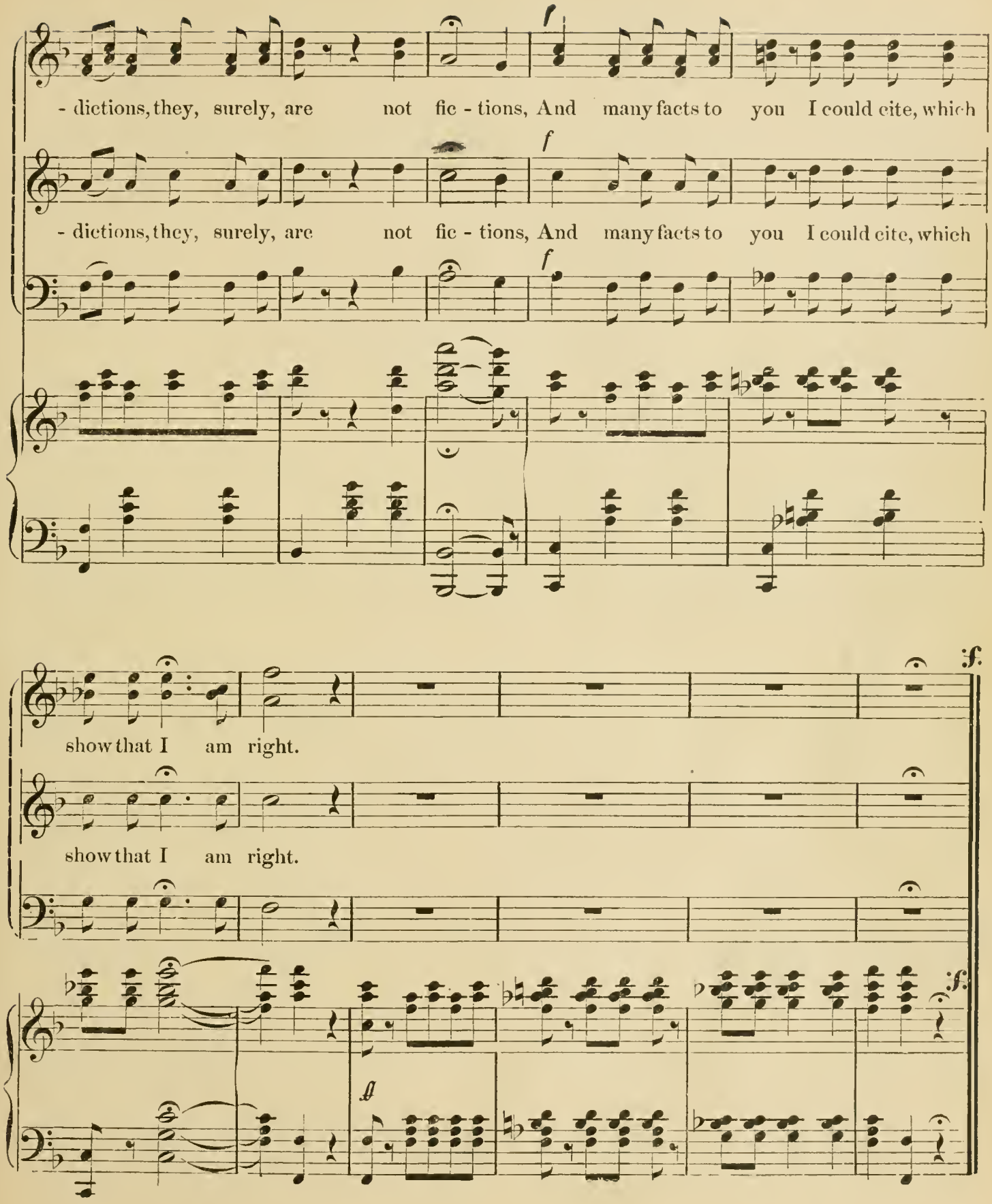

Were not all made of air,
And knives are cross - wise laid,
Signs and pre - sa - ges,
Spilled on the ta - ble,
Of
Are
Signs and pre - sa - ges,
Spilled on the ta - ble,
Of
Are
So, if it be your pleas - ure,
And what is still more cu - ri - ous,
air,
laid,
It be your pleas - ure,
Is still more cu - ri - ous,
air,
laid,
It be your pleas - ure,
Is still more cu - ri ous,


I'd have it un - derstood
Facts, which to most of you,
Thirteen at table's bad, sure,
Would seem to be quite spu - rious,
it un - der- stood,
to most of you,
it un - der-stood,
to most of you,
But twelve is ver - y good,
I believe to be true,
thirteen is bad, sure;
to be quite spu - rious;
Quite good;
Quite true;
thirteen is bad, sure;
to be quite spu - rious;
Quite good;
Quite true;


Signs, omens, dreams, predictions, they, surely, are not fic - tions; And many facts does
p leggiero.
hist'ry cite, which show that I am right. Signs, omens, dreams, pre-dictions, they, surely,
are not fic - tions, And many facts to you I could cite, which show that I am
mf

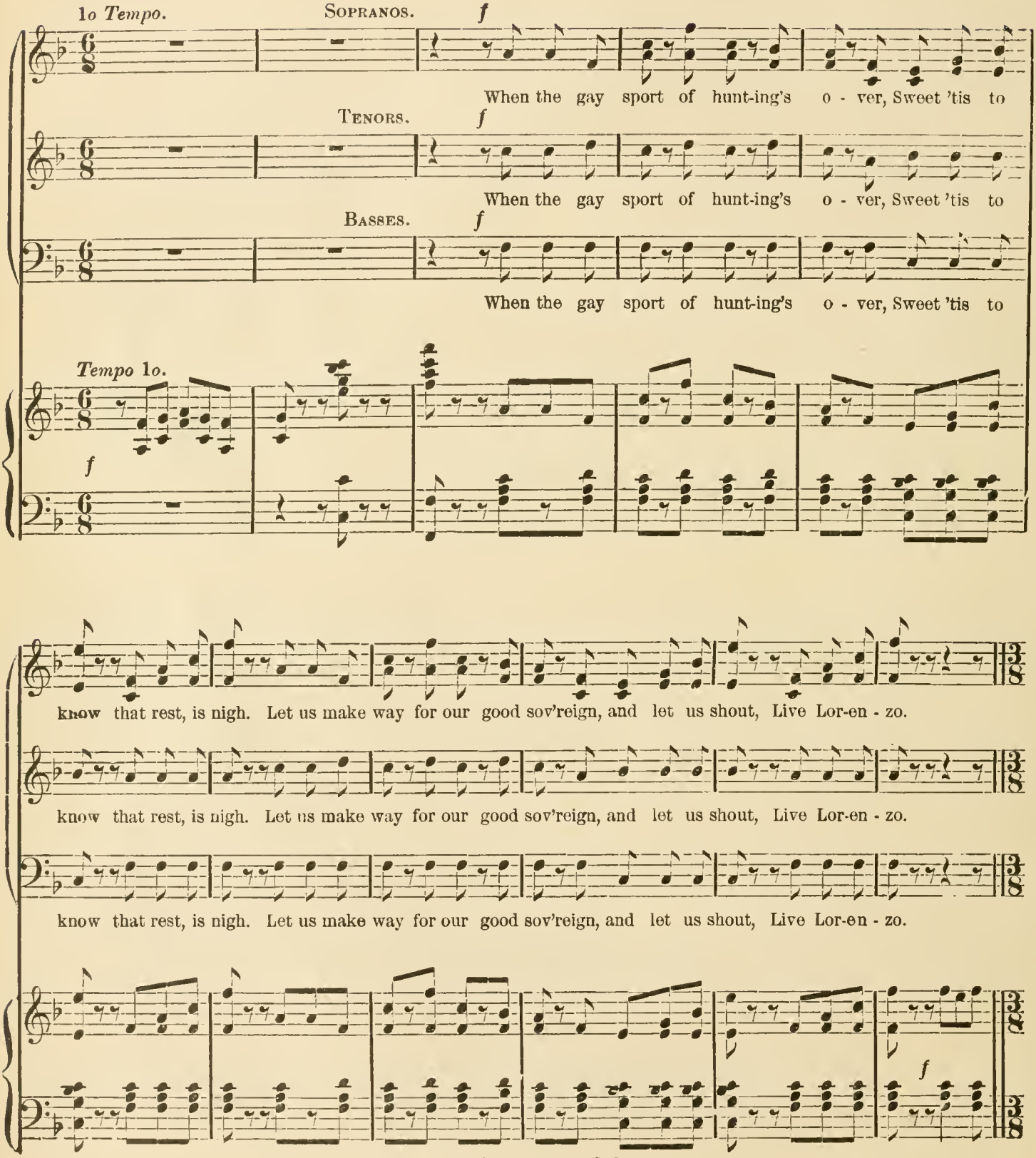
right.
Sop.
p
Signs, omens, dreams, predictions, they, surely, are not fic - tions;
Tenors.
p
Signs, omens, dreams, predictions, they, surely, are not fic - tions;
Basses.
p
sempre p
And many facts does hist'ry cite, which show that I am right; Signs, omens, dreams, pre-
And many facts does hist'ry cite, which show that I am right; Signs, omens, dreams, pre-


- dictions, they, surely, are not fic - tions, And many facts to you I could cite, which
- dictions, they, surely, are not fic - tions, And many facts to you I could cite, which
show that I am right.
show that I am right.

U. ..F ILL LIB.

WHEN THE GAY SPORT.

No. 9. EXIT.


1o Tempo.
Sopranos.
f
When the gay sport of hunt-ing's o - ver, Sweet 'tis to
Tenors.
f
When the gay sport of hunt-ing's o - ver, Sweet 'tis to
Basses.
f
When the gay sport of hunt-ing's o - ver, Sweet 'tis to
Tempo 1o.
f
know that rest, is nigh. Let us make way for our good sov'reign, and let us shout, Live Lor-en - zo.
know that rest, is nigh. Let us make way for our good sov'reign, and let us shout, Live Lor-en - zo.
know that rest, is nigh. Let us make way for our good sov'reign, and let us shout, Live Lor-en - zo.
f

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(*At conclusion of Chorus, enter* LOR., *followed by* FIAM. *and* FRED.)

FIAM. Come, papa, let us forget all this, now that we are in this temple of agriculture.

LOR. A temple?

FIAM. Yes, a rustic temple. For my part, I prefer it to all your magnificent palaces.

FRED. Very singular taste, Princess, it seems to me.

FIAM. Be quiet, sir! (*To* ROC.) My good man, I long for a glass of pure, fresh milk.

ROC. With pleasure, madame. Bettina shall milk the cow at once.

BET. (*Curtseying.*)Yes,madame. I'll not be long.(*To the lords and ladies.*) And if the ladies and gentlemen will follow me, they will see how it is done. (BETTINA *exits* L. *under shed, followed by lords and ladies.* LOR., FIAM., FRED. *and* ROC. *remain.*)

LOR. 'Tis well, farmer. I am satisfied with your reception. (*Coming down.* FIAM. *and* FRED. *retire up.* LOR. *holds out his hand.*) I permit you to kiss my hand.

ROC. Oh, Prince, this is too much honor! (*Kisses hand.*)

LOR. It is a great deal, I confess. Still, I am a monarch without ceremony—not formal, and a jolly good fellow! I breathe gayety—Ha, ha, ha! (*Stopping suddenly, and changing his tone.*) Or, rather, I have the air of breathing gayety. I am merry, but it does not come from the heart; for under this happy exterior I hide a poignant care!

ROC. But what can trouble the existence of my prince?

LOR. What is the trouble? Ill luck! I am doomed to misfortune!

ROC. Ah, just like me!

LOR. If I go to battle, I am generally beaten along the whole line. If I play at throwing dice, I invariably lose; and if I aim at a deer, I kill a rabbit—that is, when I kill anything!

ROC. Absolutely like me!

LOR. Yet I am merry—ha, ha, ha!

FIAM. Calm yourself, papa!

LOR. Yes, I will be calm—very calm; even placid, if you wish it. A chair, if you please—I am very tired!

ROC. Your Highness has only to mention it. (*Quickly bringing chair.*)

LOR. Thank you! (*Seats himself in chair, which breaks down. He falls to the floor.*)

FIAM. Heavens—papa!

ROC. (*At same time.*) Oh, sire!

FRED. Have you broken any bones, father-in-law? (*Helping him up.*

LOR. (*Holding on to his side.*) Only thirteen of my ribs! How many of them are there

FRED. Ribs?

LOR. No—chairs

ROC. Only this one, your Highness

LOR. Of course,it was for me! It does not surprise me. My usual ill luck, my misfortune! (*Enter* BET. *with three cups of milk on a tray.*)

BET. (*Curtseying.*) Here is the new milk for your Highnesses.

FIAM. (*Taking glass, which she gives to* LOR.) Drink, papa; it will do you good. (*He takes it and prepares to drink.* FIAMETTA *and* FREDERIC *taking the other two and doing thesame;* LOR. *drinks last.*)

FIAM. (*After drinking.*) It is delicious!

FRED. (*Same.*) Excellent!

LOR. (*Uttering a cry, and throwing cup from him after tasting it.*) Oh!

FIAM. (*Running to him.*) What is the matter, papa?

LOR. Ah! (*Making a wry face.*) My milk has soured!

BET. (*Aside.*) Heaven! I took the vinegar-cup! What will be come of me?

ROC. Whoever heard of the like?

LOR. Nothing remarkable, my friends, I assure you! Everything sours with me—I am prepared for it! (*Enter* PIPPO, *hurriedly*, L.U.E., *coming down to* ROC.)

PIPPO. Oh, master, what a lot of fine people!

ROC. (*Aside to* PIP.) It is Prince Lorenzo and his daughter.

PIP. (*Removing his hat.*) The Prince!

FIAM. (*Aside, admiring* PIP.) What a handsome youth!

ROC. (*To* LOR.) If your Highness pleases, I will show you my farm —it may amuse you.

LOR. 'Tis well; lead on; but there is misfortune in the air—I scent it. (*To* FIAM.) Follow me, my daughter. (*He exits* L. *with* ROC.)

FRED. (*Offering his arm to* FIAM.) Allow me, beloved one!

FIAM. (*Not noticing, and passing by him to* L., *then throwing a last look upon* PIPPO. How handsome—how noble he looks! (*She exits quickly,* L., *sighing;* BETTINA *notices this, and starts;* PIP *exits* R.)

BET. What! again?

FRED. (*Following* FIAM.) Wait for me—wait for me, I say! (*He follows her;* PIPPO *exits* R.)

BET. Now what does she mean by looking at my Pippo? Does she want to take him from me? Oh, never, while the rosebud is here! (FIAM. *re-enters quickly,* L., BET. *sees her.*) Ah, she is back again!

FIAM. Gone? (*Goes up stage, looking* R. *and* L.)

BET. She is looking for him! Oh, if she dares!—(*Raises her arm.*) No; (*Drawing back.*) I must not slap a Princess!

FIAM. (*Perceiving* BET.) Ah! Perhaps this girl can tell me. (*To* BET A word with you.

BET. (*Curtseying.*) What does your Highness desire?

FIAM. (*Indifferently.*) A simple favor. When we arrived here, I saw a youth—a farmer's son, probably——

BET. The shepherd, your Highness. (*Aside.*) That will take her down a peg!

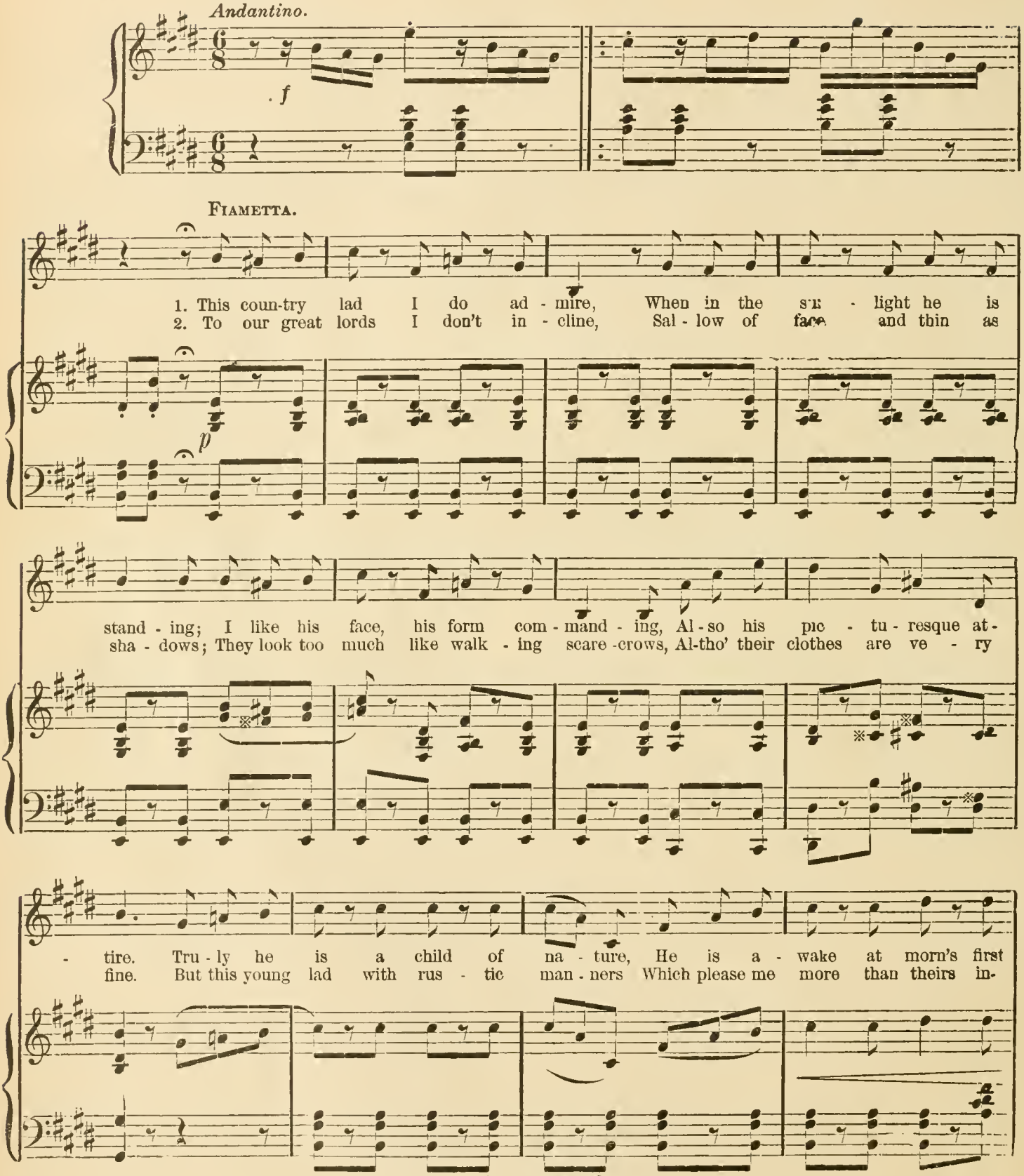
FIAM. A simple shepherd? (*Aside.*) Rustic simplicity, how I adore thee! (*Aloud*) He appeared to me very handsome! (BET. *starts, but recovers herself.*)

BET. You—you think so, Princess?

FIAM. Yes; but do not be surprised. I love everything that is beautiful in nature. I detest this court wherein I live, and regret being born on the steps of a throne. Oh, how I long for the simple country life! I wish to be clothed in a dress of coarse cloth; walk barefoot without a hat, and make hay; and have for a companion (*passionately*) the simple country lad!

THIS COUNTRY LAD.

No. 10. COUPLETS. Fiametta.


Andantino.
f
FIAMETTA.
1. This coun-try lad I do ad - mire, When in the sun - light he is
2. To our great lords I don't in - cline, Sal - low of face and thin as
p
stand - ing; I like his face, his form com - mand - ing, Al - so his pic - tu - resque at -
sha - dows; They look too much like walk - ing scare-crows, Al-tho' their clothes are ve - ry
- tire. Tru - ly he is a child of na - ture, He is a - wake at morn's first
fine. But this young lad with rus - tic man - ners Which please me more than theirs in-

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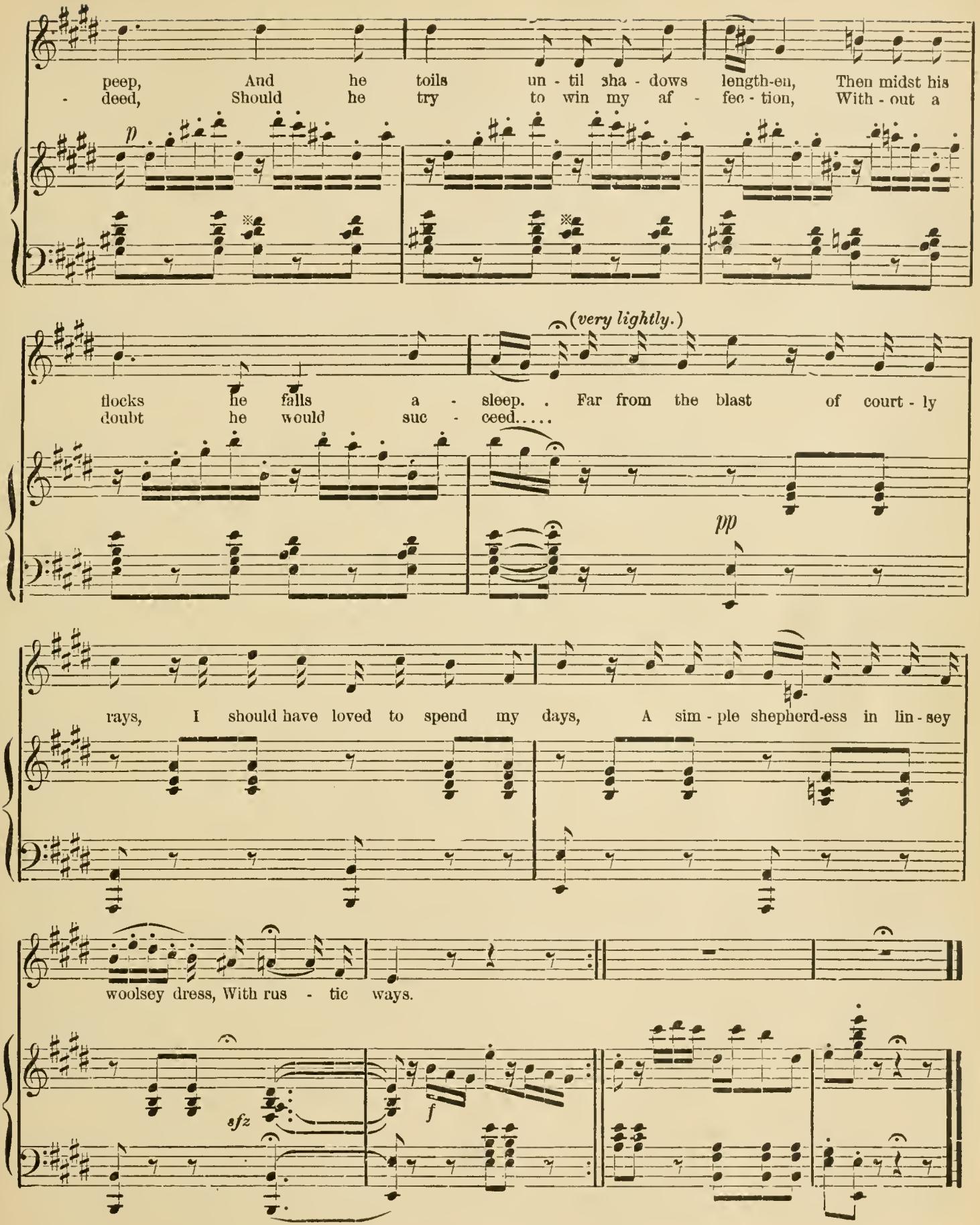

peep, And he toils un - til sha - dows length-en, Then midst his
- deed, Should he try to win my af - fec - tion, With - out a
p
(very lightly.)
flocks he falls a - sleep. . Far from the blast of court - ly
doubt he would suc - ceed.....
pp
rays, I should have loved to spend my days, A sim - ple shepherd-ess in lin - sey
woolsey dress, With rus - tic ways.
sfz
f

FIAM. I must confess that I am interested in this young shepherd. A face free and open, sweet and generous in his manners.

BET. (*Aside.*) She loves my Pippo; I am sure of it! I know what I'll do. I'll give her a certificate of his character that will cool her a little. (*Aloud*) Oh, Princess, you shouldn't trust to appearances; they are very deceitful.

FIAM. What do you mean?

BET. He looks simple, but he is very bad-tempered. FIAM. Ah!

BET. He is always spoiling for a fight. It was only the other day he quarrelled with three of our boys, and whipped them badly.

FIAM. All three? BET. Yes, all three of them.

FIAM. (*Admiringly, aside*) What a brave fellow! What valor!

BET. And then he is such a glutton. He is always eating and drinking. He will swallow six plates of soup in the twinkling of an eye.

FIAM. Six plates! (*Aside.*) Why not? He is the perfect picture of health. (*To* BET) Thank you. I shall know how to receive him. (*Aside.*) Just my ideal!

BET. (*Curtseying.*) I am always at your highness' service. I feel much easier now. (*Exit* R. *into house. Enter* FRED. *hurriedly*, L.

FRED. Ah, Princess, here you are! I've been looking everywhere for you. When I am not with you, I no longer exist. I merely vegetate. FIAM. Really, you are quite a plant!

FRED. Exactly; one that can exist only in the sunlight of your smiles

FIAM. How sentimental! Ah, but you did not vanquish three men. It was not you who swallowed six plates of soup.

FRED. (*Making a grimace.*) I should hope not!

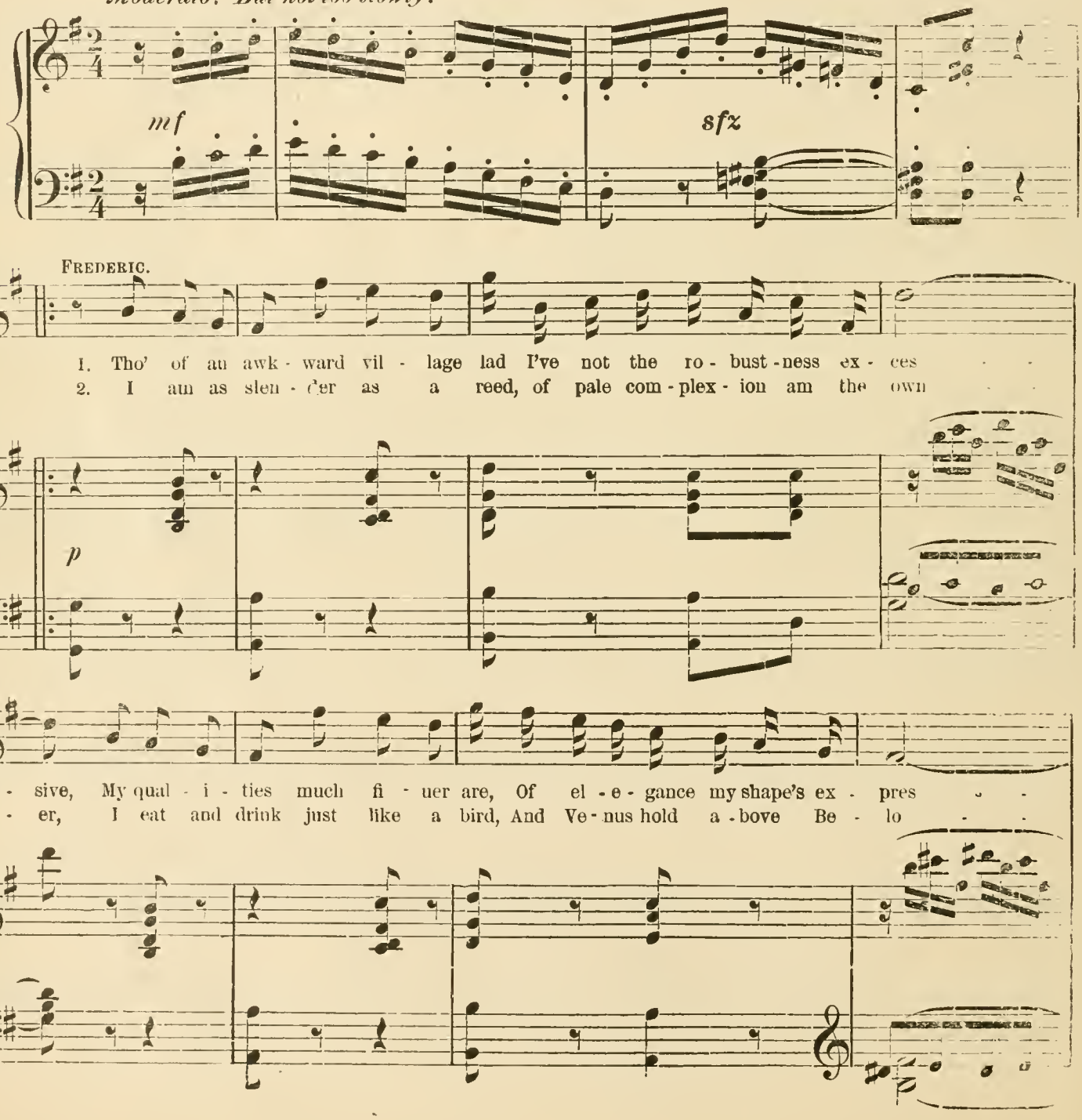
FIAM. Oh, these great lords! — no blood, no biceps, no muscle, no anything!

FRED. Allow me, my sweet one. I shine with other qualities

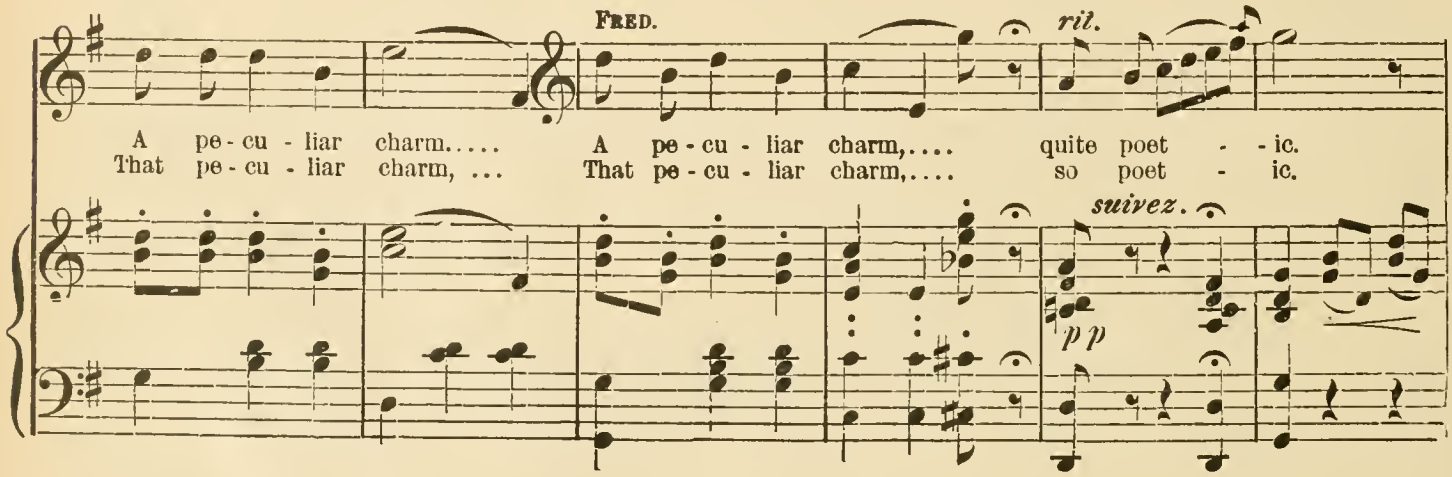
"THAT PECULIAR CHARM."

No. 11. SONG. Fiametta, Frederic,

Moderato. But not too slowly.


mf
sfz
FREDERIC.
1. Tho' of an awk - ward vil - lage lad I've not the ro - bust - ness ex - ces
2. I am as slen - der as a reed, of pale com - plex - ion am the own
p
- sive, My qual - i - ties much fi - uer are, Of el - e - gance my shape's ex - pres
- er, I eat and drink just like a bird, And Ve - nus hold a - bove Be - lo

sive. My leg is slim and neat - ly turn-ed My frame is real-ly quiet æs - thet -
- na The soul I've of a trou - ba - dour, My sighs and glan - ces are mag - net -
piu. f
p
- ic; And I pos - sess be - side all this..... and I pos - sess be - side all
- ic; I breathe the ver - y air of love..... I breathe the ver - y air of
rit.
Allegro Moderato.
this.....
love.....
A pe - cu - liar charm,.... A pe - cu - liar charm,....
That pe - cu - liar charm,.... That pe - cu - liar charm,....
rit.
Allegro Moderato.
pp



(*Enter* PIP. *and* BET., L.U.E, *through gateway*, C.)

PIP. Your pardon, Princess, if I interrupt you; but your father, the Prince Lorenzo, is asking for you.

FIAM. (*Sweetly.*) Papa wishes to see me? 'Tis well I am going, my friend.

BET. (*Aside.*) Her friend!

FRED. (*Aside.*) Her friend!

FIAM. (*Admiringly to* PIP.) So then, you are not afraid of three men.

PIP. (*Laughing loudly.*) No, nor three women, either!

FIAM. (*Aside.*) What a nature. One only finds it here? (*Sighing.*) Ah! (*Dryly.*) Follow me, Frederic. (*She goes* L.)

FRED. Yes, my sweet one!

FIAM. (*Pushes* FRED. *before her.*) Pass on before. (*Admiring* PIPPO.) He is decidly handsome; yes, very handsome! Ah! (*Exit*, L.)

PIP. (*Laughing, and looking after the Princess.*) She is very funny, this Princess!

BET. (*Sulking.*) Do you think so, Mister Pippo? Perhaps you would like to follow her?

PIP. Come, come; don't be foolish. (*Laughing.*)

BET. Did I not see you devouring her with your eyes?

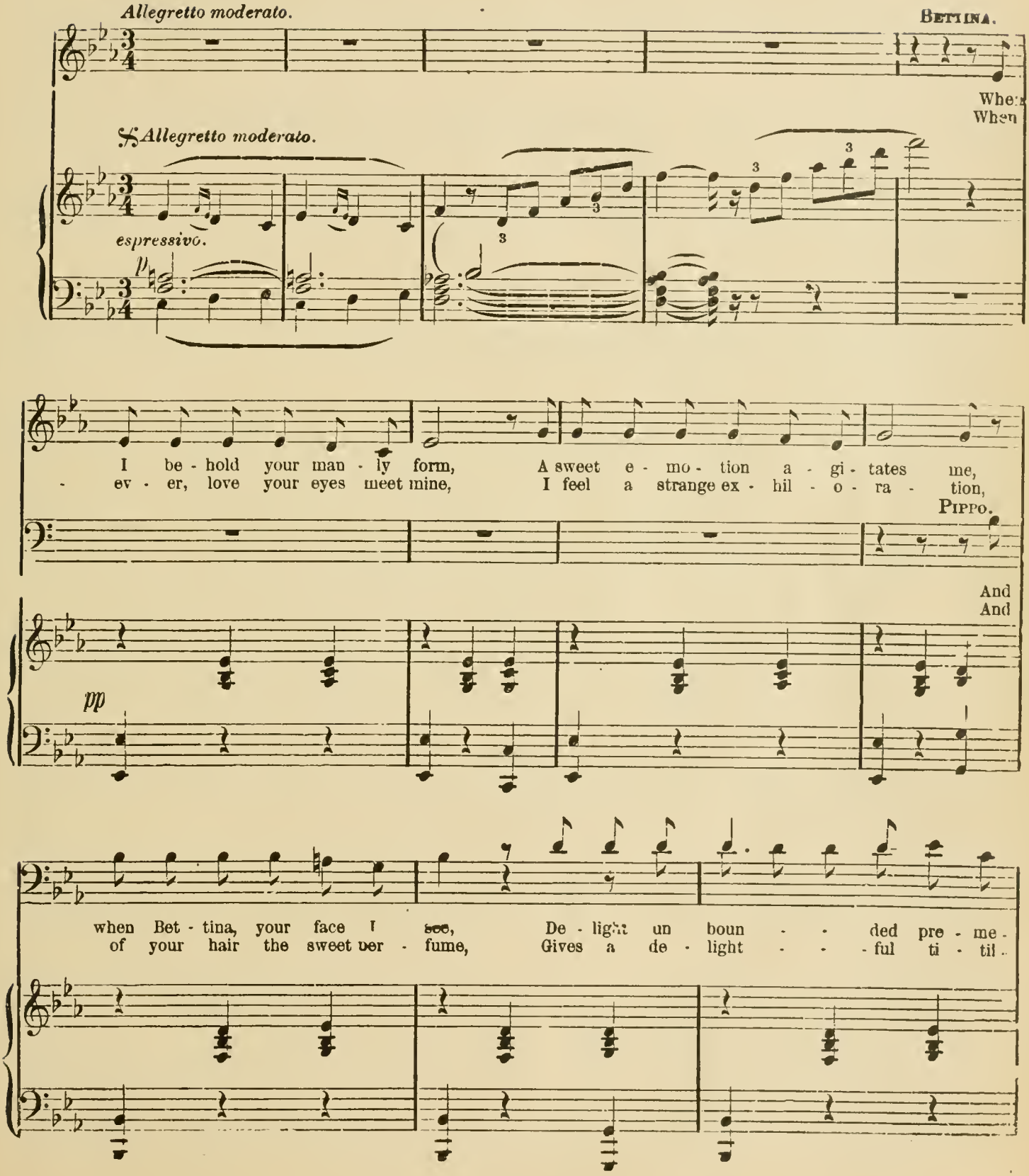
PIP. Me, a shepherd, cast an eye at the daughter of Prince Lorenzo! (*Going up to her, and putting arm about her waist.*) Ah, Bettina! if you only knew how I love you!

BET. And I, Pippo, have loved you from the first time I saw — ah, Pippo, Pippo!

"WHEN I BEHOLD."

Bettina, Pippo.

No. 12. DUET.


Allegretto moderato.
BETTINA.
espressivo.
I be - hold your man - ly form,
A sweet e - mo - tion a - gi - tates me,
ev - er, love your eyes meet mine,
I feel a strange ex - hil - o - ra - tion,
PIPPO.
pp
when Bet - tina, your face I see,
De - light un boun - - ded pre - me -
of your hair the sweet per - fume,
Gives a de - light - - - ful ti - til -

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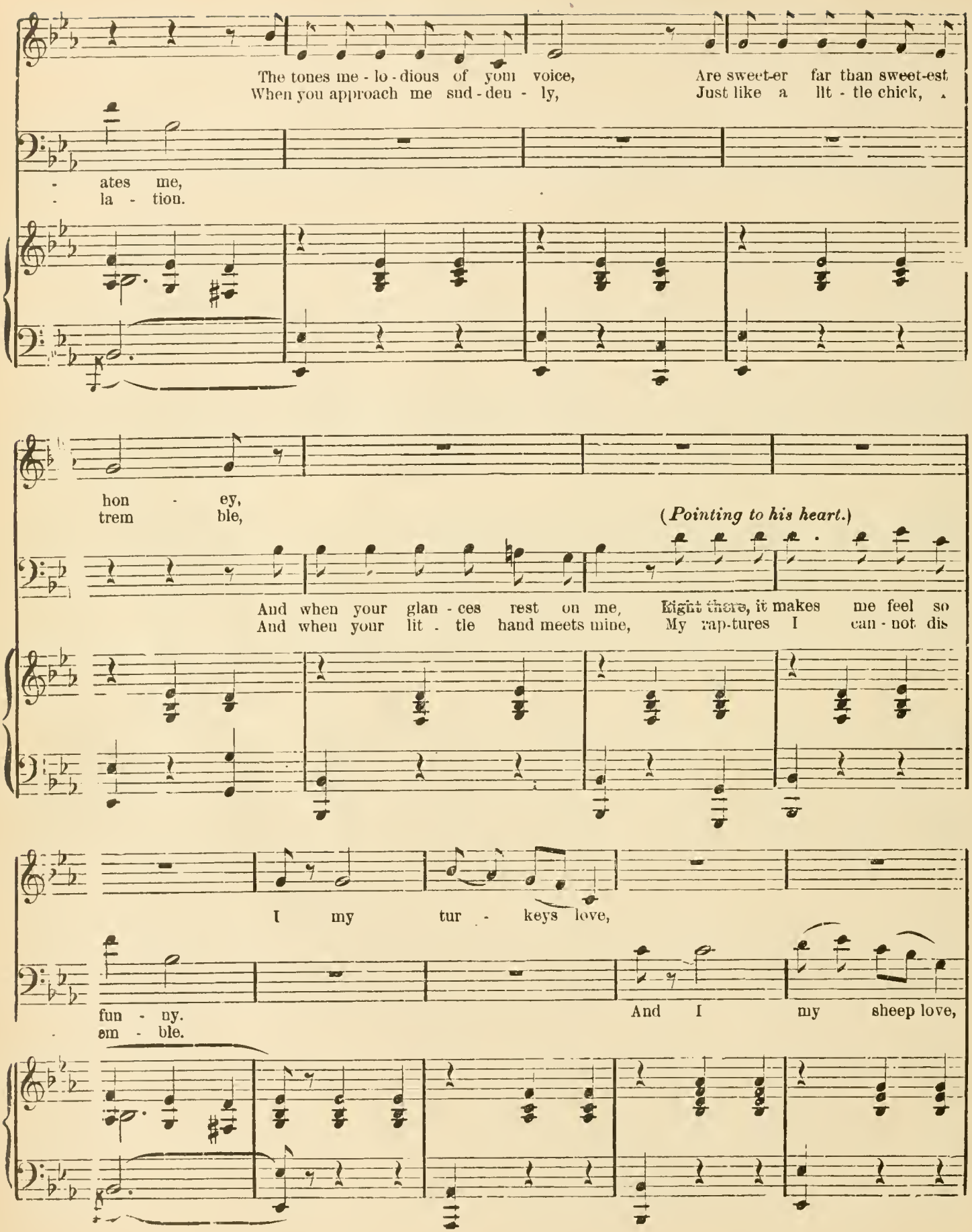
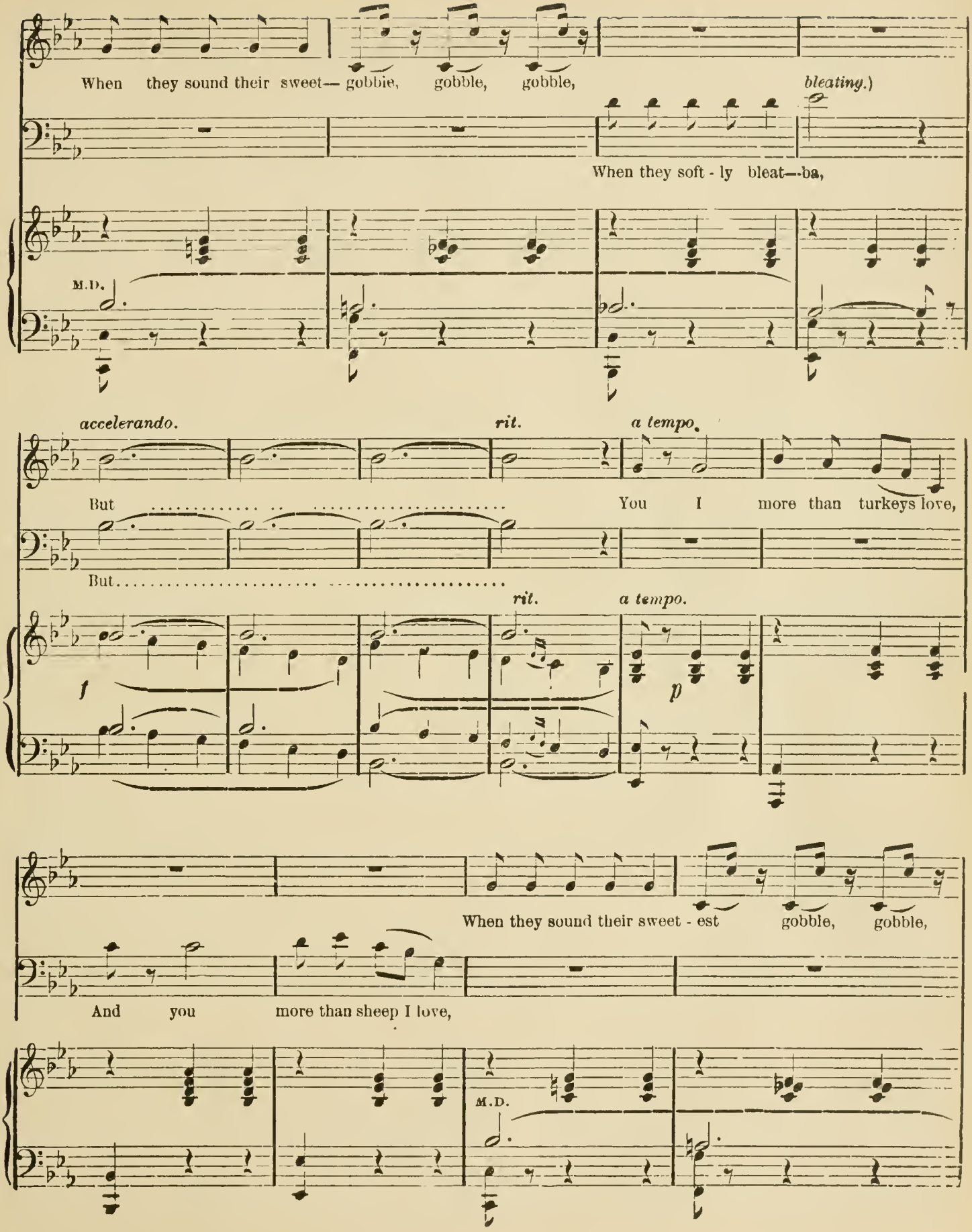
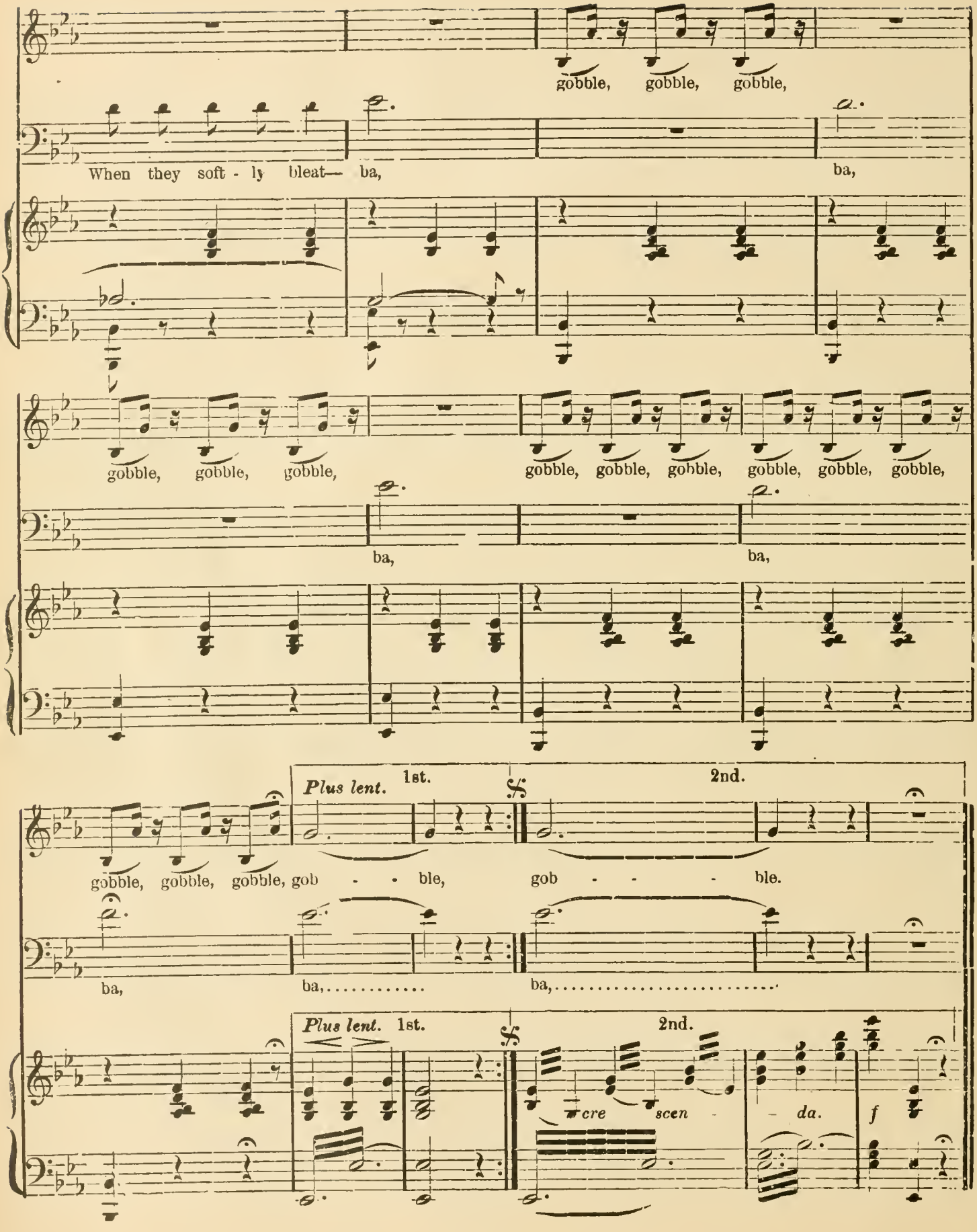

The tones me - lo - dious of your voice,
When you approach me sud - den - ly,
Are sweet-er far than sweet-est
Just like a lit - tle chick,
- ates me,
- la - tion.
hon - ey,
trem ble,
(Pointing to his heart.)
And when your glan - ces rest on me,
And when your lit - tle hand meets mine,
Right there, it makes me feel so
My rap-tures I can - not dis
I my tur - keys love,
fun - ny.
em - ble.
And I my sheep love,


When they sound their sweet— gobble, gobble, gobble,
bleating.)
When they soft - ly bleat—ba,
M.D.
accelerando.
rit.
a tempo.
But
You I more than turkeys love,
But
rit.
a tempo.
f
p
When they sound their sweet - est gobble, gobble,
And you more than sheep I love,
M.D.


gobble, gobble, gobble,
When they soft - ly bleat— ba,
ba,
gobble, gobble, gobble,
gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble,
ba,
ba,
Plus lent.
1st.
2nd.
gobble, gobble, gobble, gob - - ble,
gob - - - ble.
ba,
ba,.....
ba,.....
Plus lent.
1st.
2nd.
cre scen - da.
f

(*At the conclusion of Duet,* PIPPO *embraces* BETTINA. *Enter* ROCCO C., *from* L.U E.) ROC. Well, well, upon my word!

BET. (*Confused, and drawing away from* PIPPO.) Oh!

PIP. I told you so, master!

ROC. Be quiet, you lazy fellow! Here I find you kissing and hugging, and you should be driving your sheep to the fold. PIP. But—

ROC. (*Furiously*) No buts about it—go at once, I tell you!

PIP. All right, master, I'll go. (*He goes out* C., *off* L.U.E., *throwing kisses to* BET.)

BET. (*Aside, looking at* ROC.) Old sour milk!

ROC. As for you my beauty I'll stand none of this! You may pack up your bundle and go.

BET. (*With emotion*) What! You send me away?

ROC. Immediately! You can go back to my brother.

BET. (*Crying.*) You are very hard, sir. (*Crying.*) All for one unfortunate little kiss! (*Crying bitterly.*)

ROC Come, come, no snivelling; but pack up your bundle, and go.

BET. (*Still crying.*) Very well, sir, I will go. Is there any answer to the letter, sir?

ROC. Ah, yes. (*Drawing letter from his pocket.*) The same old story, no doubt. However, I will read it. (*He unfolds letter, while* BET. *on the right, is arranging her things to go. The orchestra plays softly the legend of the Mascot as* ROC. *reads.*)

"My Dear Brother:

"If I have succeeded in all I have undertaken, if I have made a fortune, and have always had good luck, it is because I possessed a 'Mascot.' (*Interrupting.*) A what? (*Continuing.* "But now that I am rich, happy, and have nothing to wish for, in proof of my friendship for you, I send you *her* who has brought me all my happiness My 'Mascot' is Bettina. I give her to you." (*Looking at* BET.) She—a Mascot!

BET. (*Who has made her preparations.*) I am ready to go, sir.

ROC. (*Not noticing her, and continuing to read.*) "And as soon as she will be with you, bad luck will disappear, and good fortune will make you smile." (*Enter* PIPPO, C. *from* L.U E., *running with coat on his arm.*)

PIP. Master, master!—good news! Good news!

ROC. (*Putting letters in his pocket.*) What then?

PIP. Your cow has been found! ROC. Is it true?

PIP. Yes; and I have just met the gamekeeper. You have won your lawsuit! ROC. Is it possible?

PIP. Yes; and here is your coat, which the tailor says you can have without the money.

ROC. My cow—my lawsuit—my coat—all at once! (*Looking at* BET.) And she has been here but a short time.

BET. I am going away, Pippo. Master Rocco drives me out.

PIP. You?

ROC. (*Running quickly to* BET.) Who says that? (*Taking her bundle from her.*) You go away? Never!

BET. (*Dazed.*) How he has changed!

ROC. (*Earnestly.*) You shall never leave me! I will give you the best room in the house. You can fix your own wages. You shall have everything you wish for; but promise me that you will never leave me.

BET. Willingly. (*Aside.*) Old sour milk has actually turned into cream.

FRED. (*Enters hurriedly.*) Help! Help!

ROC., PIP., BET. What! What is the matter?

FRED. Prince Lorenzo—— (ROC. *and others.*) Well?

FRED. His highness, thinking it was a good omen, insisted upon picking lilies in the frog-pond. He leaned too far, and over he went head first! (ROC. *and others.*) Heavens!

FRED. Happily I was there. I caught hold of the royal flap of his royal coat-tail, and pulled him out. He is wet through to the waist, and must have a dry coat.

ROC. Wait a moment; I will give him mine. (*Takes off coat and gives it to* FRED. *saying, aside.*) 'Twill give me a chance to wear my new one!

FRED. (*Drawing* PIP. *with him*) Come with me; you can assist me in changing his clothes. (*They exit* L.)

ROC. (*Putting on new coat.*) And to think it is she to whom I owe all this. (*Earnestly.*) Ah, yes, Bettina—you are, indeed, a treasure!

BET. (*Aside.*) He'll turn into butter next!

ROC. But I feel anxious about you. Tell me, are you not hungry?

BET. Yes; I *do* feel a goneness!

ROC. What! You feel a goneness, and you do not tell me! Go to the larder at once, and take the best of everything—I command you! BET. Yes, master! ROC. And you will never leave me?

BET. Never! (*Aside.*) I believe he has gone crazy. [*Exit into house,* R.

ROC. (*Rubbing his hands, and walking about.*) A Mascot! At last I possess a Mascot! Everything will succeed with me now! I shall buy lands and vineyards and stock. I shall become the richest farmer in the kingdom! (*Enter* LOR. L., *holding a letter in his hand, reading.*) Ah! I must read that happy letter again. (*Fumbling in his pockets.*) What have I done with it?

LOR. (*With* ROCCO'S *coat on, coming forward and showing letter.*) Here it is. ROC. What! You have it, my Prince?

LOR. It was in your pocket. So, my good man, you possess a Mascot?

ROC. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Yes, your Highness.

LOR. (*With authority.*) 'Tis well; I am going to take her!

ROC. (*Stupified.*) Eh—what! You are going to take her from me? Oh, Prince, have mercy! (*Falling upon his knees.*) I have had too much ill luck already!

LOR. Oh, well—think of mine! But should not your petty, mean ill luck give way before my royal ill luck? Think what you owe to your sovereign! Resist me, and I will have you thrown into a dungeon! Give her to me and I will load you with favors and honors. ROC. Well, of the two, I choose the favors and honors.

LOR. Wisely done. I shall give you plenty. Now, let us read the treatise on Mascots. ROC. The treatise?

LOR. Yes; the treatise mentioned in the postscript. (*Showing* ROC. *and reading.*) "You will find in the basket of eggs a complete treatise on Mascots, which you must observe strictly."

ROC. Here is the basket of eggs. (*He takes it from table.*) I havn't opened it. (*He opens and draws out a book.*) A musty, worm-eaten book, I declare!

LOR. Quick! Let us read. (*Takes book from* ROC.) Listen. (*Reading.*) "Article 1st: One is born a Mascot; one cannot become one otherwise. (*Interrupting*) Very true; I've learned that from experience. ROC. It is a gift.

LOR. (*Continuing.*) "Article 2d: "The Mascot is hereditary in families, but sometimes the child is superior to the father and mother. ROC. Curious enough.

LOR. (*Reading.*) "Article 3d: The most important"—Oh, oh! it fairly blinds me! ROC. (*Approaching anxiously.*) Yes, yes! read on.

LOR. (*Reading.*) "A Mascot should never marry other than a Mascot; for should a Mascot marry otherwise, all good influences will absolutely cease with the first bridal kiss, only to reappear a generation hence in the offspring of the union, and then in a lesser degree. ROC. The first bridal kiss!

LOR. Think of it—delicate enough, indeed! We must watch her closely. No elopements or secret marriages in this case. Eternal vigilance will be the price of our future welfare! But I am impatient to see her, Bettina, as she is called. Who is she, and what does she do? ROC. She is the keeper of my turkeys.

LOR. A keeper of turkeys? Hem! Has she any relatives?

ROC. None that I know of.

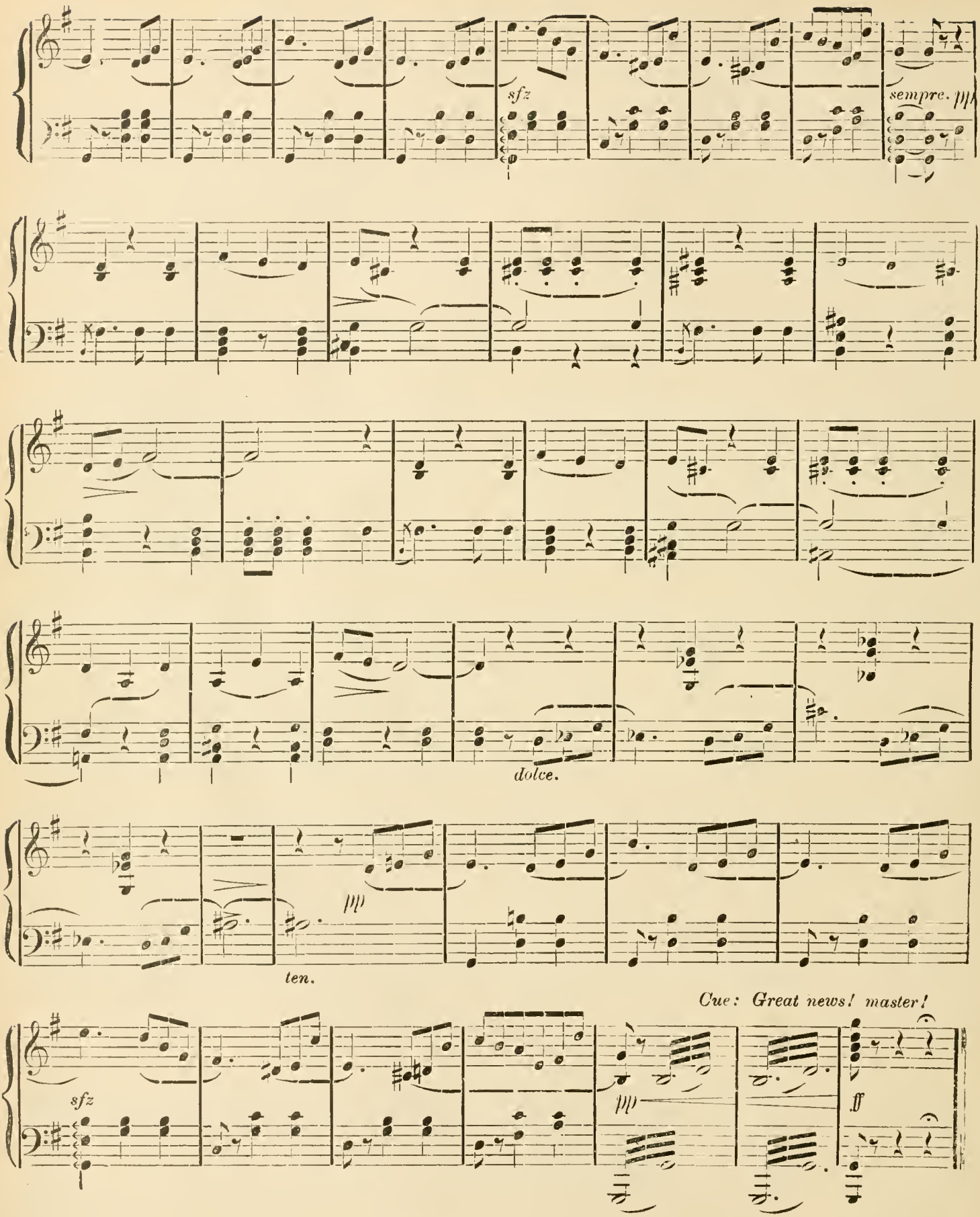
LOR. So much the better. I will make her believe she is descended from a noble family. ROC. And you will reward me liberally?

LOR Most sumptuously! I will take you both to my court; I will make you my lord chamberlain, and she—well, you will see what I have in store for her. Bring her immediately!

ROC. Wait a moment. (*He goes to the bell and rings loudly. Everybody appears upon the scene, including lords and ladies of the court, pages, peasants, etc.*)

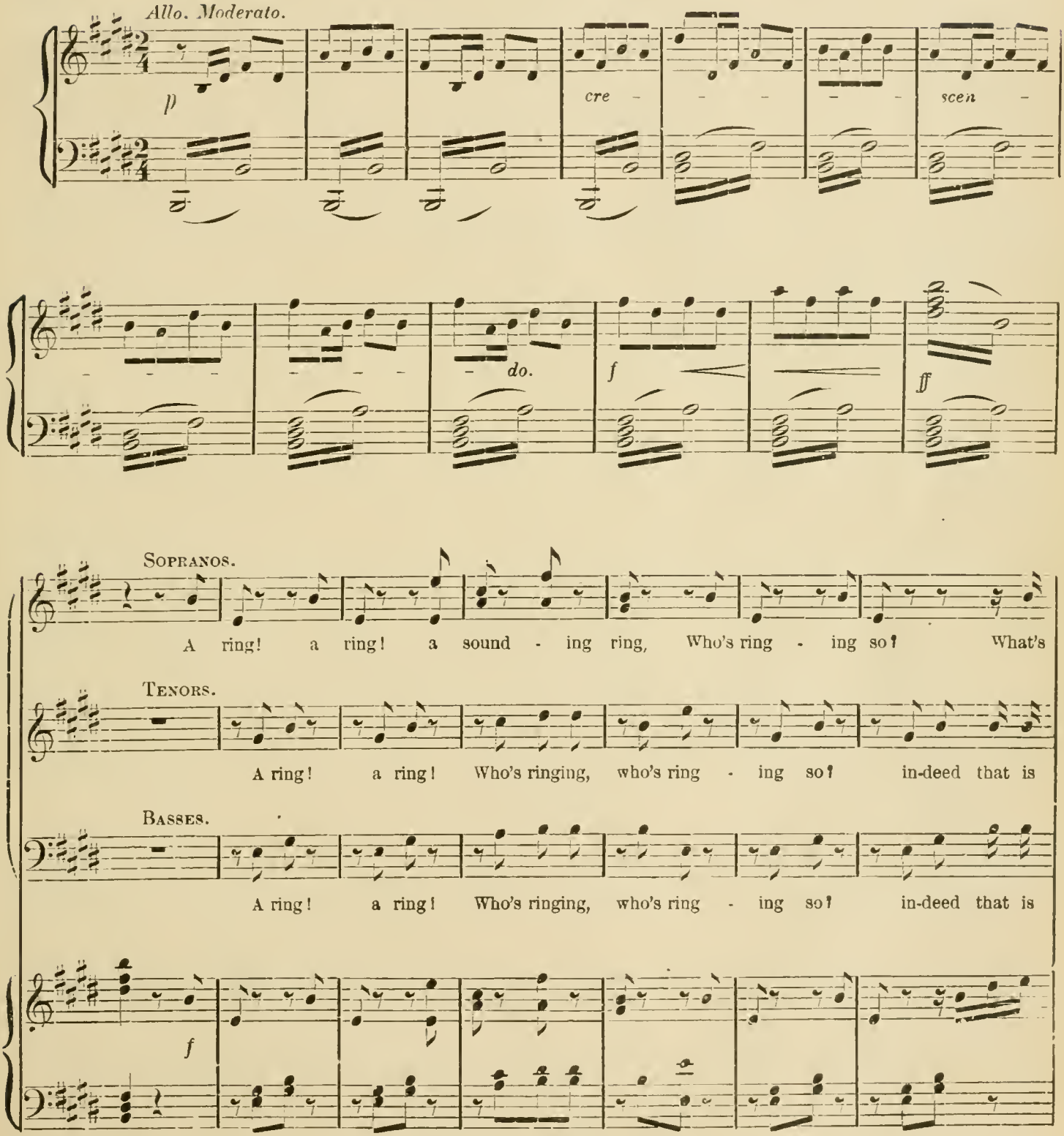
No. 13. SCENIC MUSIC.

Allo. moderato. (*Speaking on the stage.*)


sfz
sempre. ppp
dolce.
ten.
Cue: Great news! master!
sfz
ppp
fff

FINALE.

No. 14. Bettina, Fiametta, Frederic, Pippo, Lorenzo, Rocco, Chorus.


Allo. Moderato.
p
cre - - - - - scen -
do.
f
ff
Sopranos.
A ring! a ring! a sound - ing ring, Who's ring - ing so? What's
Tenors.
A ring! a ring! Who's ringing, who's ring - ing so? in-deed that is
Basses.
A ring! a ring! Who's ringing, who's ring - ing so? in-deed that is
f

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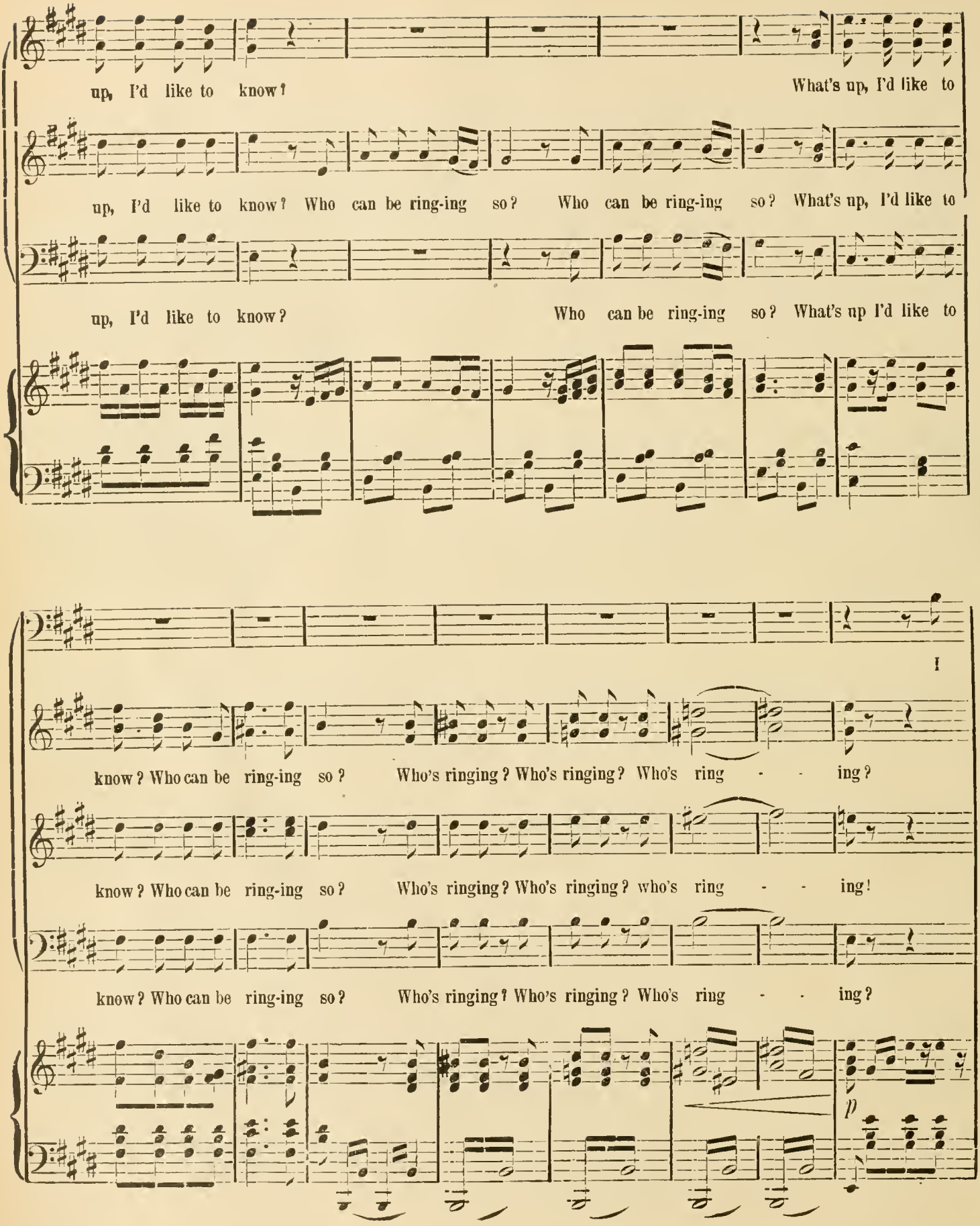
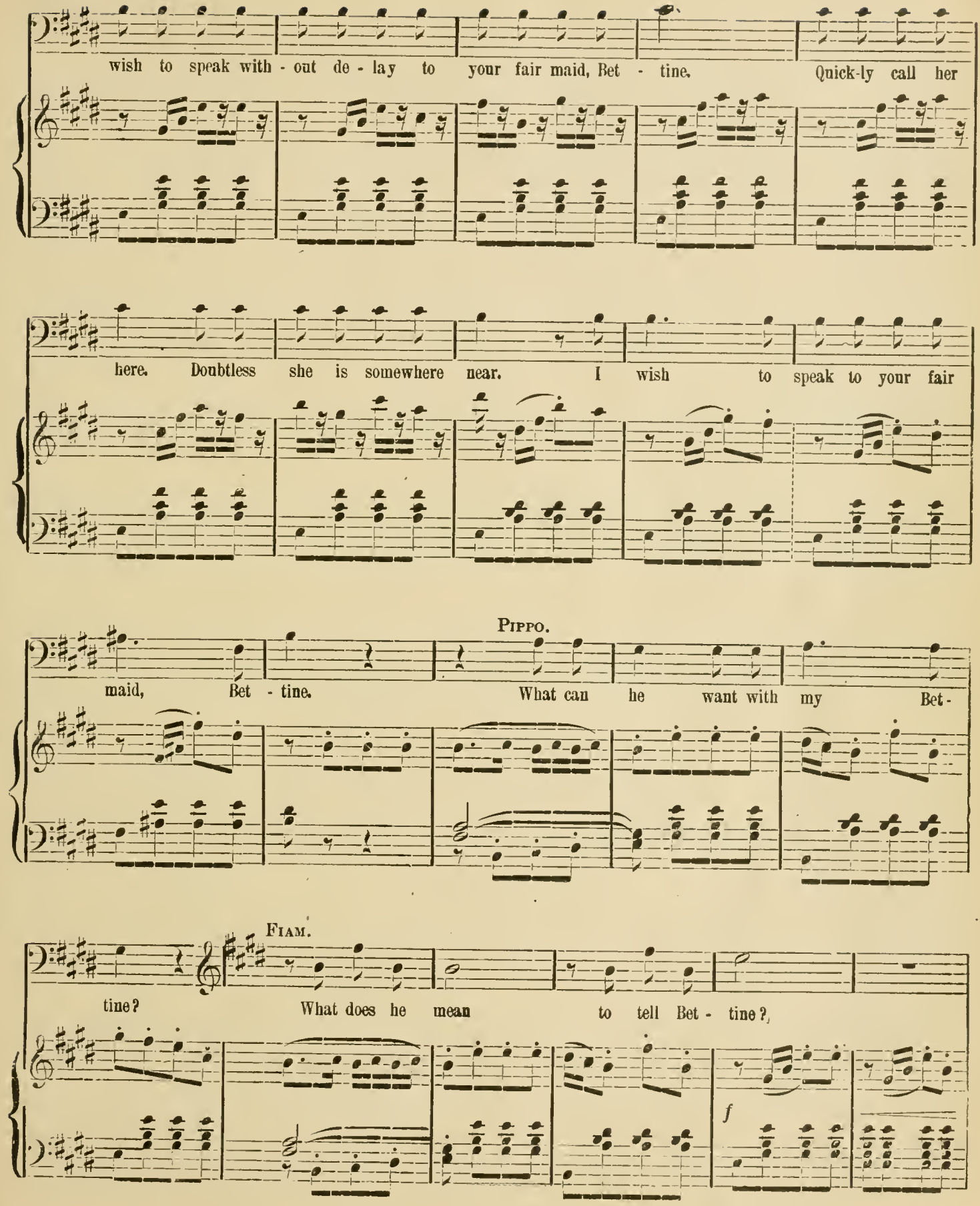
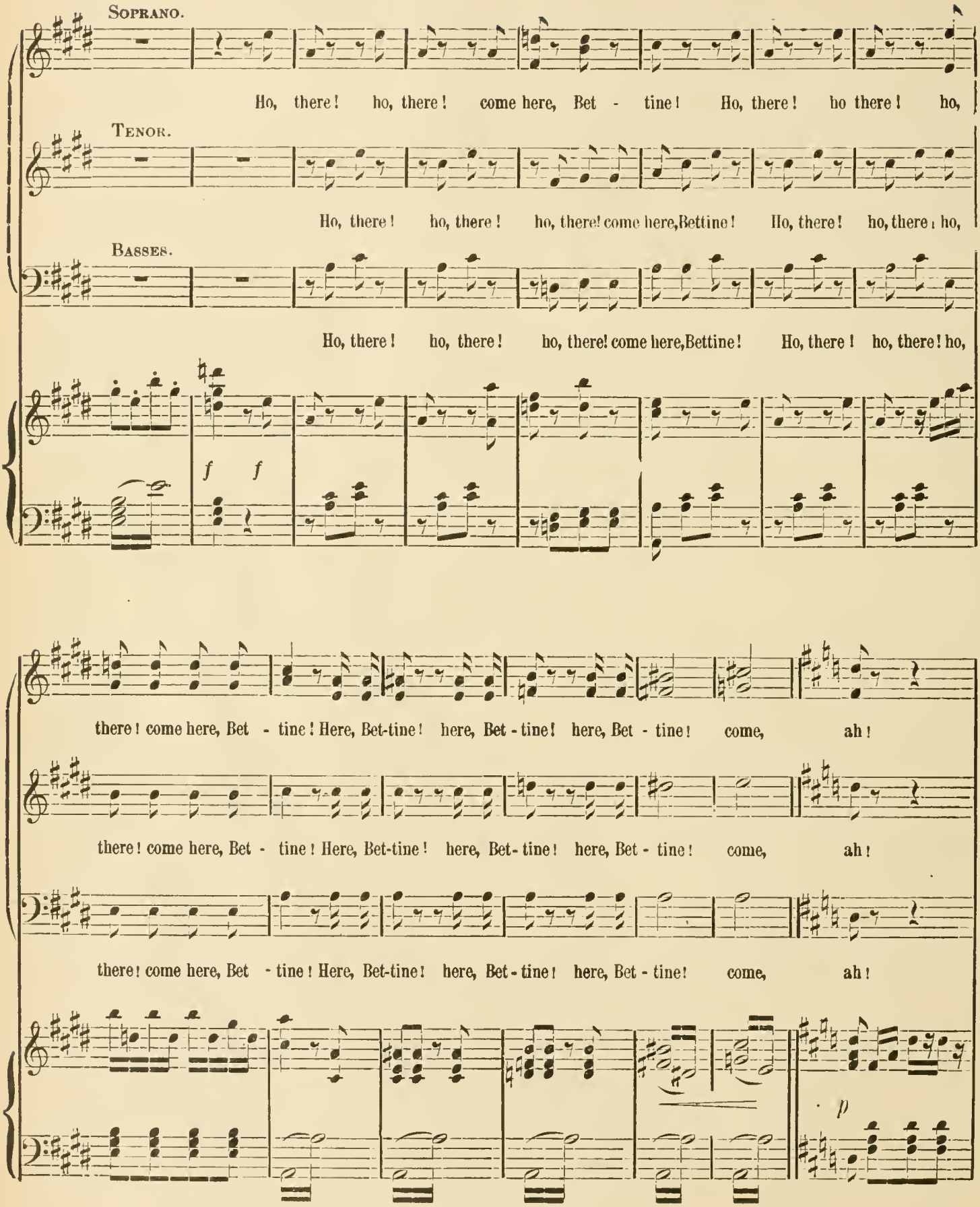
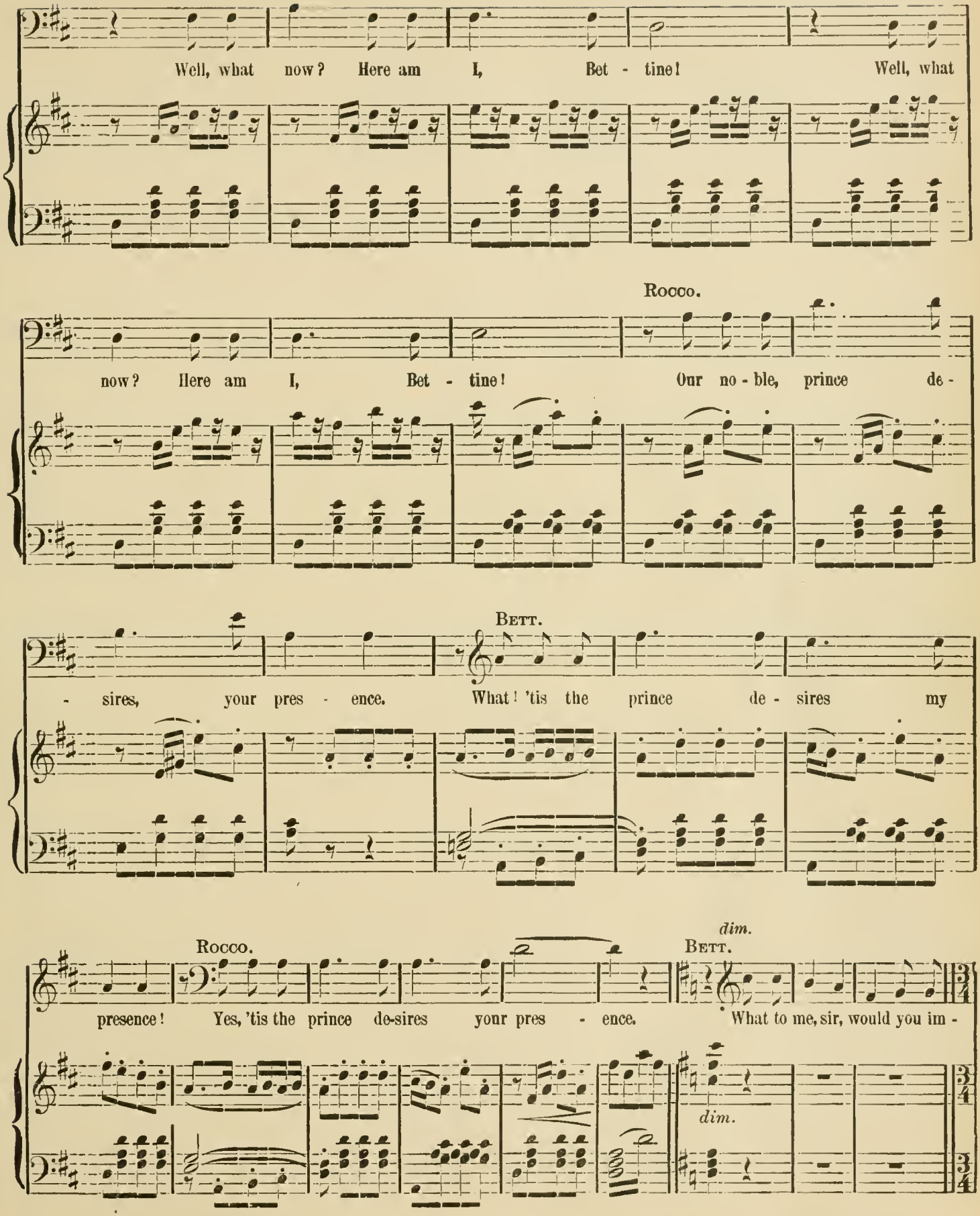
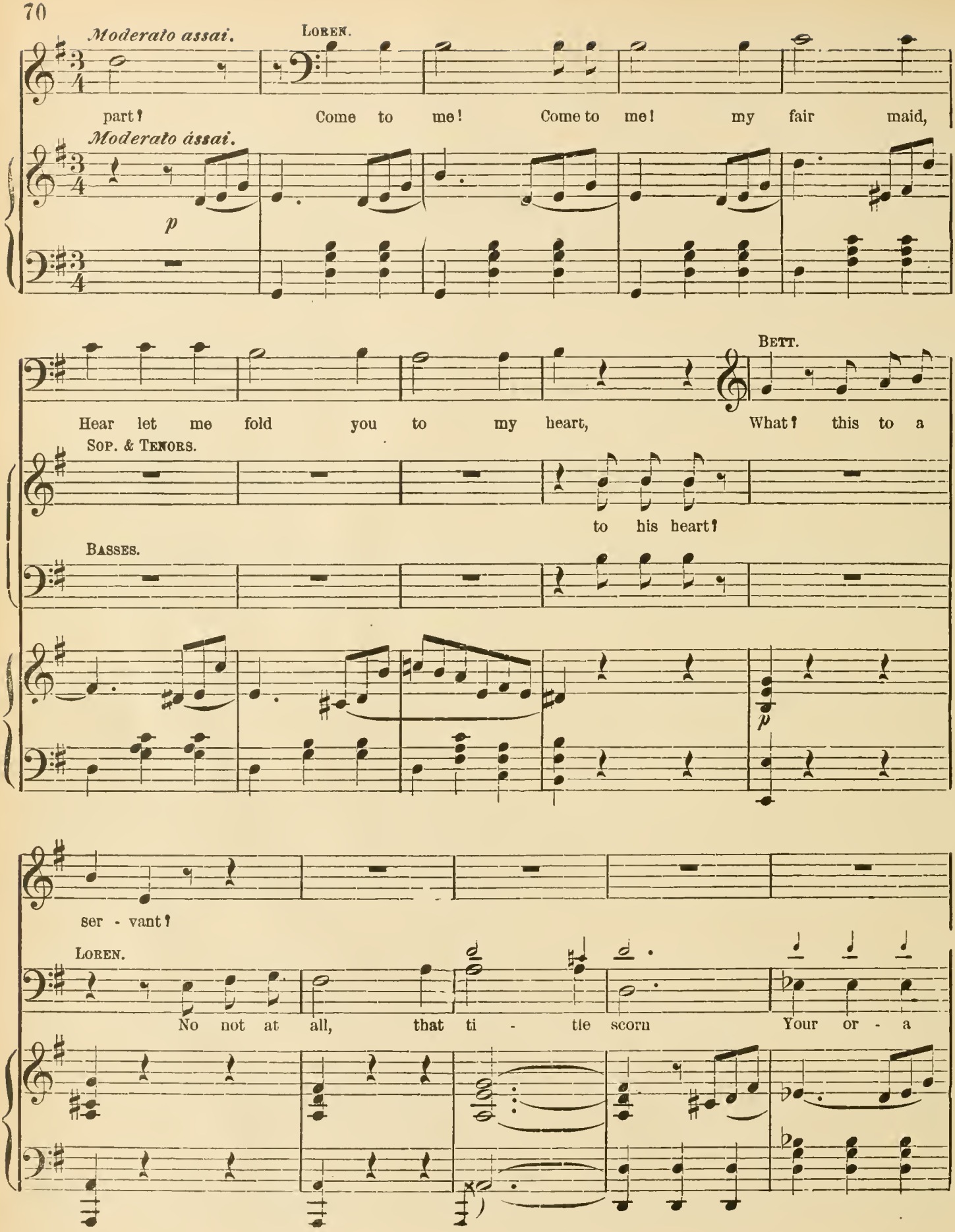

up, I'd like to know?
What's up, I'd like to
up, I'd like to know? Who can be ring-ing so? Who can be ring-ing so? What's up, I'd like to
up, I'd like to know?
Who can be ring-ing so? What's up I'd like to
I
know? Who can be ring-ing so? Who's ringing? Who's ringing? Who's ring - - ing?
know? Who can be ring-ing so? Who's ringing? Who's ringing? who's ring - - ing!
know? Who can be ring-ing so? Who's ringing? Who's ringing? Who's ring - - ing?
p

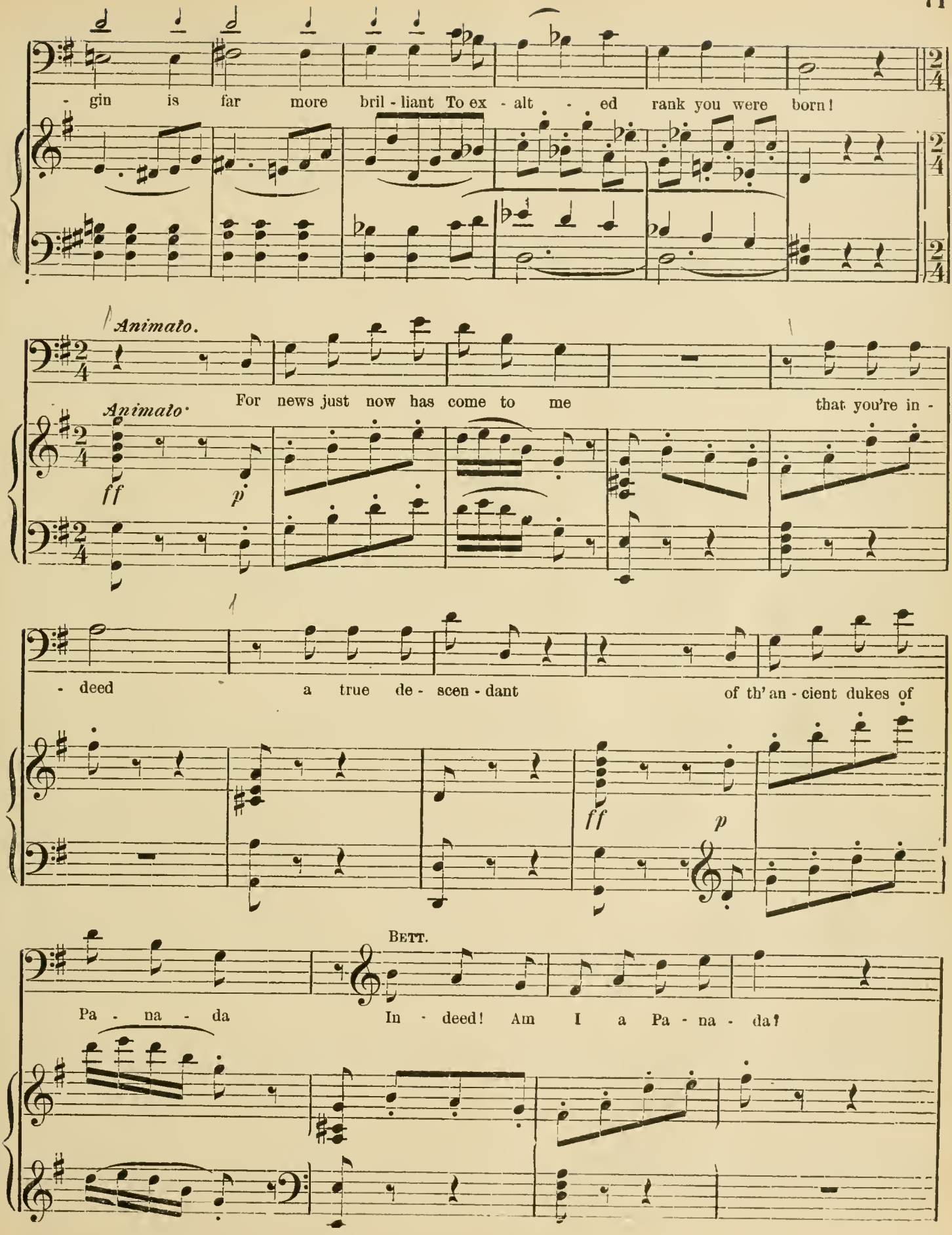

wish to speak with - out de - lay to your fair maid, Bet - tine. Quick-ly call her
here. Doubtless she is somewhere near. I wish to speak to your fair
PIPPO.
maid, Bet - tine. What can he want with my Bet -
FIAM.
tine? What does he mean to tell Bet - tine?
f

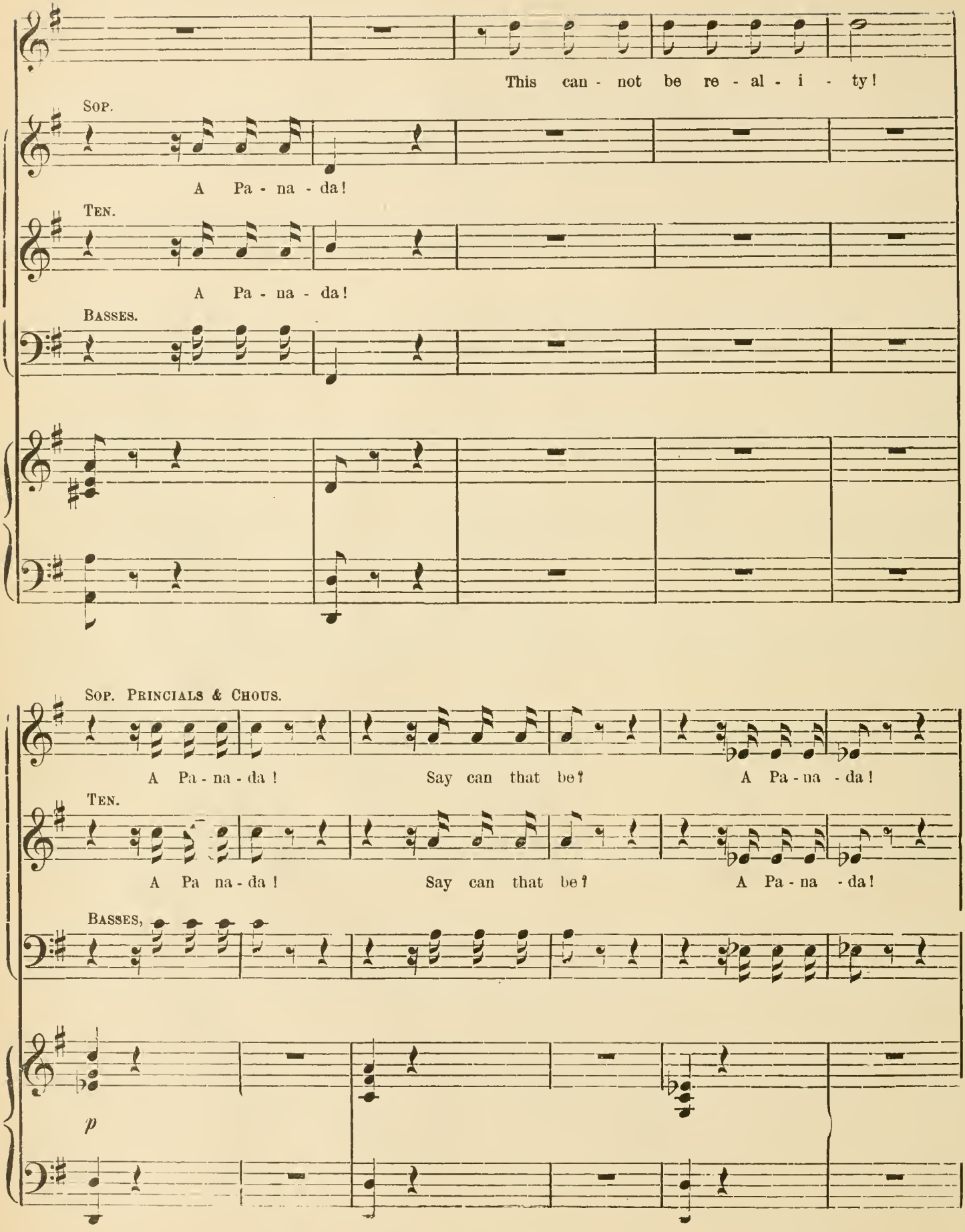

Soprano.
Ho, there! ho, there! come here, Bet - tine! Ho, there! ho there! ho,
Tenor.
Ho, there! ho, there! ho, there! come here, Bettine! Ho, there! ho, there! ho,
Basses.
Ho, there! ho, there! ho, there! come here, Bettine! Ho, there! ho, there! ho,
f f
there! come here, Bet - tine! Here, Bet-tine! here, Bet - tine! here, Bet - tine! come, ah!
there! come here, Bet - tine! Here, Bet-tine! here, Bet - tine! here, Bet - tine! come, ah!
there! come here, Bet - tine! Here, Bet-tine! here, Bet - tine! here, Bet - tine! come, ah!
p

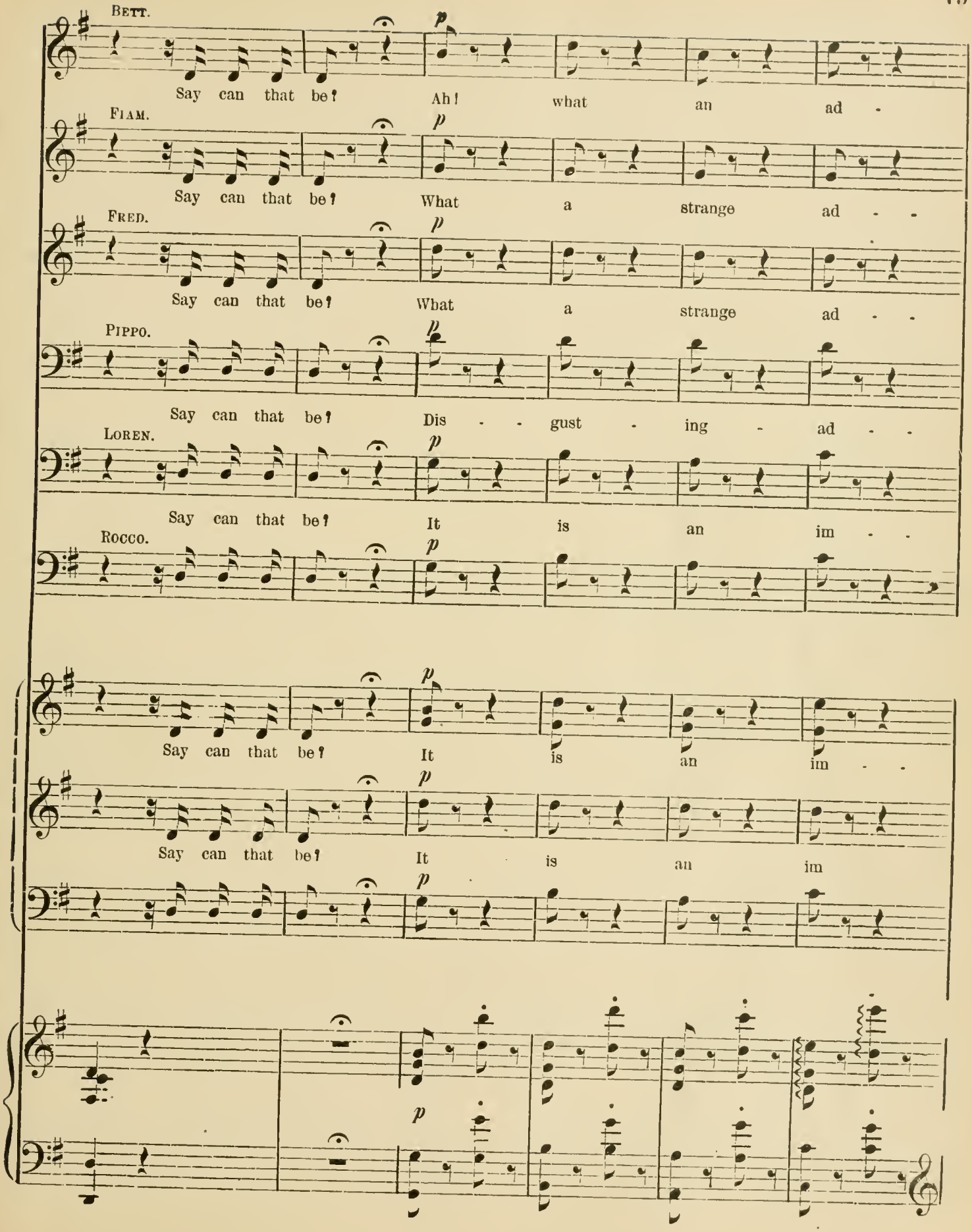
BETT. *(Entering.)*

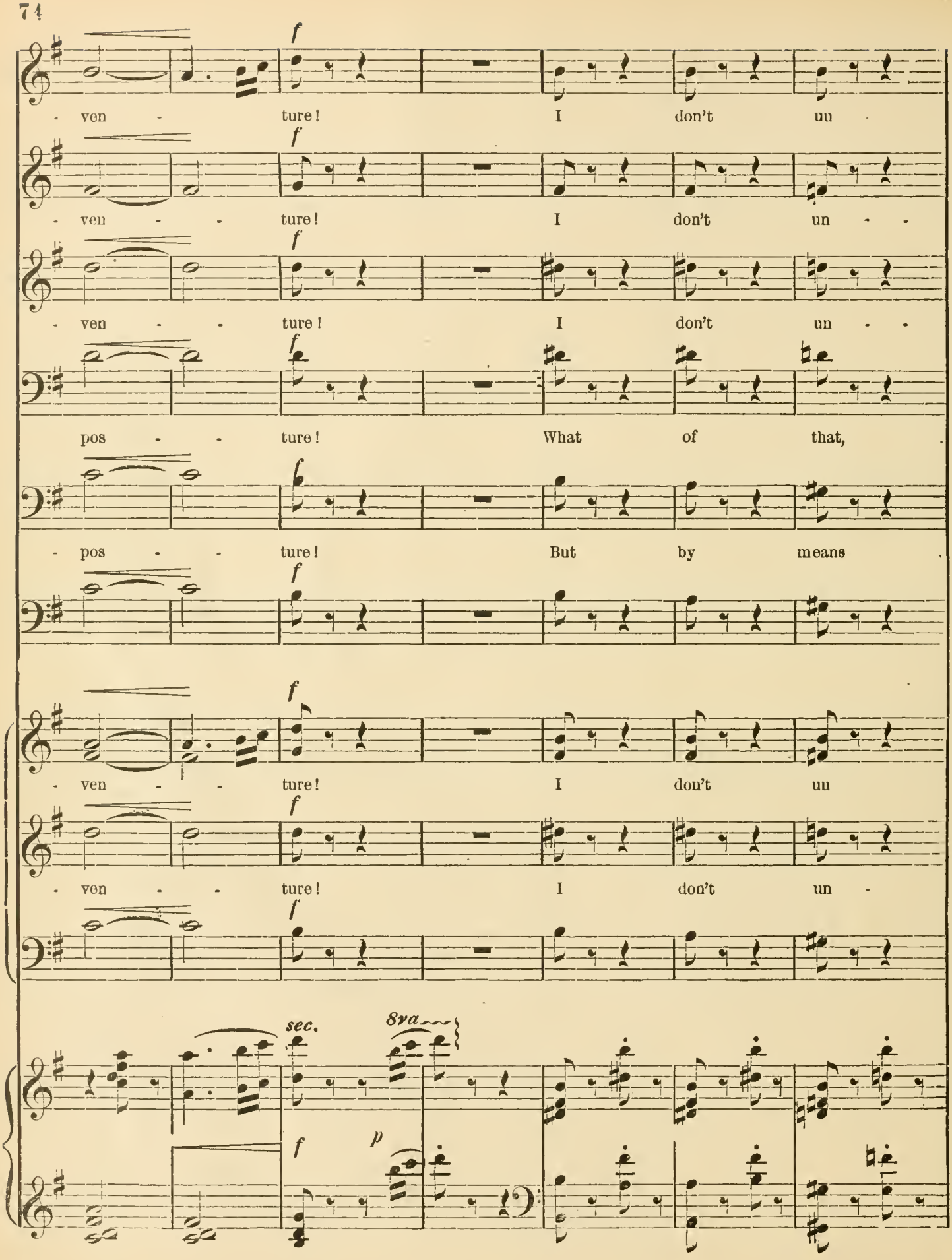

Well, what now? Here am I, Bet - tine! Well, what
Rocco.
now? Here am I, Bet - tine! Our no - ble, prince de -
BETT.
- sires, your pres - ence. What! 'tis the prince de - sires my
Rocco.
dim.
BETT.
presence! Yes, 'tis the prince de-sires your pres - ence. What to me, sir, would you im -
dim.


Moderato assai.
LOREN.
part?
Come to me! Come to me! my fair maid,
Moderato assai.
p
BETT.
Hear let me fold you to my heart,
What? this to a
SOP. & TENORS.
to his heart?
BASSES.
p
ser - vant?
LOREN.
No not at all, that ti - tle scorn
Your or - a


- gin is far more bril - liant To ex - alt - ed rank you were born!
Animato.
Animato.
For news just now has come to me that you're in -
ff
p
- deed a true de - scen - dant of th' an - cient dukes of
ff
p
BETT.
Pa - na - da In - deed! Am I a Pa - na - da?


This can - not be re - al - i - ty!
Sop.
A Pa - na - da!
Ten.
A Pa - na - da!
Basses.
Sop. Principals & Chous.
A Pa - na - da! Say can that be? A Pa - na - da!
Ten.
A Pa na - da! Say can that be? A Pa - na - da!
Basses,
p

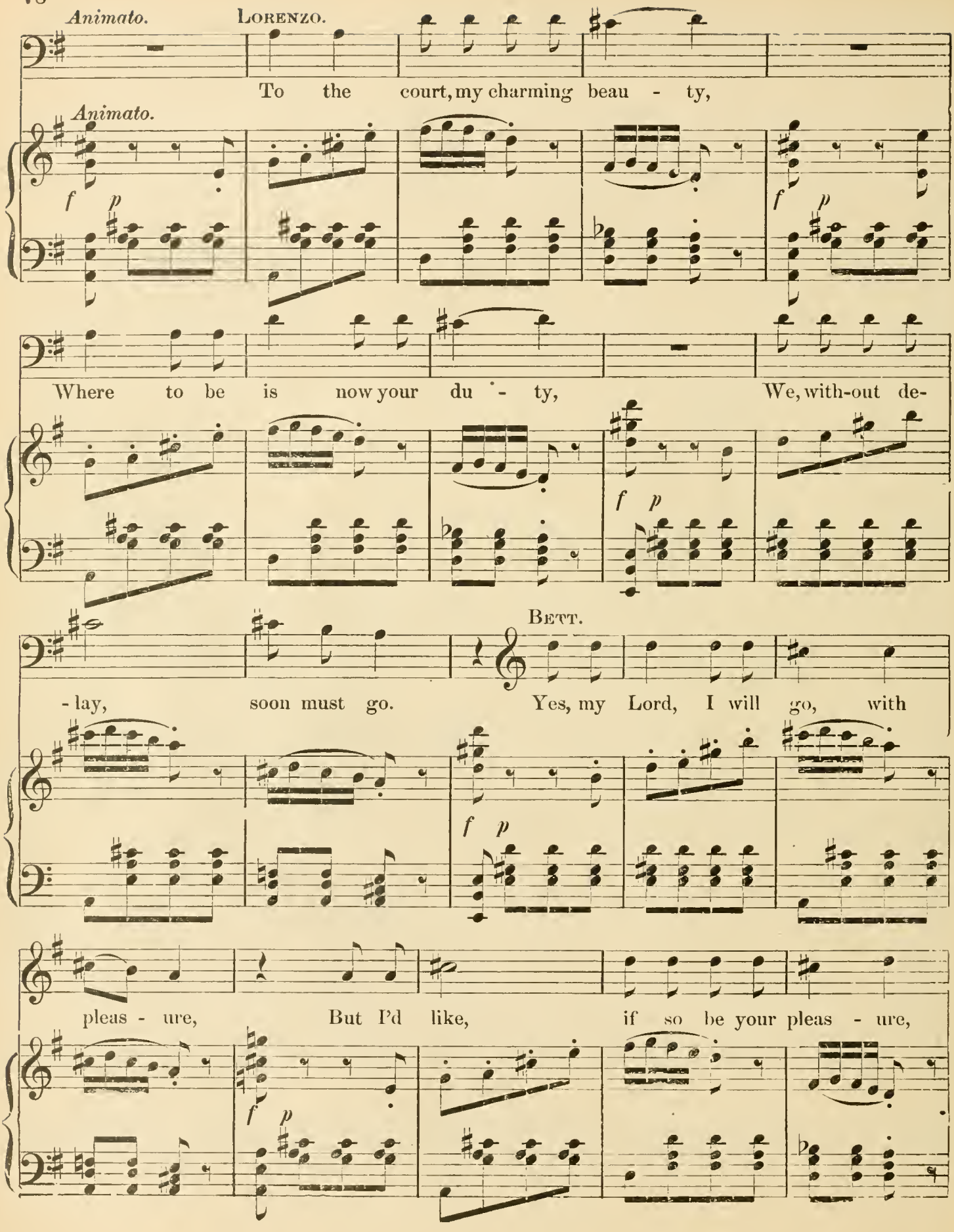

Bett.
Say can that be? Ah! what an ad -
Fiam.
Say can that be? What a strange ad - -
Fred.
Say can that be? What a strange ad - -
Pippo.
Say can that be? Dis - - gust - ing - ad - -
Loren.
Say can that be? It is an im - -
Rocco.
Say can that be? It is an im - -
Say can that be? It is an im
Say can that be? It is an im
p

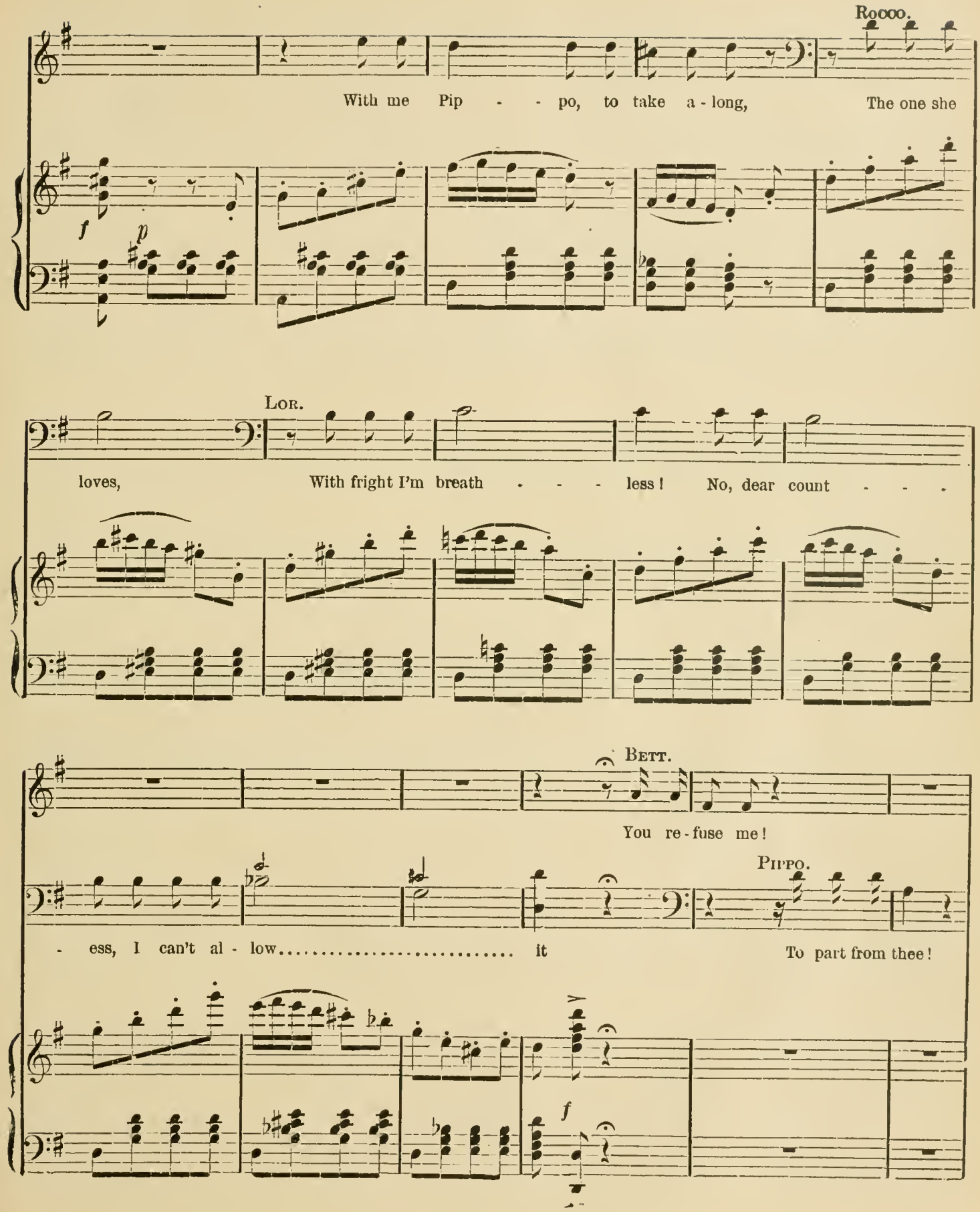

f
- ven - ture! I don't un
f
- ven - - ture! I don't un - -
f
- ven - - ture! I don't un - -
f
pos - - ture! What of that,
f
- pos - - ture! But by means
f
- ven - - ture! I don't un
f
- ven - - ture! I don't un -
f
sec.
8va
f
p

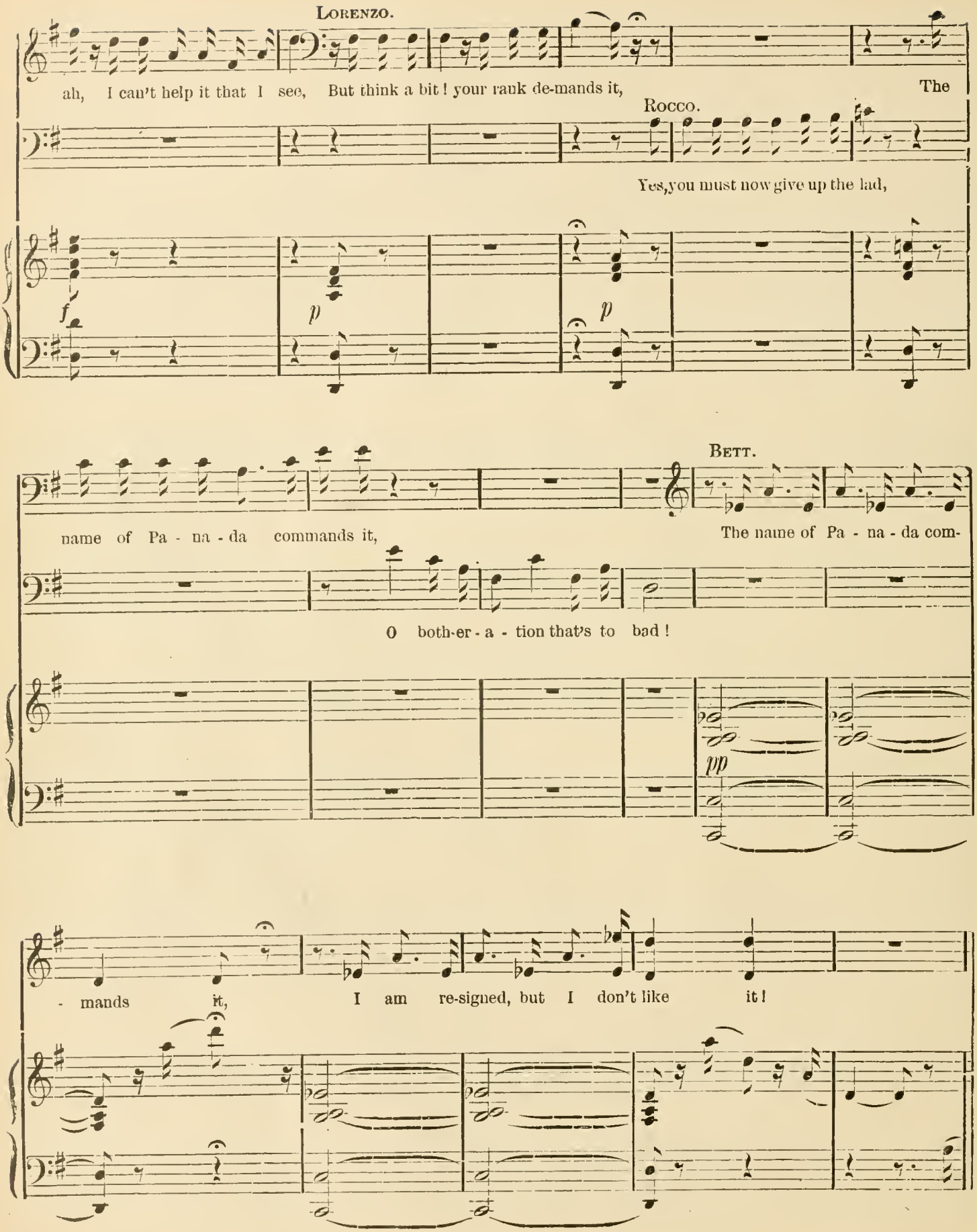
- der - stand . . . . . it at all!
- der - stand . . . . . it at all!
- der - stand . . . . . it at all!
- der - stand . . . . . it at all!
Yes, what. . . . . matters that, By means of that,
of that, ... thanks to that, By means of that,
- der - stand . . . . . it at all!
- der - stand . . . . . it at all!
- der - stand . . . . . it at all, no, not at all!
sfz
f
p
sfz

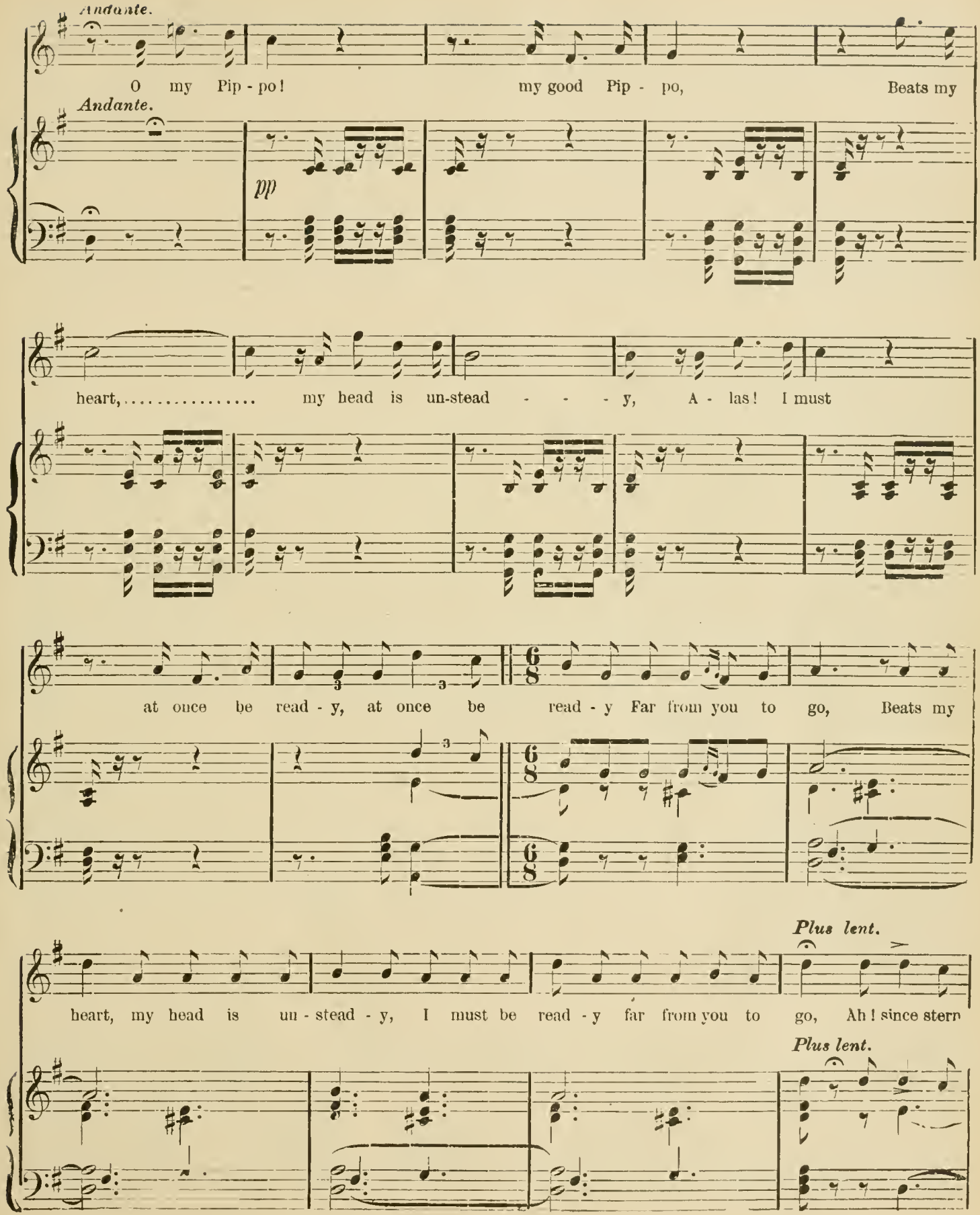
I'm high - born, that's quite . . . . . sure.
She's high - born, that's quite . . . . . sure.
She's high - born, that's quite . . . . . sure.
She is lost to me, ... sure.
Bet - ti - na is mine, ... sure.
Wealth and ease are mine, ... sure.
She's high - born, that's quite . . . . . sure.
She's high - born, that's quite . . . . . sure.
p
sec.
8va.
f
p

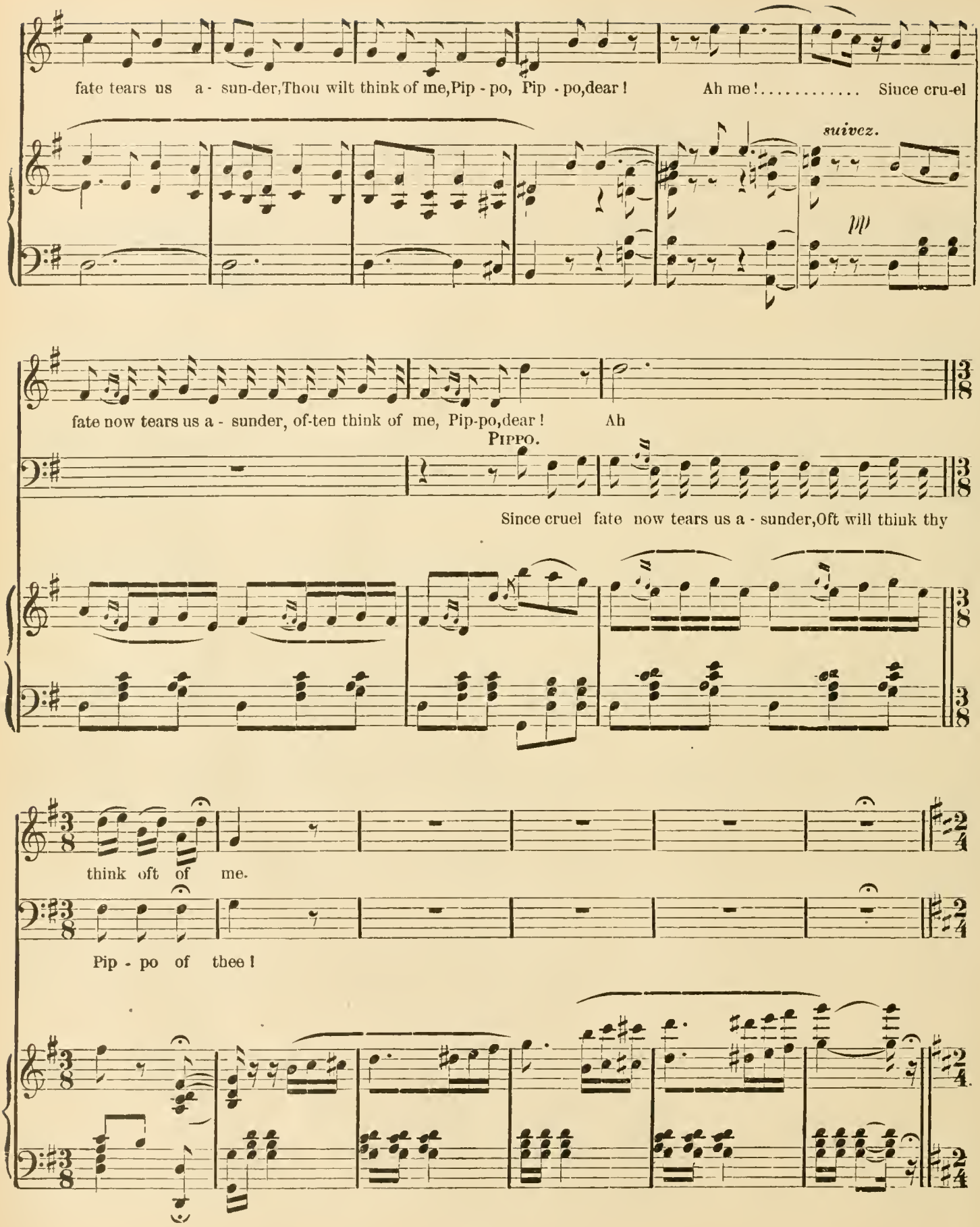
p Fred.
I'm a Pa-na - da!
She's a Pa-na - da!
p
1st. Sopranos.
She's a Pa-na - da!
She's a Pa-na - da!
She's a Pa-na - da!
8va.
f
p
Fiam.
pp Lorenzo.
Rocco.
She's a Pa-na - da!
She's a Pa-na - da!
She's a Pa-na - da!
She's a Pa-na - da!
2d. Sop.
pp
She's a Pa-na - da!
pp

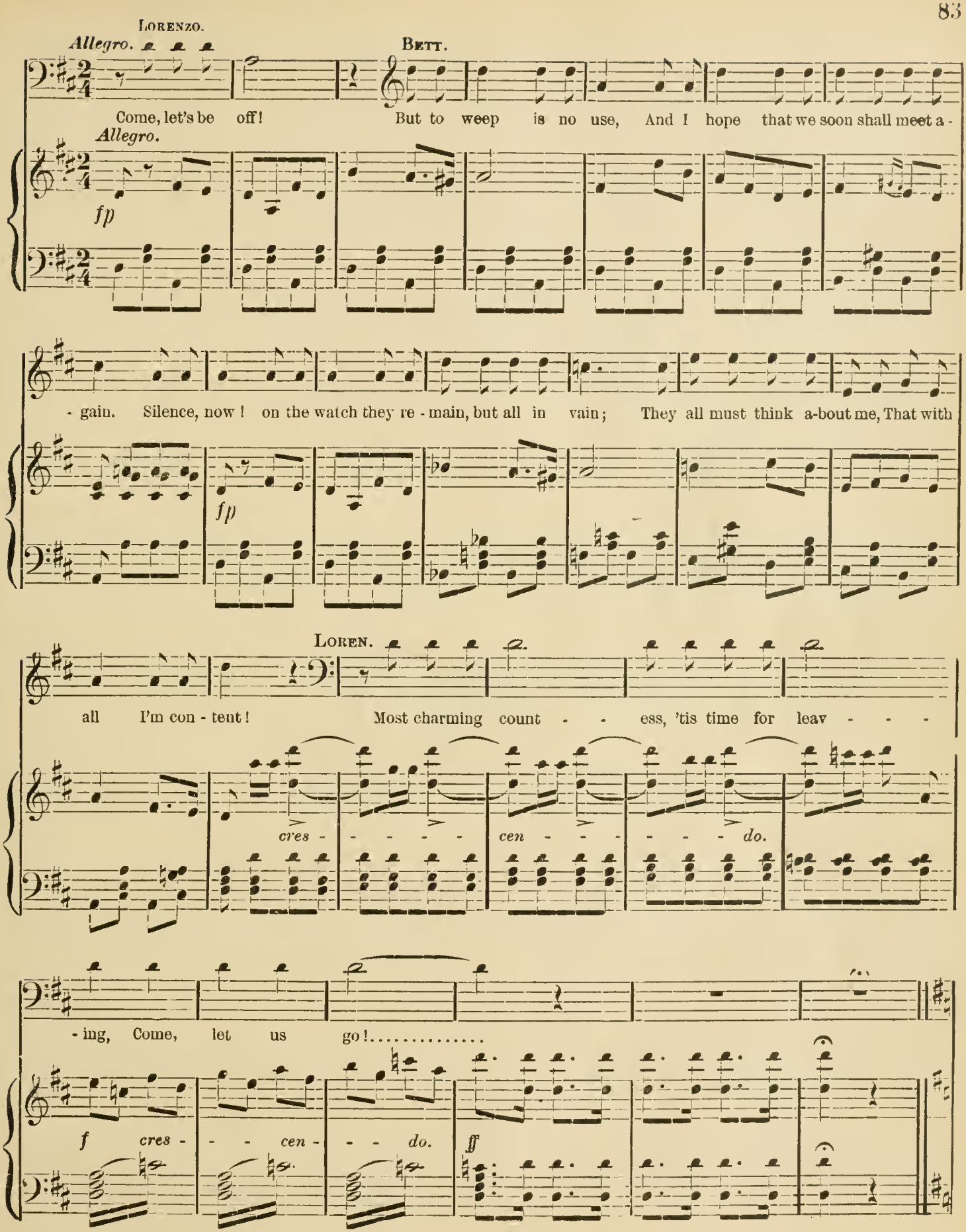

Animato.
Lorenzo.
To the court, my charming beau - ty,
Animato.
Where to be is now your du - ty, We, with-out de-
Bett.
- lay, soon must go. Yes, my Lord, I will go, with
pleas - ure, But I'd like, if so be your pleas - ure,


Rocco.
With me Pip - - po, to take a - long, The one she
f p
Lor.
loves, With fright I'm breath - - - less! No, dear count - - -
Bett.
You re - fuse me!
Pippo.
- ess, I can't al - low..... it To part from thee!
f


Lorenzo.
ah, I can't help it that I see, But think a bit! your rank de-mands it,
The
Rocco.
Yes, you must now give up the lad,
f
p
p
Bett.
name of Pa - na - da commands it,
The name of Pa - na - da com-
O both-er - a - tion that's to bad!
pp
- mands it,
I am re-signed, but I don't like it!


Andante.
O my Pip - po! my good Pip - po, Beats my
Andante.
pp
heart, ... my head is un-stead - - - y, A - las! I must
at once be read - y, at once be read - y Far from you to go, Beats my
Plus lent.
heart, my head is un - stead - y, I must be read - y far from you to go, Ah! since stern
Plus lent.


fate tears us a - sun-der, Thou wilt think of me, Pip - po, Pip - po, dear!
Ah me!..... Since cru-el
suivez.
fate now tears us a - sunder, of-ten think of me, Pip-po, dear!
Ah
PIPPO.
Since cruel fate now tears us a - sunder, Oft will think thy
think oft of me.
Pip - po of thee!


Lorenzo.
Allegro.
Bett.
Come, let's be off!
But to weep is no use, And I hope that we soon shall meet a -
Allegro.
fp
- gain. Silence, now! on the watch they re - main, but all in vain; They all must think a-bout me, That with
fp
Loren.
all I'm con - tent!
Most charming count - - ess, 'tis time for leav - - -
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - - - do.
- ing, Come, let us go!.....
f cres - - - cen - - - do.
ff

COACHING CHORUS.

No. 15.

Allo. vivo

BETT.

Come, let us now be off as quick as a bird!

Allo. vivo.

p

Tink, tink, the sound of coach bells out - side is heard! Click, clack, pos - til - lion gay! Click,

clack, ho! la ho! Come, let's be off at once, for now we must go.

f

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PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

SOPRANOS.

Come, let us now be off as quick as a bird! Tink, tink, the sound of coach bells

TENORS.

Come, let us now be off as quick as a bird! Tink, tink, the sound of coach bells

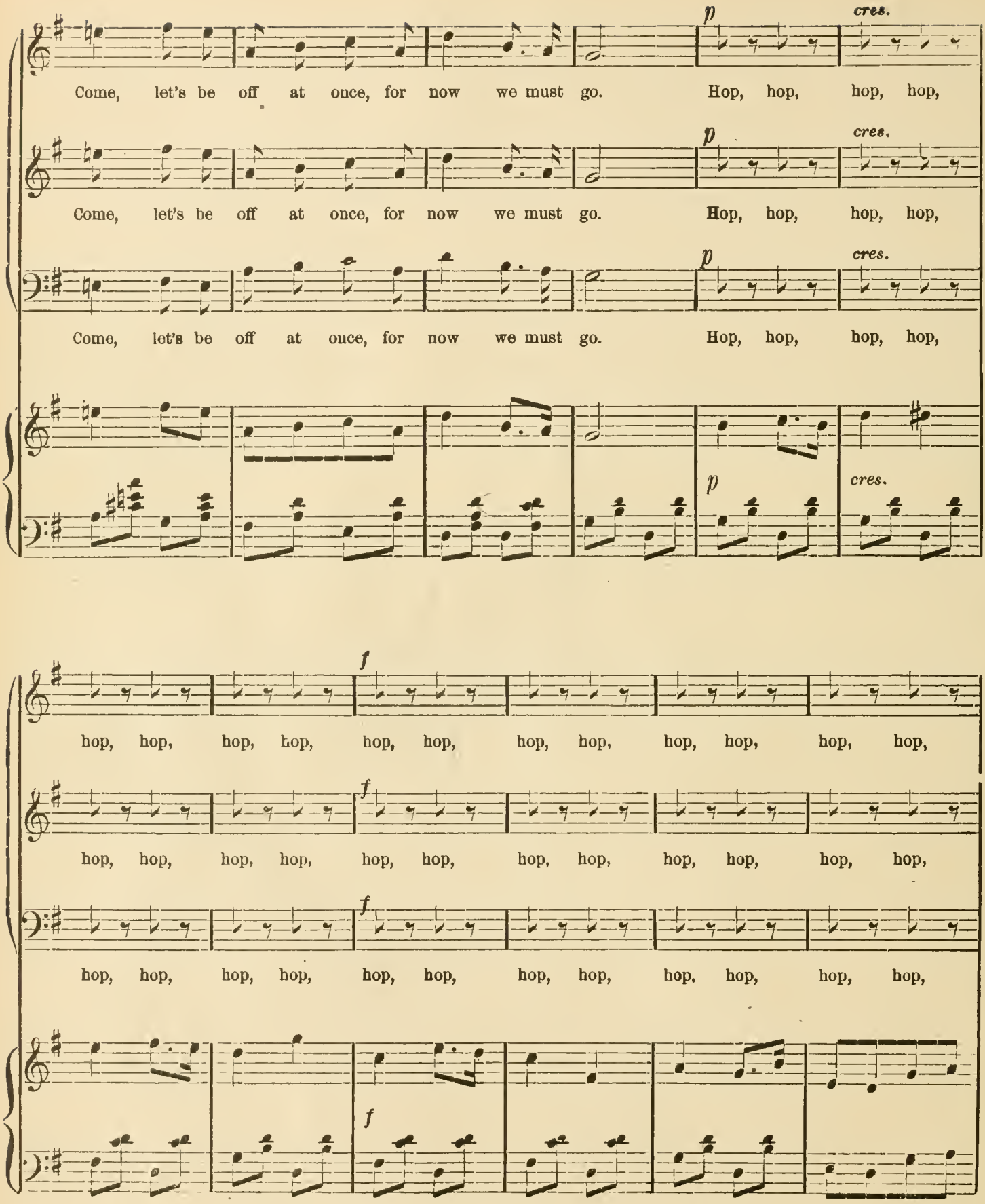
BASSES.

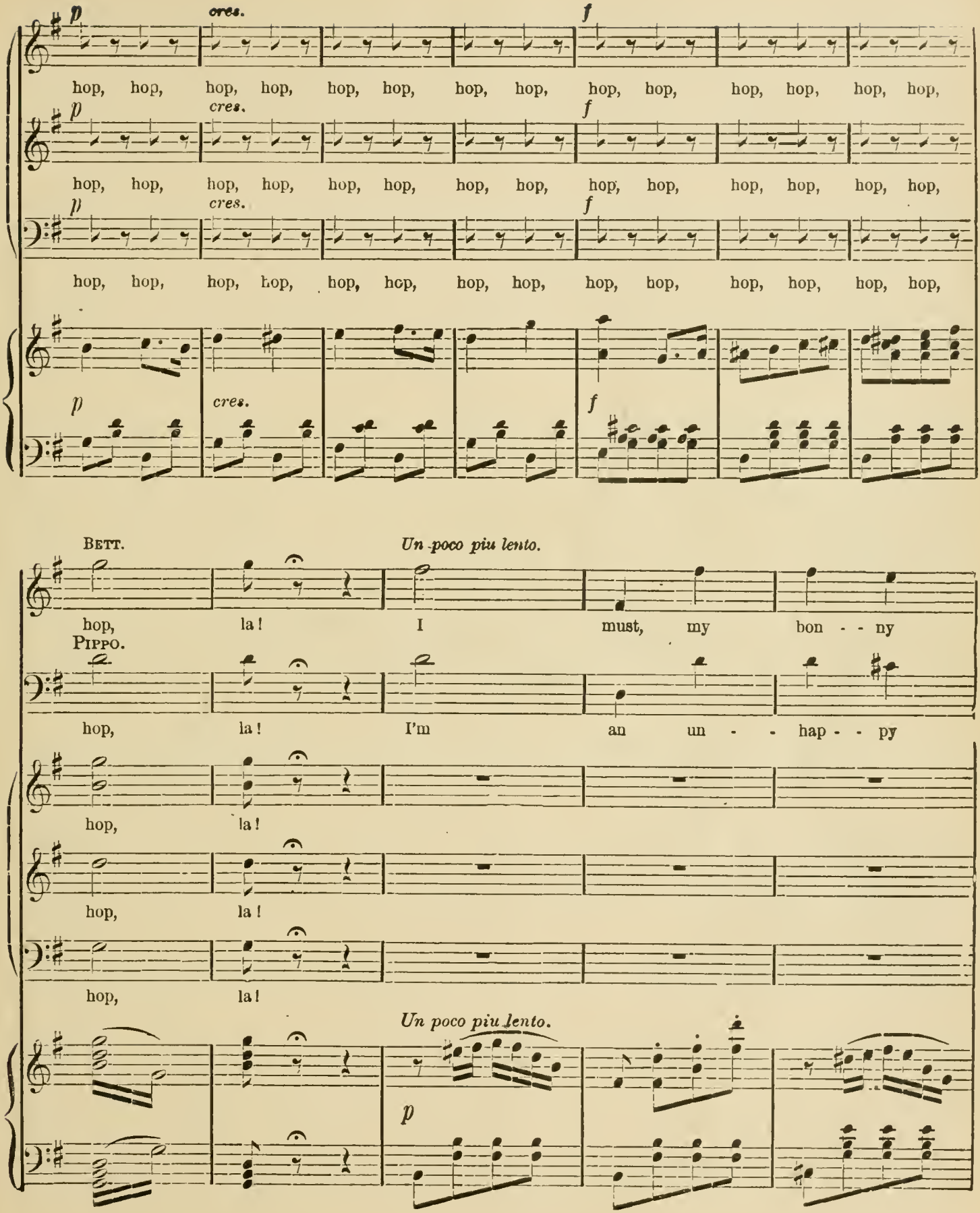
Come, let us now be off as quick as a bird! Tink, tink, the sound of coach bells

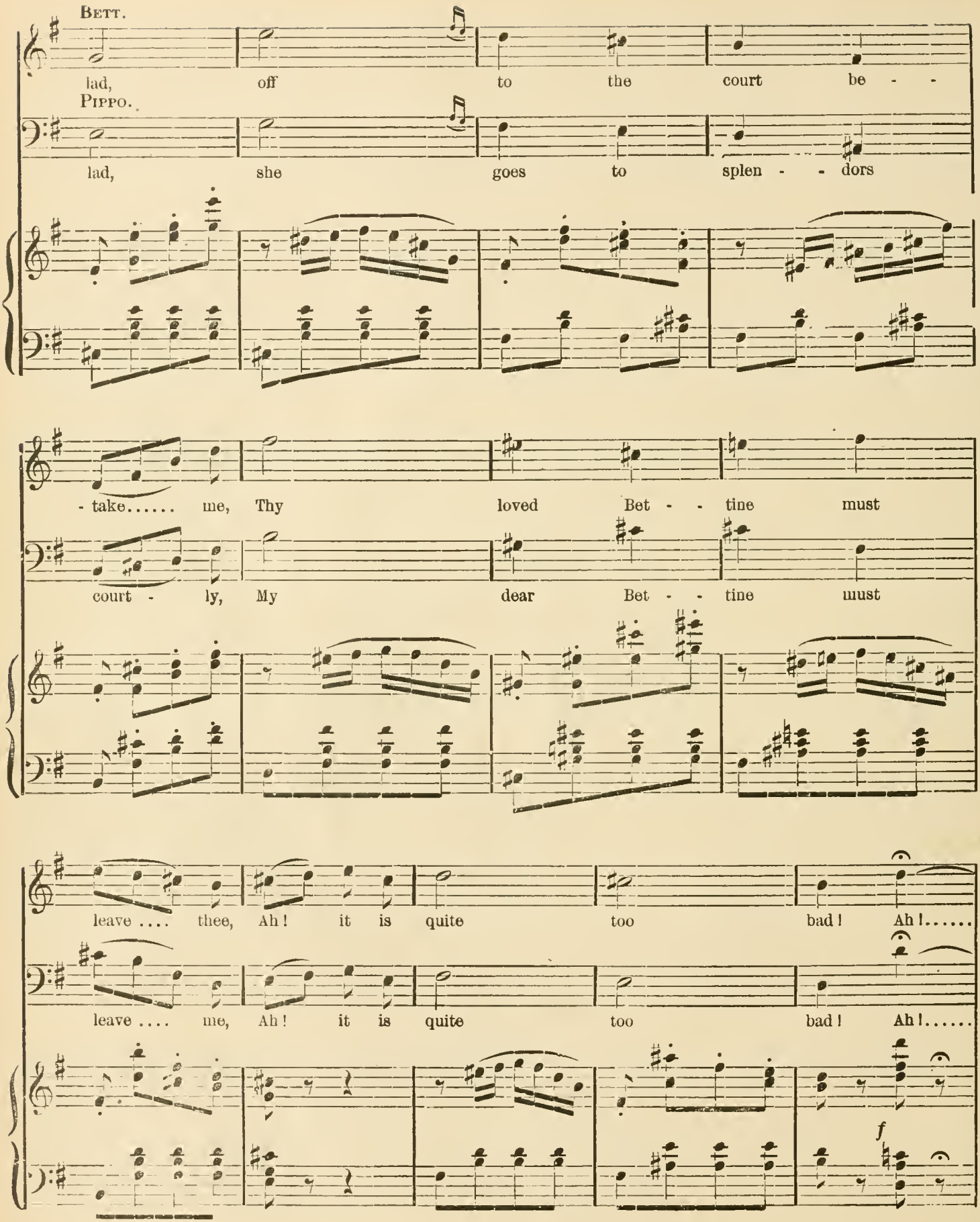
out - side is heard. Click, clack, pos - til - ion gay, Click, clack, ho! la ho!

out - side is heard. Click, clack, pos - til - ion gay, Click, clack, ho! la ho!

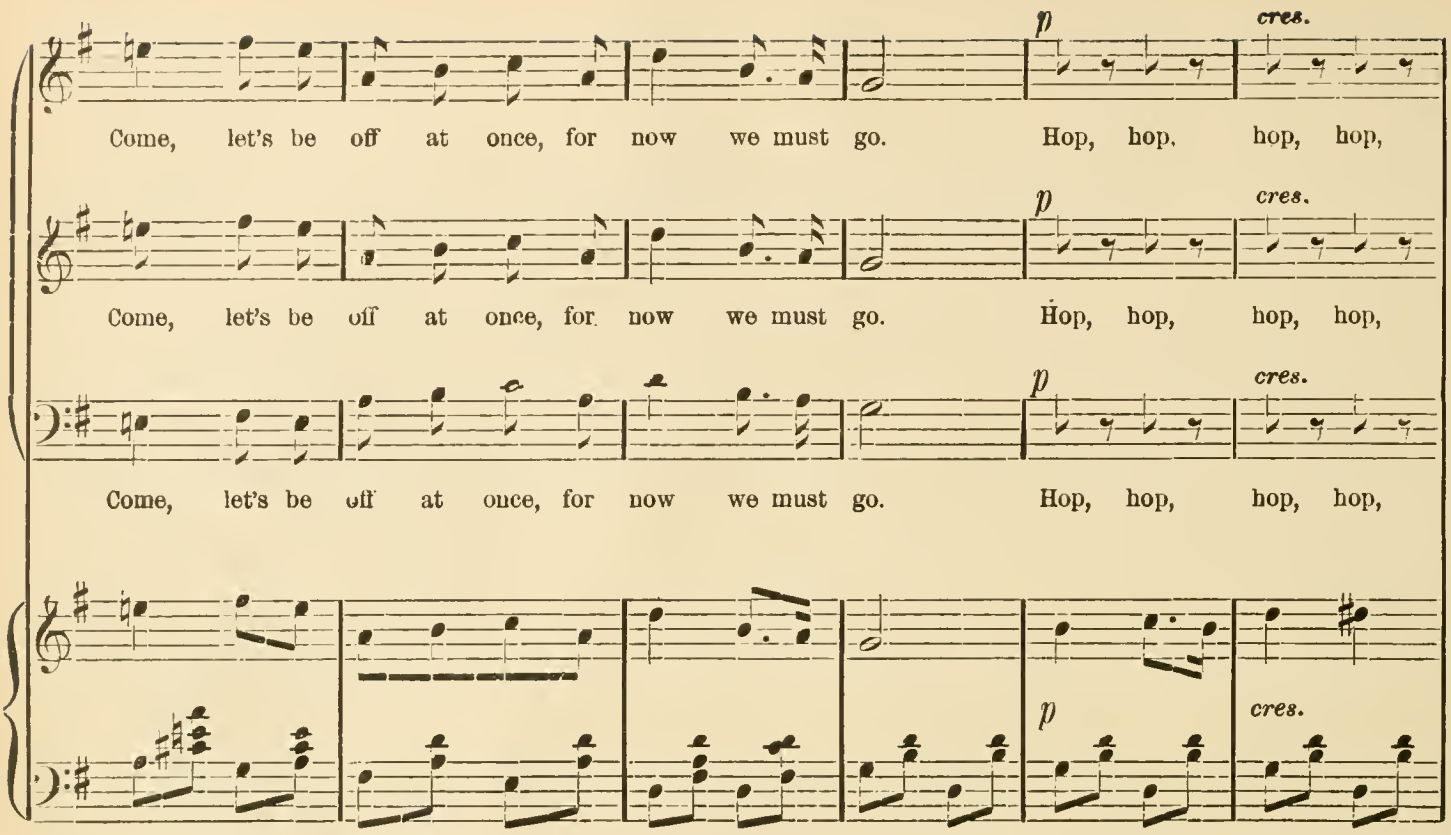
out - side is heard. Click, clack, pos - til - ion gay, Click, clack, ho! la ho!


p
cres.
Come, let's be off at once, for now we must go. Hop, hop, hop, hop,
Come, let's be off at once, for now we must go. Hop, hop, hop, hop,
Come, let's be off at ouce, for now we must go. Hop, hop, hop, hop,
f
hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop,
hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop,
hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop. hop, hop, hop,

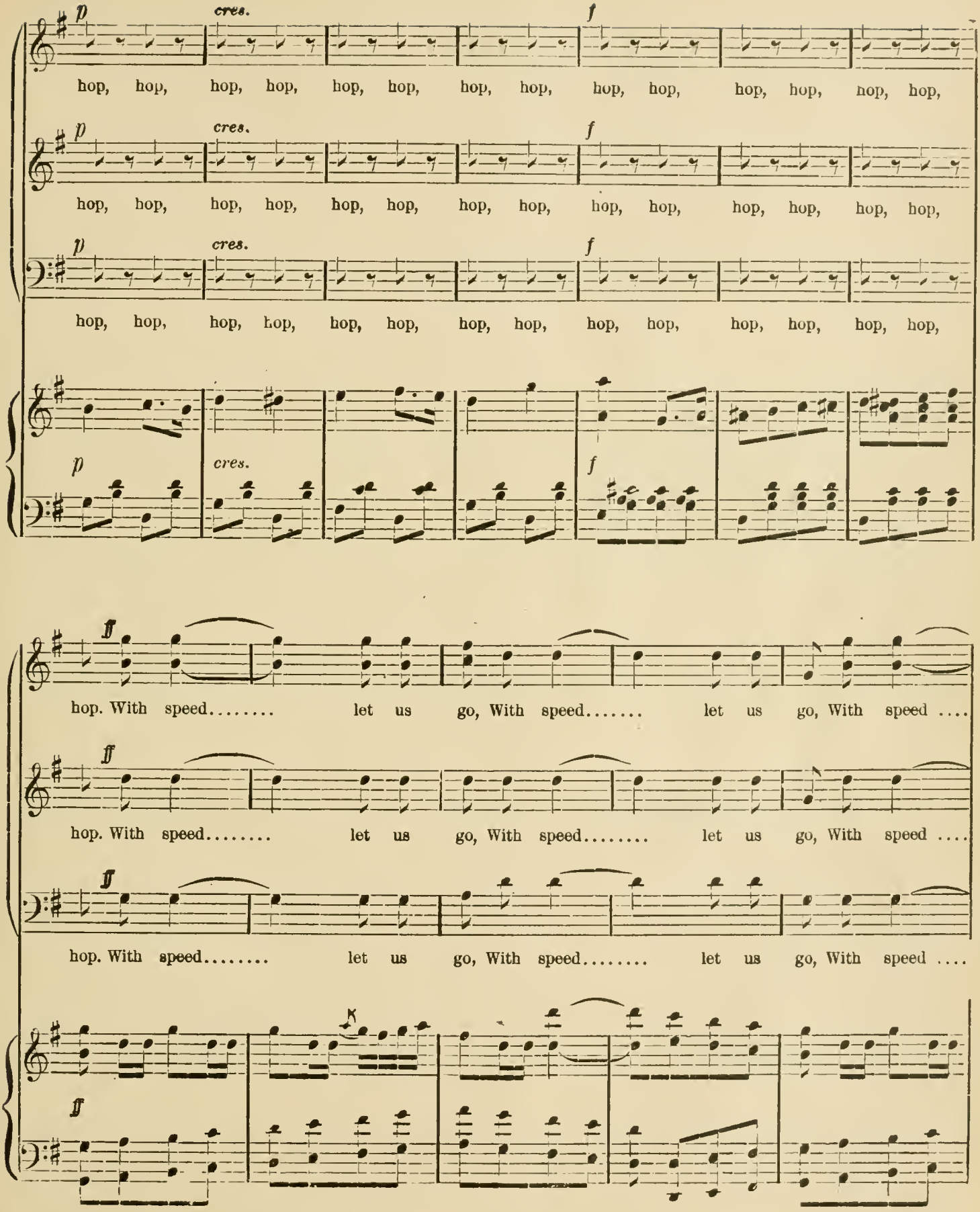

p
cres.
f
hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop,
BETT.
Un poco piu lento.
hop, la! I must, my bon - - ny
PIPPO.
hop, la! I'm an un - - hap - - py
hop, la!
hop, la!
hop, la!
Un poco piu lento.


Bett.
lad, off to the court be - -
Pippo.
lad, she goes to splen - - dors
- take..... me, Thy loved Bet - - tine must
court - ly, My dear Bet - - tine must
leave .... thee, Ah! it is quite too bad! Ah!.....
leave .... me, Ah! it is quite too bad! Ah!.....
f

a tempo.
(with the Sopranos.)
us
(with the Basses.)
f Sop. Fiam.
Come, let us now be off as quick as a bird! Tink, tink, the souud of coach bells
f Tenors. Frod.
Come, let us now be off as quick as a bird! Tiuk, tink, the sound of coach bells
f Basses. Lor. Rocco.
Come, let us now be off as quick as a bird! Tink, tink, the sound of coach bells
a tempo.
f
out - side is heard. Click, clack, pos - til - ion gay, Click, clack, ho! la ho!
out - side is heard. Click, clack, pos - til - ion gay, Click, clack, ho! la ho!
out - side is heard. Click, clack, pos - til - ion gay, Click, clack, ho! la ho!

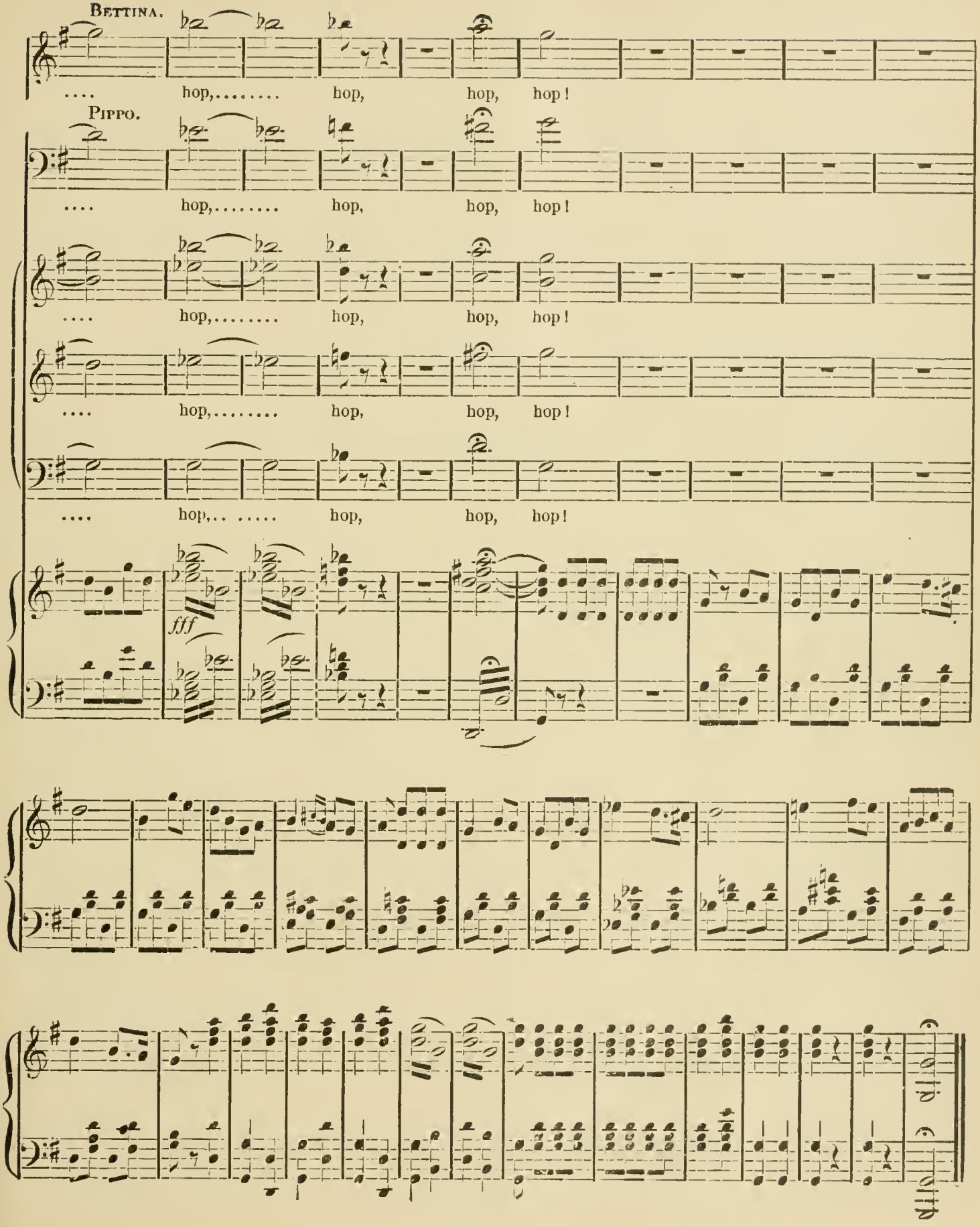

p
cres.
Come, let's be off at once, for now we must go. Hop, hop, hop, hop,
p
cres.
Come, let's be off at once, for now we must go. Hop, hop, hop, hop,
p
cres.
Come, let's be off at once, for now we must go. Hop, hop, hop, hop,
p
cres.

f
hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop,
f
hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop,
f
hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop. hop, hop, hop,
f


p
cres.
f
hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop,
p
cres.
f
hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop,
p
cres.
f
hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop,
p
cres.
f
ff
hop. With speed..... let us go, With speed..... let us go, With speed ....
ff
hop. With speed..... let us go, With speed..... let us go, With speed ....
ff
hop. With speed..... let us go, With speed..... let us go, With speed ....
ff

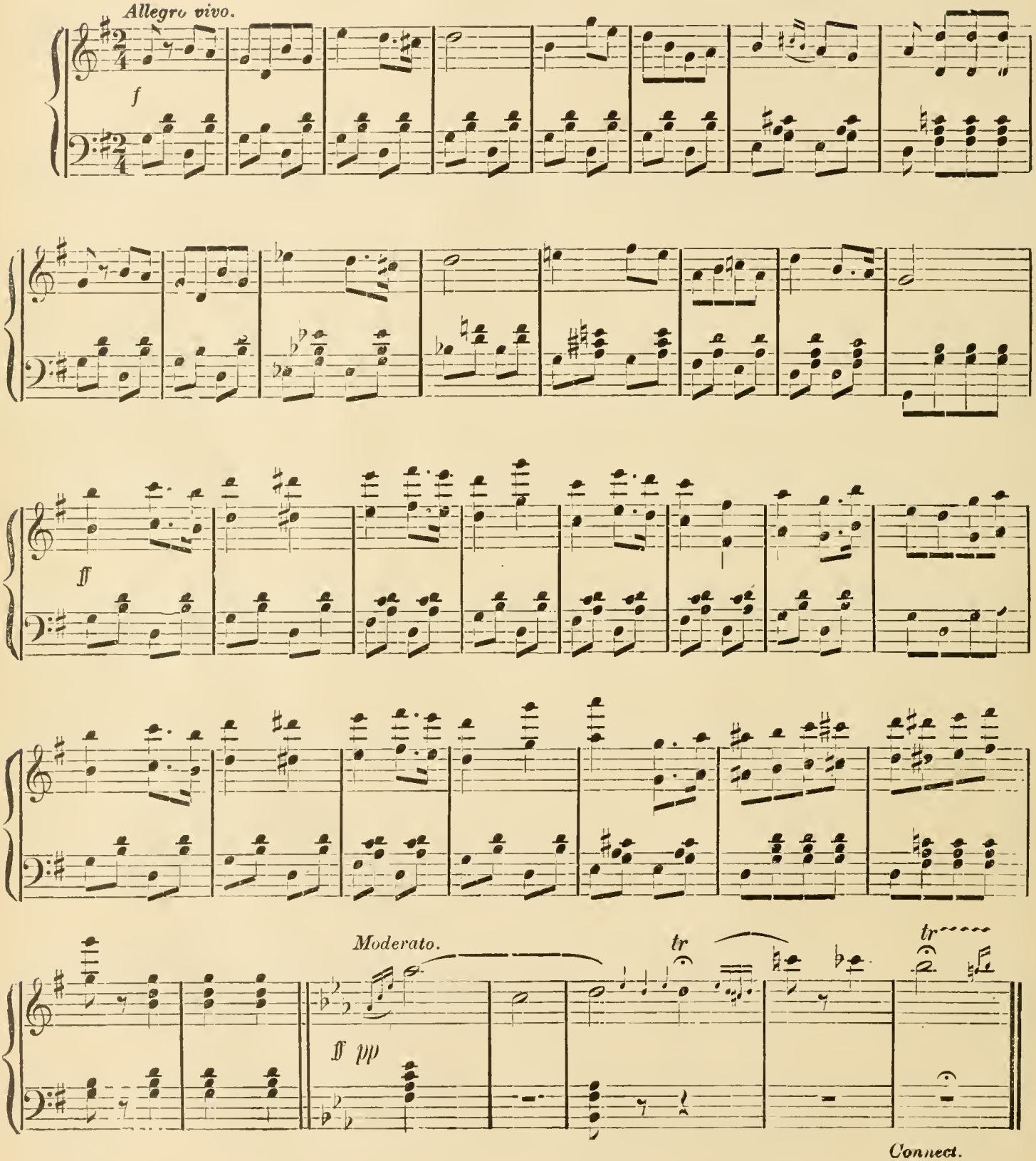
.... let us go with speed,.... let us go, let us go, let us go, let us go .....
.... let us go with speed,.... let us go, let us go, let us go, let us go! .....
.... let us go with speed,.... let us go, let us go, let us go, let us go! .....

.... Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop,.....
.... Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop,.....
.... Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop,.....


Bettina.
.... hop,..... hop, hop, hop!
Pippo.
.... hop,..... hop, hop, hop!
.... hop,..... hop, hop, hop!
.... hop,..... hop, hop, hop!
.... hop,.. ..... hop, hop, hop!
fff

ACT II.

ENTR' ACT.

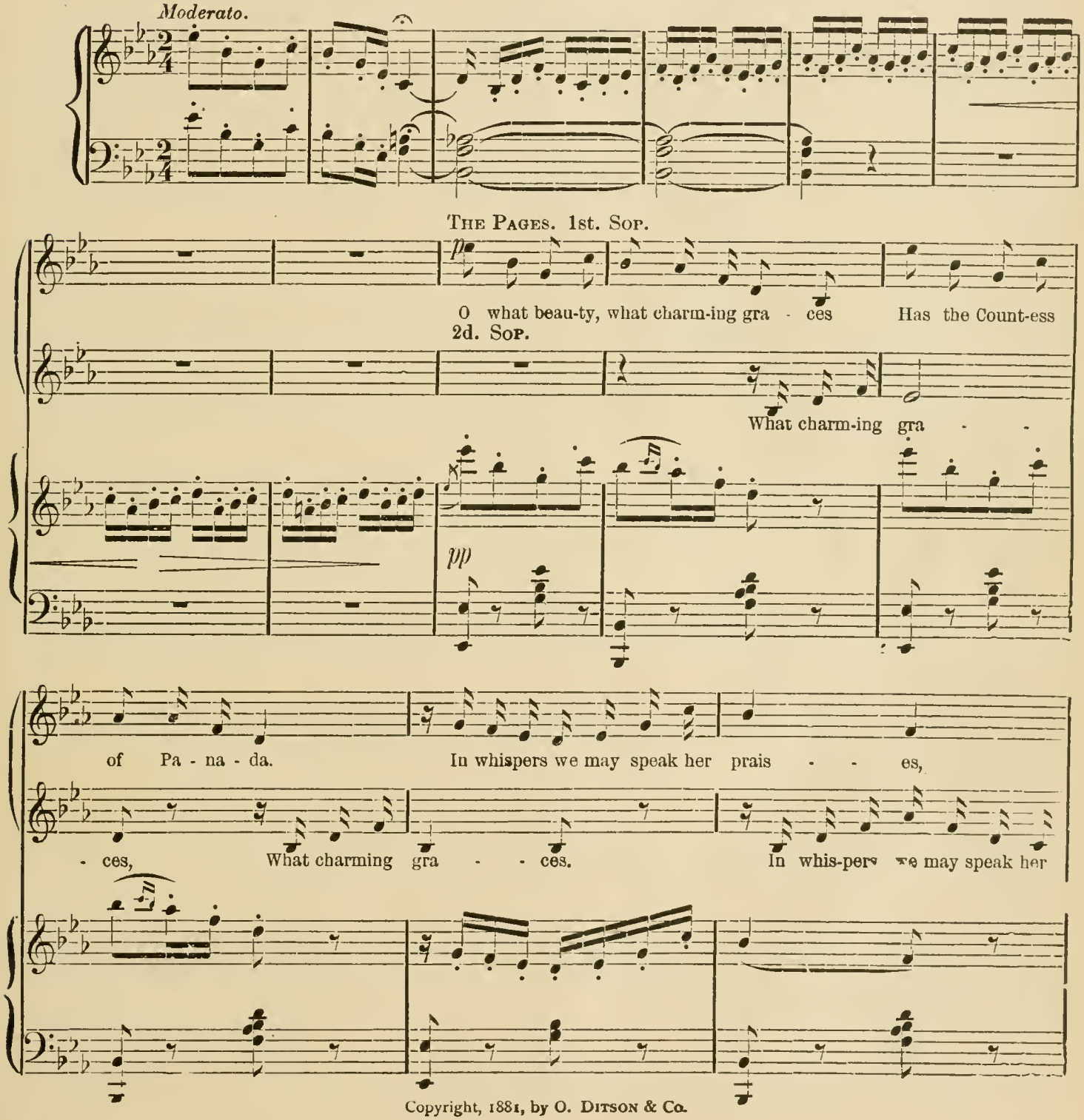


SCENE—*Hall in the Palace of the Grand Duke of Piombino—A large opening upon a gallery or corridor at back of stage—Door R. window 3 E. Two doors L. Arm-chairs, divans, chairs, &c. R. & L. At rise of curtain, Carlo, Marco, Angelo, Luigi, Beppo and other Pages discovered.*

O WHAT BEAUTY.

No. 16. CHORUS, and COUPLETS OF THE PAGES.

Carlo, Paolo, Angelo, Luigi, Marco. 1st and 2d Sopranos.


Moderato.
The Pages. 1st. Sop.
O what beau-ty, what charm-ing gra - ces Has the Count-ess
2d. Sop.
What charm-ing gra - -
pp
of Pa - na - da.
In whispers we may speak her prais - - es,
- ces, What charming gra - - ces.
In whis-pers we may speak her

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f fp
The one she loves will happy be . . . . . O what beauty, What charming grace, Has the Countess fair of Pa-na-
f fp
prais - - - - - es, in whispers, O what beauty, What charming grace, Has the Countess fair of Pa-na-
fp
Luigi.
Carlo.
Yes! tru - ly her beauty's en - thrall - ing, And gracious too she doth ap-pear . . . . . At her
- da.
f
p
feet all the world are fall - ing, With - in the month . . . . that she is here!

1st. Sop.
p
Ah! what beau - ty, what charming gra - ces Has the Count - ess
2d. Sop.
What charming gra - - - -
sempre stacc.
pp
of Pa -na -da, In whis-pers we may speak her prais - - es,
- ces what charm-ing gra - - ces, In whis-pers we may speak her
fp
The one she loves will hap - py be!..... Ah! what beau - ty, What charm-ing
fp
prais - - - - es, in whis-pers, Ah! what beau - ty, What charm-ing
fp

Paolo. Un peu anime.
grace, Has the Countess fair of Pa - na - da . . . . .
I gaze on her with
grace Has the Countess fair of Pa - na - da . . . . . .
p Un peu anime.
Angelo.
ad-mi - ration, And in se - cret her I will woo.
I have pen'd for her contemplation, A charming little bil - let-
Luigi.
Angelo.
- doux!
Thine to us read. Well, all give heed!
2d. Sop.
1st. Sop.
The same have I, too, the same have I, too!
rall.
f

No. 17. COUPLETS OF THE PAGES.

(Reading.)

ANGELO. 1. Ex - cuse my boldness, I im - plore you, Ac - cept my heart bestowed on you;
MARCO. 2. When you a sweet smile deign to grant me, I'm hap - pier than a king can be,
p
Fair Countess, tru - ly I a - dore you, I a - dore you, I a -
But far from you, what sor - rows haunt me, sor - rows haunt me, sor - rows
Tous.
I a - dore you.
sorrows haunt me.
- dore..... you.
haunt..... me.
1st Sop.
1. That's ab - so - lute - ly my case too.
2. That's ab - so - lute - ly just like me.
2d Sop.
p

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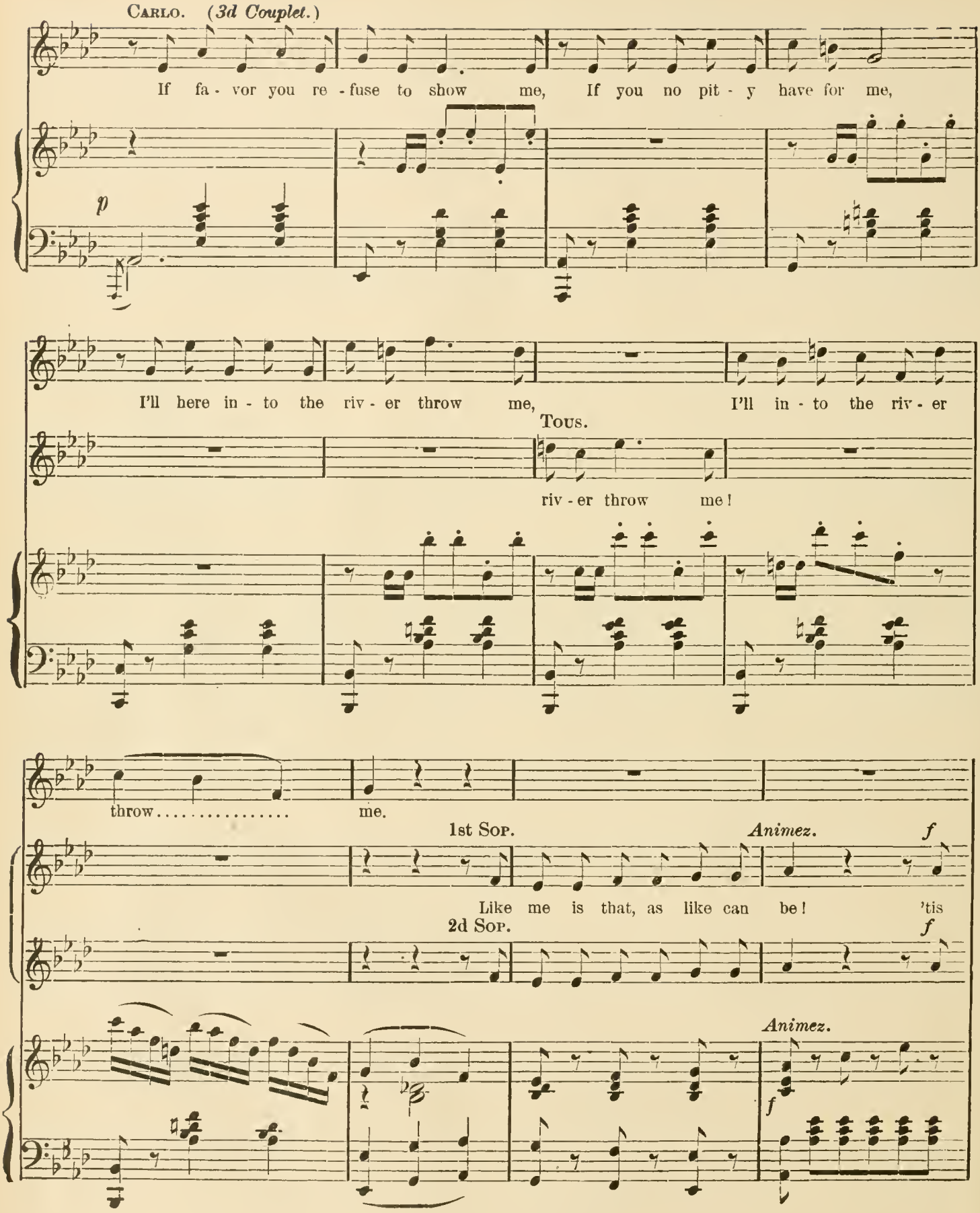
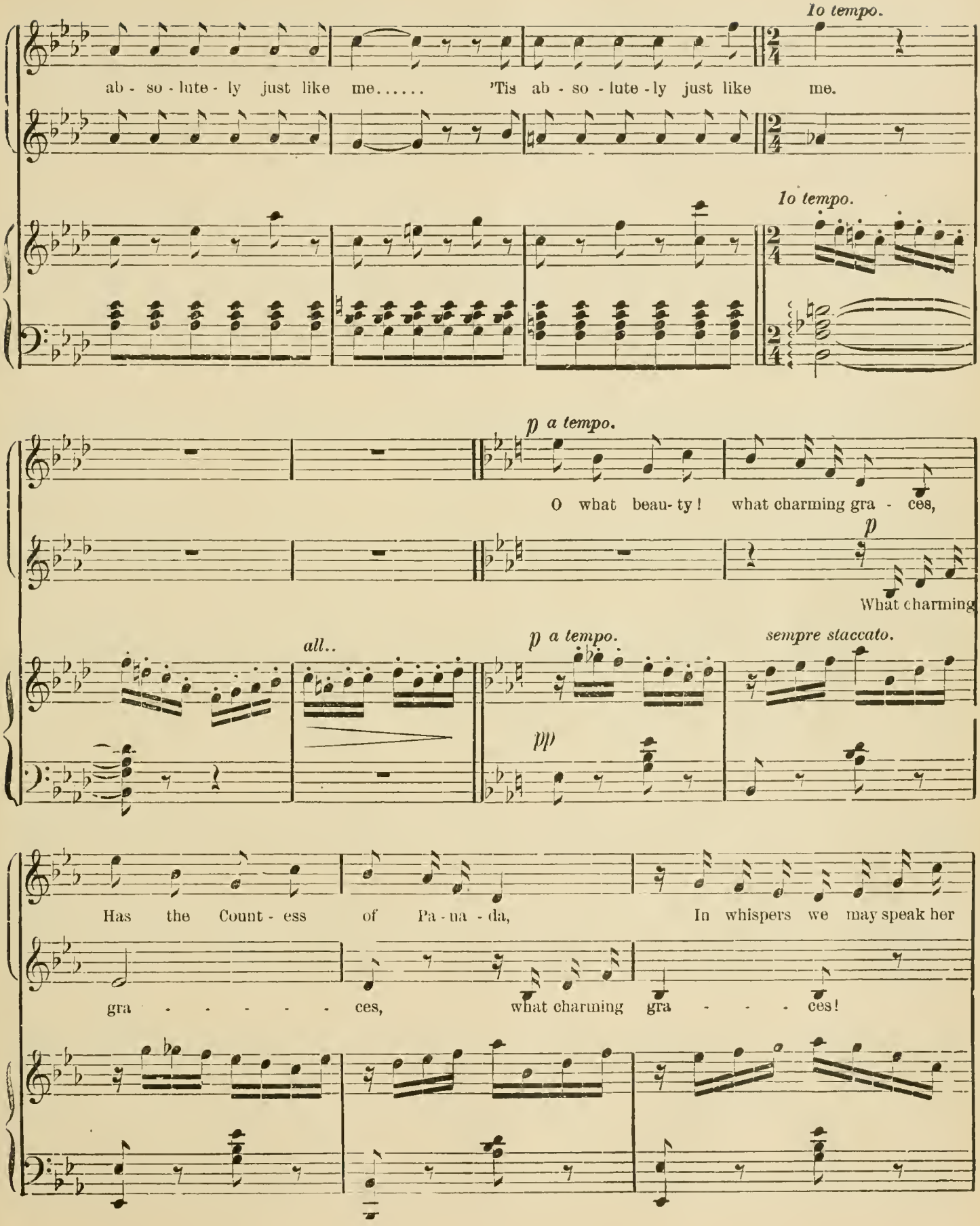
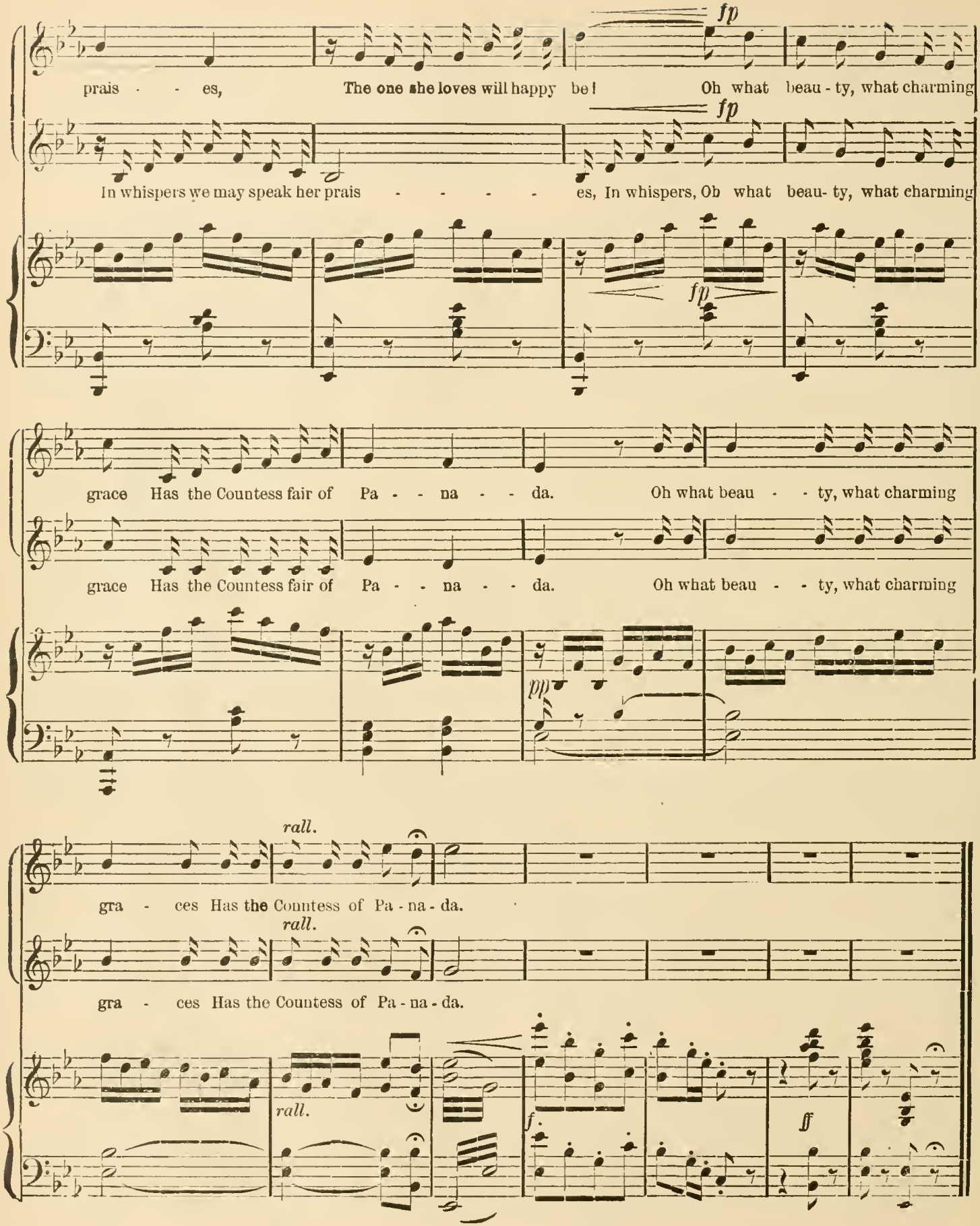

Carlo. (3d Couplet.)
If fa - vor you re - fuse to show me, If you no pit - y have for me,
p
I'll here in - to the riv - er throw me, I'll in - to the riv - er
Tous.
riv - er throw me!
throw..... me.
1st Sop.
Animez.
f
Like me is that, as like can be! 'tis
2d Sop.
f
Animez.
f


1o tempo.
ab - so - lute - ly just like me.....
'Tis ab - so - lute - ly just like me.
1o tempo.
p a tempo.
O what beau - ty! what charming gra - ces,
p
What charming
all..
p a tempo.
sempre staccato.
pp
Has the Count - ess of Pa - na - da,
In whispers we may speak her
gra - - - - - - ces,
what charming gra - - - - ces!


fp
prais - - es, The one she loves will happy be! Oh what beau - ty, what charming
fp
In whispers we may speak her prais - - - - - es, In whispers, Oh what beau- ty, what charming
fp
grace Has the Countess fair of Pa - - na - - da. Oh what beau - - ty, what charming
grace Has the Countess fair of Pa - - na - - da. Oh what beau - - ty, what charming
pp
rall.
gra - ces Has the Countess of Pa - na - da.
rall.
gra - ces Has the Countess of Pa - na - da.
rall.
f
ff

At the conclusion, ROCCO *and* LORENZO *enter* L. 3. E. LORENZO *approaches pages, on tip-toe, and takes notes from them.*

PAGES. (*frightened.*) The Prince! We are caught!

LOR. Love letters to the Countess, eh?

ROC. A pleasant occupation.

LOR. (*angered*) 'Tis monstrous!

PAGES. Your highness——

LOR. Hold your tongues! If you ever dare to cast your eyes upon her, or breathe the smallest word of love to her, that moment you will answer with your lives.

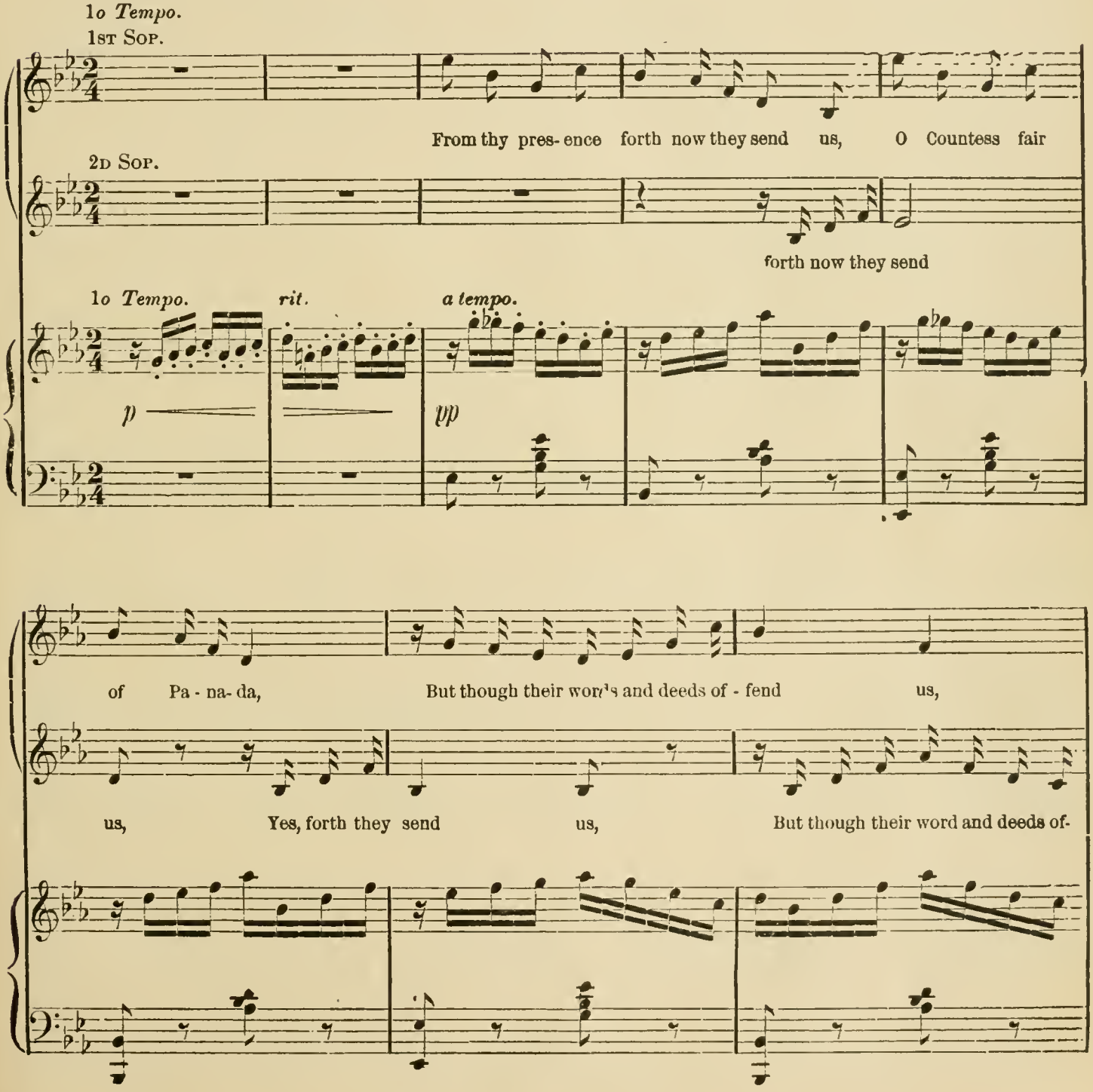
ALL THE PAGES. Pardon, pardon, Sire!

LOR. You have heard me.— (*pointing to back.*) Go!

Chorus of Pages as they exit back.

FROM THY PRESENCE.

No. 18. SORTIE.


1o Tempo.
1ST SOP.
From thy pres- ence forth now they send us, O Countess fair
2D SOP.
forth now they send
1o Tempo.
rit.
a tempo.
p
pp
of Pa - na- da, But though their words and deeds of - fend us,
us, Yes, forth they send us, But though their word and deeds of-

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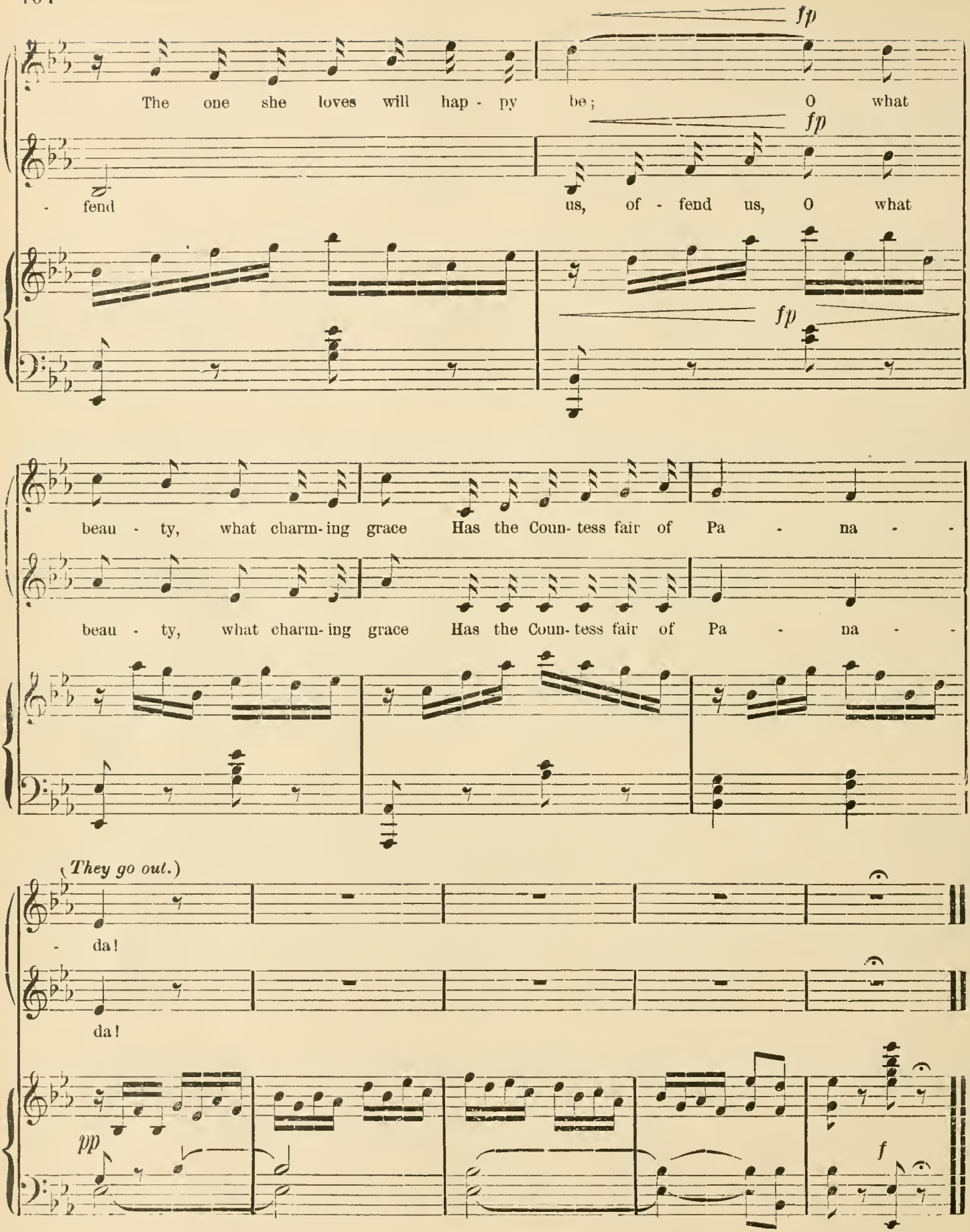
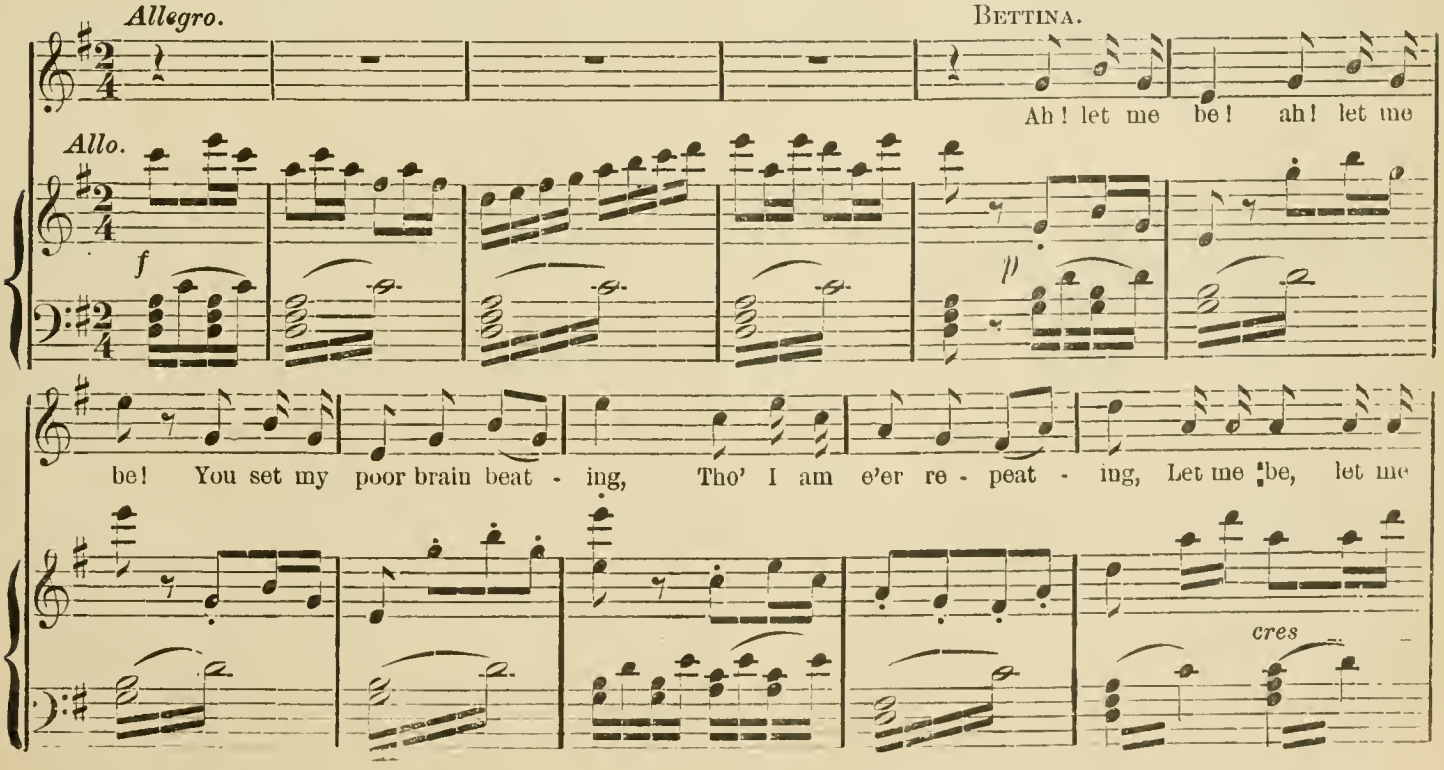
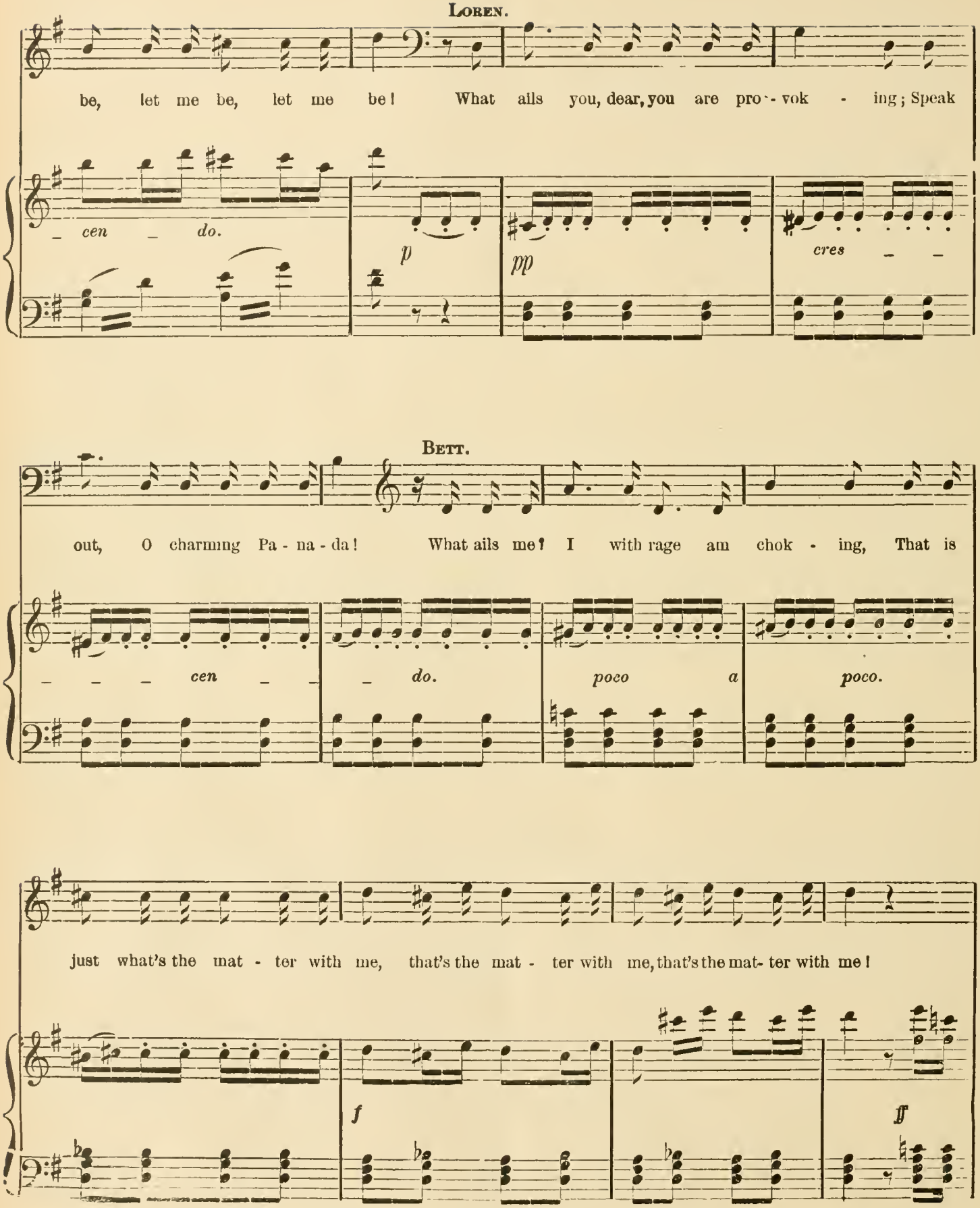

fp
The one she loves will hap - py be; O what
fp
- fend us, of - fend us, O what
fp
beau - ty, what charm-ing grace Has the Coun-tess fair of Pa - na -
beau - ty, what charm-ing grace Has the Coun-tess fair of Pa - na -
(They go out.)
- da!
da!
pp
f

ROC. You a e rather severe with these young men
LOR Not ha.f severe enough. Do you not remember the third article on the treatise of the Mascots — the kiss?
ROC. True; but she must marry first.
OR. But, supposing she marries on the sly, as young girls often take it in their heads to do. Now there's that irrepressible Pippo, who makes his appearance every now and then.
ROC. Never fear. He'll not forget his last reception very soon.
LOR. I hope not. Think of the good fortune Bettina has brought to me. Ever since I have had her, everything succeeds. I have no more bad colds. I digest my food well. I win at dominoes, a thing I never did before. Indeed, thanks to her, I have become the most fortunate of men.
ROC. And to think, all this should have been mine.
LOR. But have I not rewarded you liberally? Have I not made you my grand chamberlain? What more could you wish for?
ROC. (*Sighing.*) I should like Bettina better.
LOR. Ah! you'll never be content.
ROC. Here, I have taken 1125 tickets in the Sicillian lottery, and what have I drawn—a *tooth*-brush, and a pair of penny gold sleeve buttons. Now if I had had a Mascot——
LOR. You could have done as I did—taken one ticket, and drawn the first prize—a fortune!
ROC. You see, you rob me. Then, again, everybody is asking who is this stranger the Prince has brought to court. Already they leer at her suspiciously as she passes by.
LOR Let them leer—let them ask! My conscience is clear.
ROC. Conscience? A trifling thing, now-a-days!
LOR. We'll change the subject. How about my daughter's wedding, which takes place to-day?
ROC. Everything is prepared, your Highness. After the ceremony, will come the ball, then the concert and a grand pantomine, for which I have engaged Salterelle and his troupe, and whom I expect at any moment.
LOR. Good! A very judicious arrangement.
FIAM. (*Outside.*) I tell you, you bore me!
ROC. I leave you. (*Enter* FIAM. *and* FRED., L., *as* ROC. *exits* R.)
FRED. (*Expostulating.*) But, my dear Fiametta——
FIAM. Enough. Let me alone!
LOR. Come, come, my children, you are altogether too premature! These little accompaniments should follow marriage, not come before!
FIAM. Oh, this is unbearable! He follows me like a shadow. I can't move without finding him at my heels!
FRED. It is all for love, my dear! FIAM. (*sharply.*) Rather say, jealousy.
LOR. There you are! Beginning again!
FRED. Why does she fly from me? Why does she shu for hours alone in her room?
FIAM. Well, if you *must* know—to draw.
LOR. & FRED. To draw? FIAM Yes. I love drawing: it amuses me
LOR. (*In a conciliating tone.*) One is not forbidden to cultivate the fine arts, you know.
FRED. You think so. (*To* FIAM.) And what do you draw?
FIAM. (*Coldly.*) Animals or flowers, monsieur.
FRED (*Bringing forward a paper, which he had hidden behind him.*) Flowers indeed! And this, I suppose, is one of them!
FIAM. (*Aside.*) Ah!
LOR. (*Looking at drawing, which represents* PIPPO.) What is it? An ape?
FRED. Yes—a species! It is the portrait of that young shepherd we met at the farm, some three months ago.
LOR. (*Vexed.*) Pippo! That animal again!
FIAM. What! The idol of my love—my noble Pippo—an animal! Such depravity! And in a parent too!
FRED. She owns it LOR. My daughter, you do wrong.
FIAM. (*Not listening.*) There is yet time to break off this hatefu marriage!
LOR. But it shall not be broken off! This marriage must take place, because we all desire it.
FIAM. I understand. You wish to get rid of me! Ever since this so-called Countess of Panada has been in the house, I am nothing here!
FRED. (*To* LOR.) True! You have eyes only for her.
FIAM. (*Same time.*) She has eight servants to wait upon her
FRED. To say nothing of the two who look after her poodle.
FIAM. Two maids of honor and a physician are attached to her person
FRED. And when that poodle smells a rat, you should see her go into a fit!
LOR. (*Anxiously.*) Who? Bettina? FRED. No, the poodle!
LOR. But it is a long time since I have seen Bettina, I am really getting anxious about her. Some accident may have befallen her.
FIAM. (*Bitterly.*) Re-assure yourself, papa, here is the Countess.
FRED. With her physician and maids of honor.
FIAM. (*Dryly.*) We give place to her. LOR. But my daughter?
FRED No apology is necessary — we give place to her.
FIAM. Follow me, Frederic! (*She exits,* R. *followed by* FREDERIC.)
LOR. Dear me, these perturbative minds they quite unsettle me (*Turning, sees* BET *entering,* L.) Ah! Bettina, why this agitation?
(BETTINA *is in court dress, a maid of honor carries the train of her dress, two other maids of honor and a physician attend her. She enters quickly; they all follow her running, the physician in a a small trot.*

"AH! LET ME BE!"

No. 19. ENTRANCE AND COUPLETS OF THE COUNTESS. Bettina and Lorenzo.



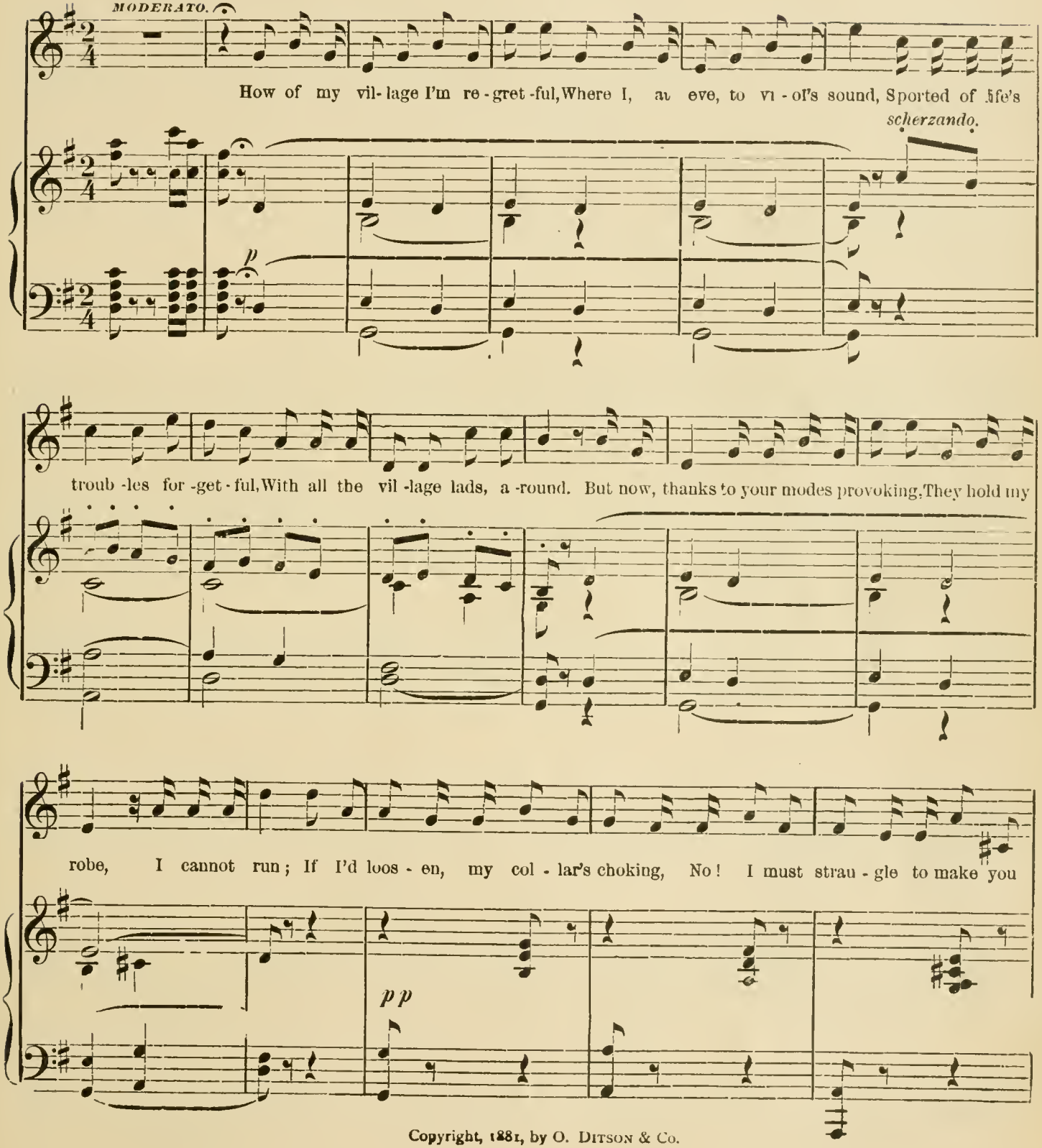

Loren.
be, let me be, let me be! What ails you, dear, you are pro - vok - ing; Speak
cen do.
p
pp
cres
Bett.
out, O charming Pa - na - da! What ails me? I with rage am chok - ing, That is
cen do.
poco a poco.
just what's the mat - ter with me, that's the mat - ter with me, that's the mat- ter with me!
f
ff

HOW OF MY VILLAGE.

No. 20. COUPLETS OF THE COUNTESS.

BETTINA.

MODERATO.


How of my vil- lage I'm re - gret -ful, Where I, av eve, to vi - ol's sound, Sported of life's
scherzando.
troub -les for -get - ful, With all the vil -lage lads, a -round. But now, thanks to your modes provoking, They hold my
robe, I cannot run; If I'd loos - en, my col - lar's choking, No! I must strau - gle to make you
p
pp

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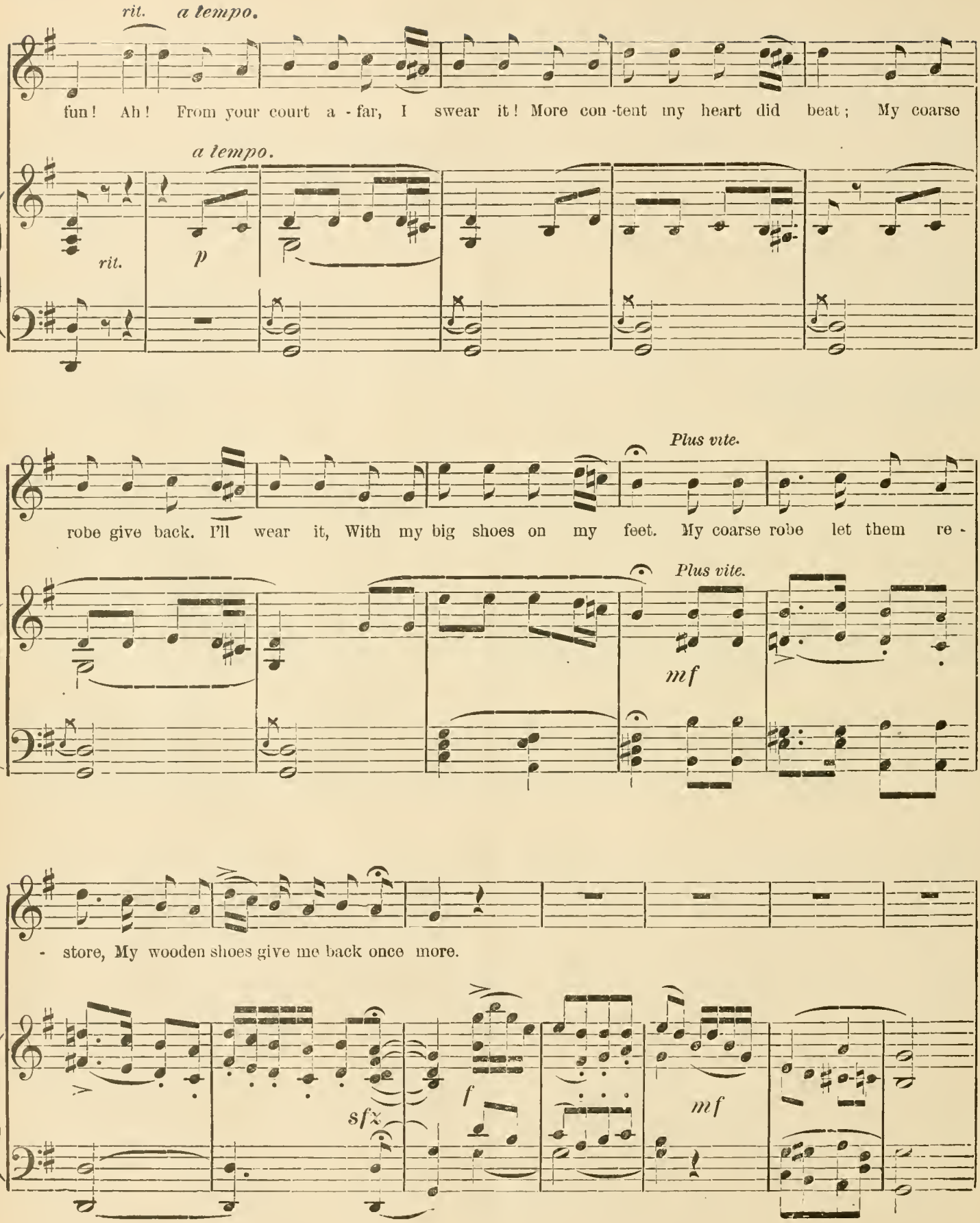
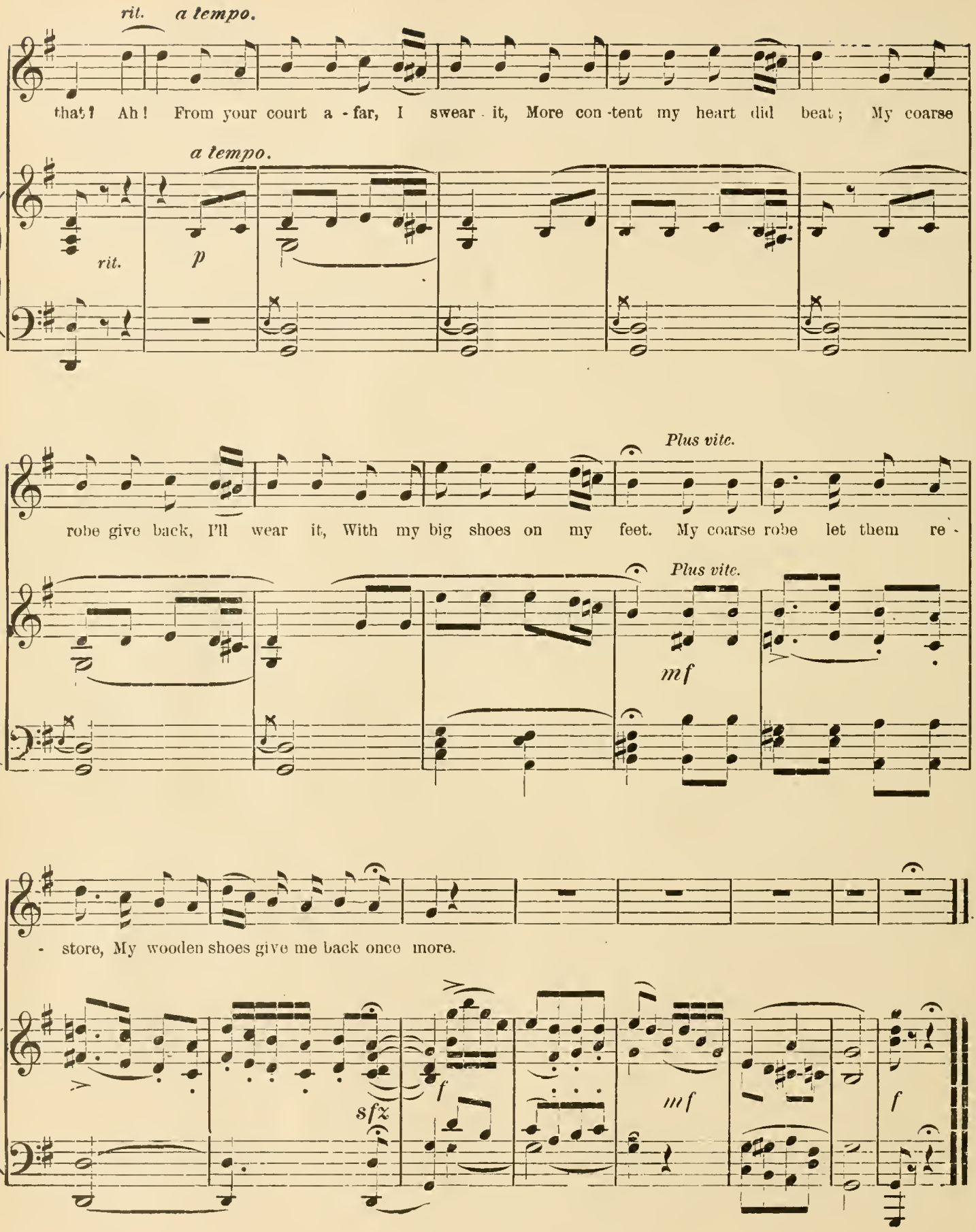

rit.
a tempo.
fun! Ah! From your court a - far, I swear it! More con - tent my heart did beat; My coarse
a tempo.
rit.
p
Plus vite.
robe give back. I'll wear it, With my big shoes on my feet. My coarse robe let them re -
Plus vite.
mf
- store, My wooden shoes give me back once more.
sfz
f
mf

2ND. COUPLET.
When I am hungry, there's more fashion, Naught that I love best can I eat; While for po -
scherzando.
f p
- ta -toes I've a passion, They cram me with white chicken-meat. Then my doctor preaches sub - jection Tells me each
hour, by way of chat, Put your tongue out for my in -spec- tion, Think you there is much fun in
pp


rit.
a tempo.
that? Ah! From your court a - far, I swear it, More con - tent my heart did beat; My coarse
a tempo.
rit.
p
Plus vite.
robe give back, I'll wear it, With my big shoes on my feet. My coarse robe let them re -
Plus vite.
mf
- store, My wooden shoes give me back once more.
sfz
f
mf
f

LOR. Calm yourself, Bettina. (*To the maids of Honor.*) Leave us. (*To the Physician.*) Have you obeyed my instructions?

PHYSICIAN. Yes, sire.

LOR. Any indications of disease as yet?

PHYS. No, sire.

LOR. No symptoms of insanity?

PHYS. No, sire.

LOR. Hydrophobia?

PHYS. No, sire.

LOR. (*Softly.*) Love?

PHYS. (*Hesitates.*) Well, sire, I couldn't say as to that!

LOR. What do you mean?

PHYS. You see, sire, love is an affection upon which we doctors agree to disagree.

LOR. (*Thinking a moment.*) Exactly; I understand you. But what treatment have you given her?

PHYS. The most thorough, sire. I have examined her pulse twice a minute—when she would allow me; her tongue every five minutes—when she would show it; administered a pellet of aconite in a quart of water, every half hour—when she would drink, and Turkish baths every hour—when she would take them.

LOR. (*Grasping him suddenly.*) Great heavens! You did all this?

PHYS. Yes, sire.

LOR. (*Looking at* BET., *who has retired up* R., *and is looking out of window.*) And she still lives! (*To* PHYS.) For the future, use a little more discretion. Do not make her show her tongue so often, and be milder in your treatment. You can leave me.

PHYS. (*Bowing.*) Yes, sire. (*Exits* L., *in a small trot.*)

LOR. (*Anxiously.*) Well, Bettina, how do you feel?

BET. (*Coming down.*) I feel—I feel—

LOR. Yes, yes; you feel——

BET. (*Emphatically.*) I feel as though I could never stand this life another day. You confine me in a room from morning till night, and guard me as you would a prisoner!

LOR. But, my dear, you can have anything and everything You have only to ask for it.

BET. I wish to be free. I long to ride horseback—to gallop over hedges and jump ditches. Oh, for a little excitement!

LOR. (*Horrified.*) Gallop? Yes, and break the veins—I mean your neck! Oh, no; ask for anything but a horse!

BET. Then, a little swimming! (*Goes to window and points out.*) The deep blue river flows by this window. I swim like a fish. I love the water! (*Imitates swimming.*) One, two, one two, and then down! (*Makes motion of diving through window.*)

LOR. (*Alarmed.*) Bettina! Think a moment. (*Imitating.*) One, two, one, two, and down you go like a fish—I mean like a stone—to the bottom. (*Aside.*) I must get her away from that window. (*Takes her arm, and leads her down as he speaks.*) Now, Bettina, why not play at shuttlecock, skip-rope—something that will give you an appetite, you know!

BET. (*Indignantly.*) I—a Countess—skip rope? Never!

LOR. I confess, it is a little out of the general order of things. Still I must do something for you.

BET. Well, if you must do something for me, give me Pippo.

LOR. Pippo!—that monster, Pippo! Oh, no, oh, no!

BET. I want my Pippo!

LOR. (*Expostulating.*) But my dear Bettina, think a moment!

BET. I won't! I want my Pippo!

LOR. (*As before.*) You think you do, but you don't, Now, Pippo cares nothing for you. You never hear anything from him.

BET. (*Sadly.*) That is true!

LOR. He has forgotten you. Why, no longer ago than yesterday, we caught him kissing one of the maids. (*Aside.*) That'll do for a small one!

BET. He? Ah, the wretch—the ungrateful fellow! Well, I shall never marry!

LOR. Good, good—that's right! Never marry—never think of marrying. (*To himself.*) I feel easier now. (*Noise at back.*)

Enter ROC., L.U.E.

ROC. Your Highness, Salterelle and his troupe have arrived, and await your pleasure.

LOR. Show them in at once, and summon all the court. (ROCCO *exits* L.U.E. *To* BET.) Here is amusement for you. (*Music.*)

(*Enter* FIAM, FRED., ROC., *and all the court; then* PIP., *in* SALTERELLE'S *dress, with a half mask over his face followed by players of the italian Comedy—Harlequin, Columbine, Clown, etc.: then pages, who place themselves at back,* R. *and* L.)

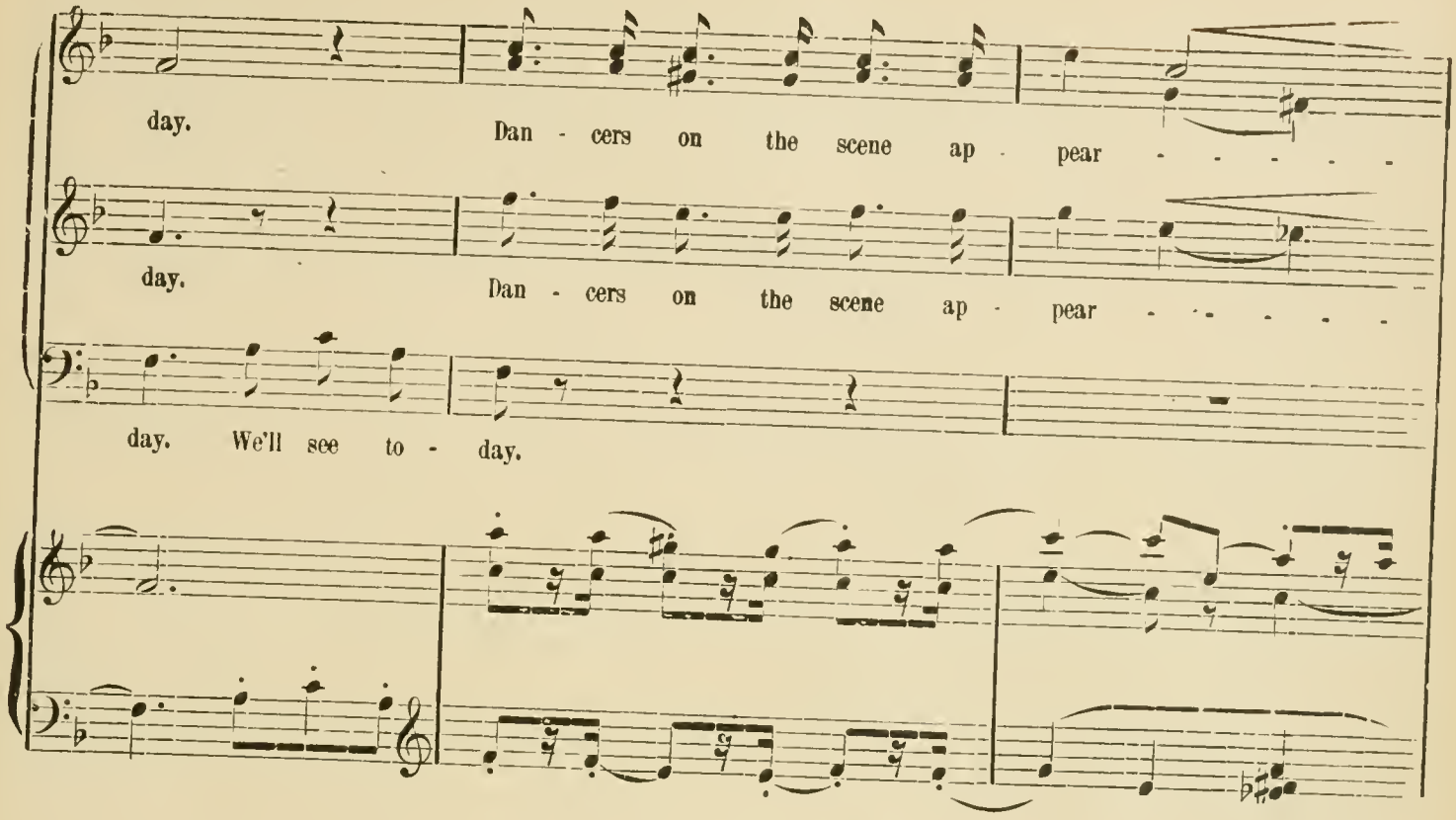
"WHAT A CHARMING, BRIGHT DISPLAY?"

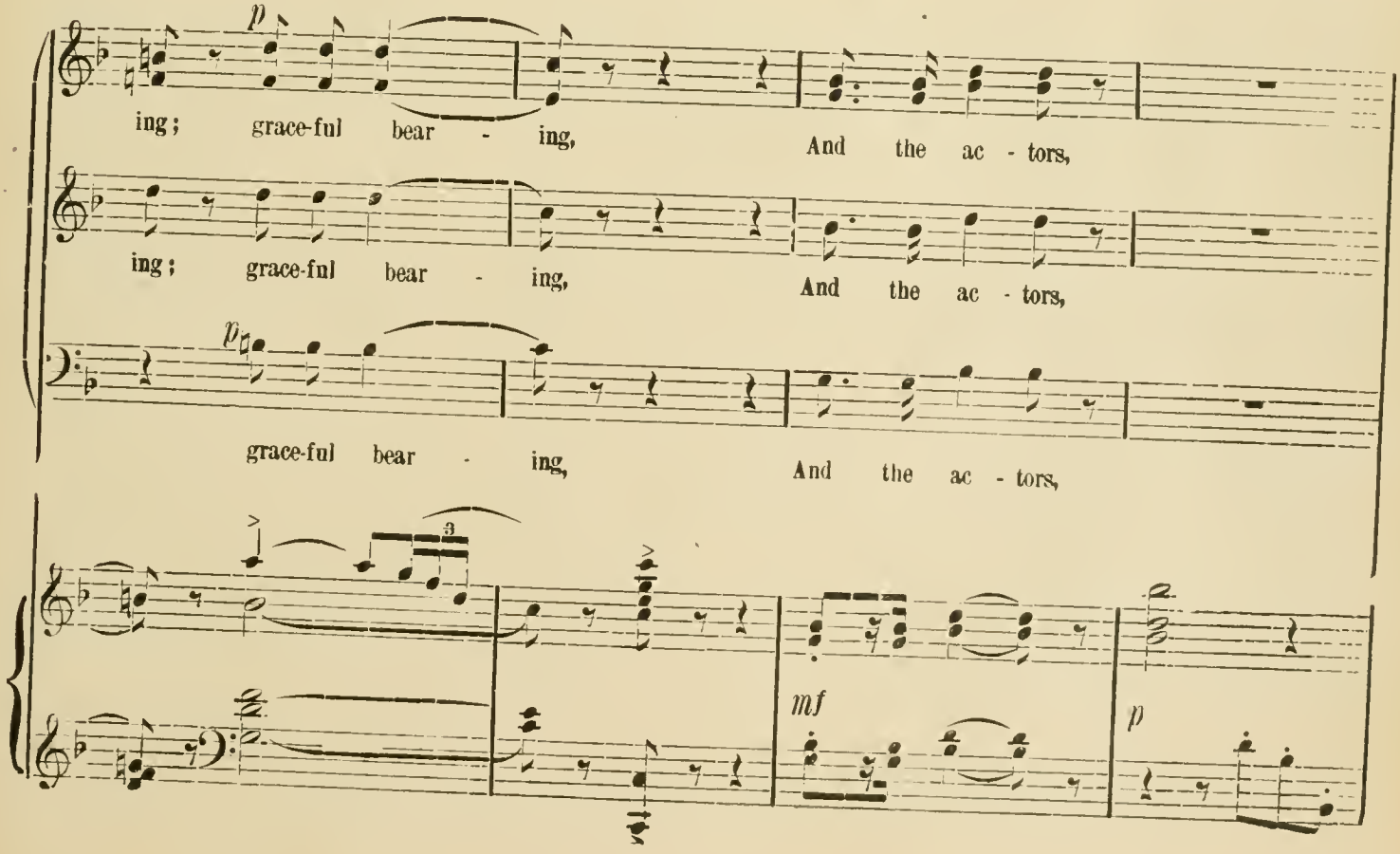
Pippo & Chorus.

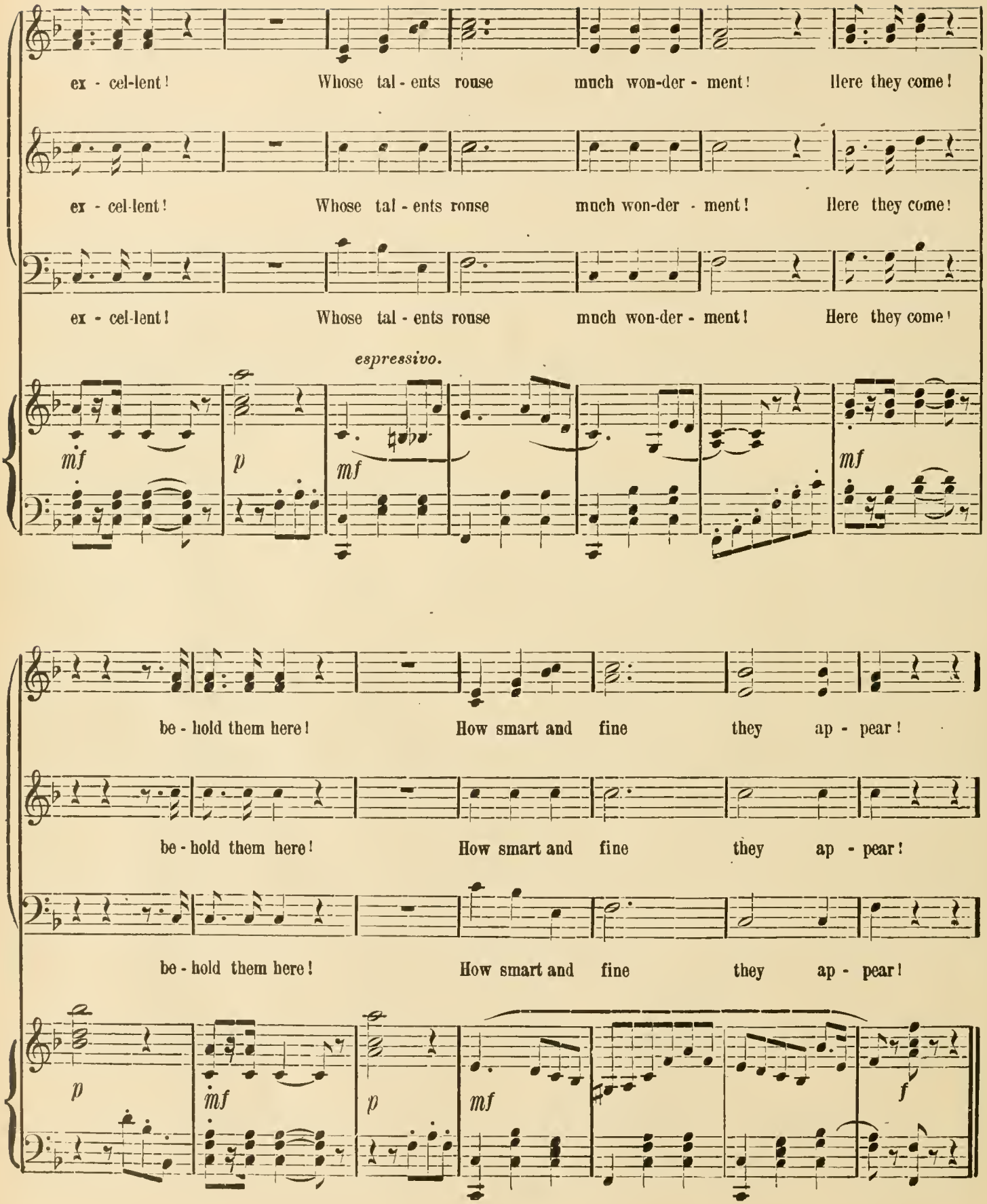
No. 21. CHORUS & AIR OF SALTARELLE.

Tempo di Minuetto.

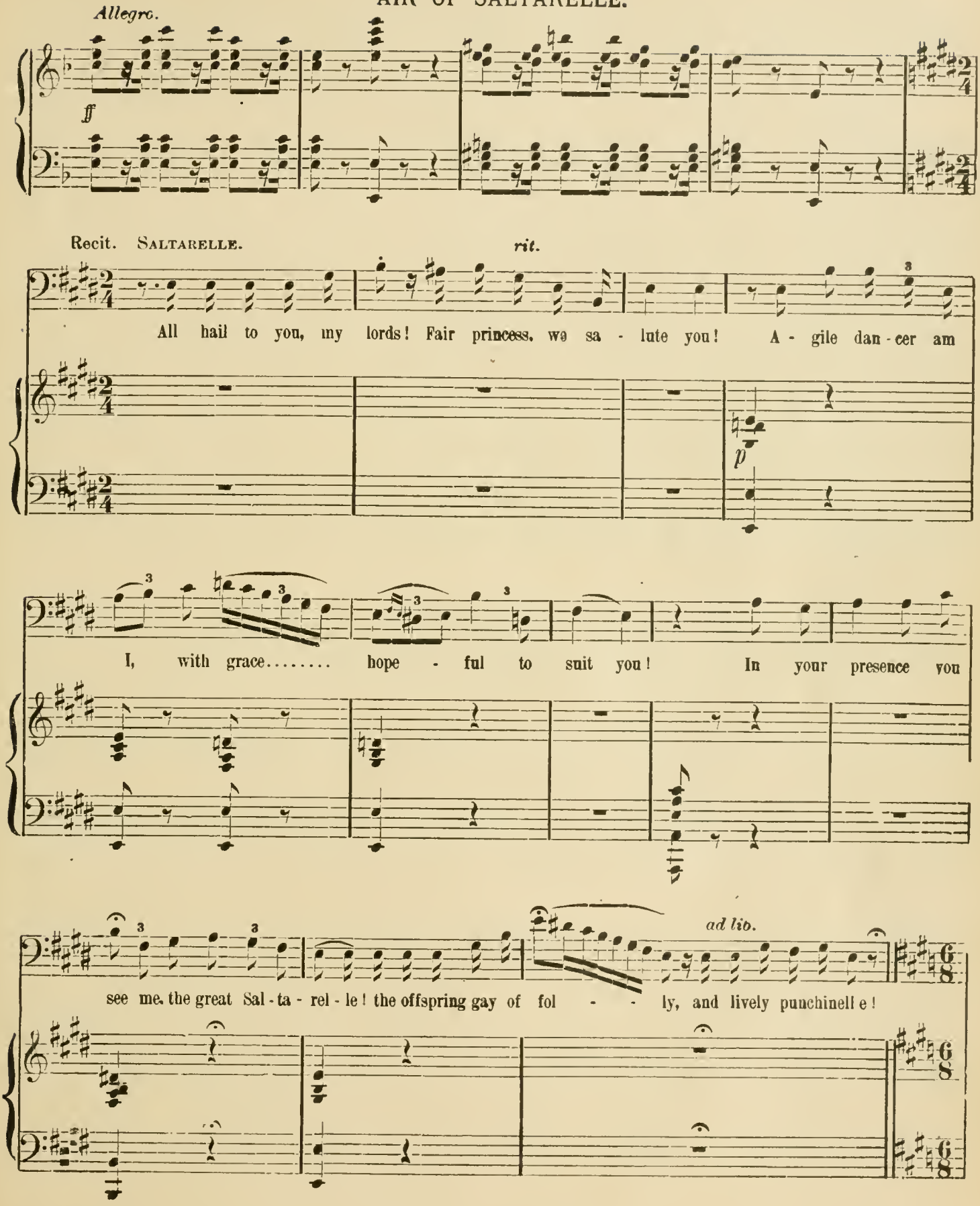
espressivo.
mf
mf
f
f Sopranos.
What a charm - ing, bright dis - play. We're a - bout.... to see to -
Tenors.
f
What a bright dis - play we soon.... shall see to -
Basses.
f
What a bright dis - play we soon.... shall see to -
f


day.
Dan - cers on the scene ap - pear - - - - -
day.
Dan - cers on the scene ap - pear - - - - -
day. We'll see to - day.


p
ing; grace-ful bear - ing, And the ac - tors,
ing; grace-ful bear - ing, And the ac - tors,
p
grace-ful bear - ing, And the ac - tors,
3
mf
p


ex - cel-lent! Whose tal - ents rouse much won-der - ment! Here they come!
ex - cel-lent! Whose tal - ents rouse much won-der - ment! Here they come!
ex - cel-lent! Whose tal - ents rouse much won-der - ment! Here they come!
espressivo.
mf
p
mf
mf
be - hold them here! How smart and fine they ap - pear!
be - hold them here! How smart and fine they ap - pear!
be - hold them here! How smart and fine they ap - pear!
p
mf
p
mf
f

AIR OF SALTARELLE.


Allegro.
ff
Recit. SALTARELLE.
rit.
All hail to you, my lords! Fair princess, we sa - lute you! A - gile dan - cer am
p
I, with grace..... hope - ful to suit you! In your presence you
ad lib.
see me, the great Sal - ta - rel - le! the offspring gay of fol - - - ly, and lively punchinell e!

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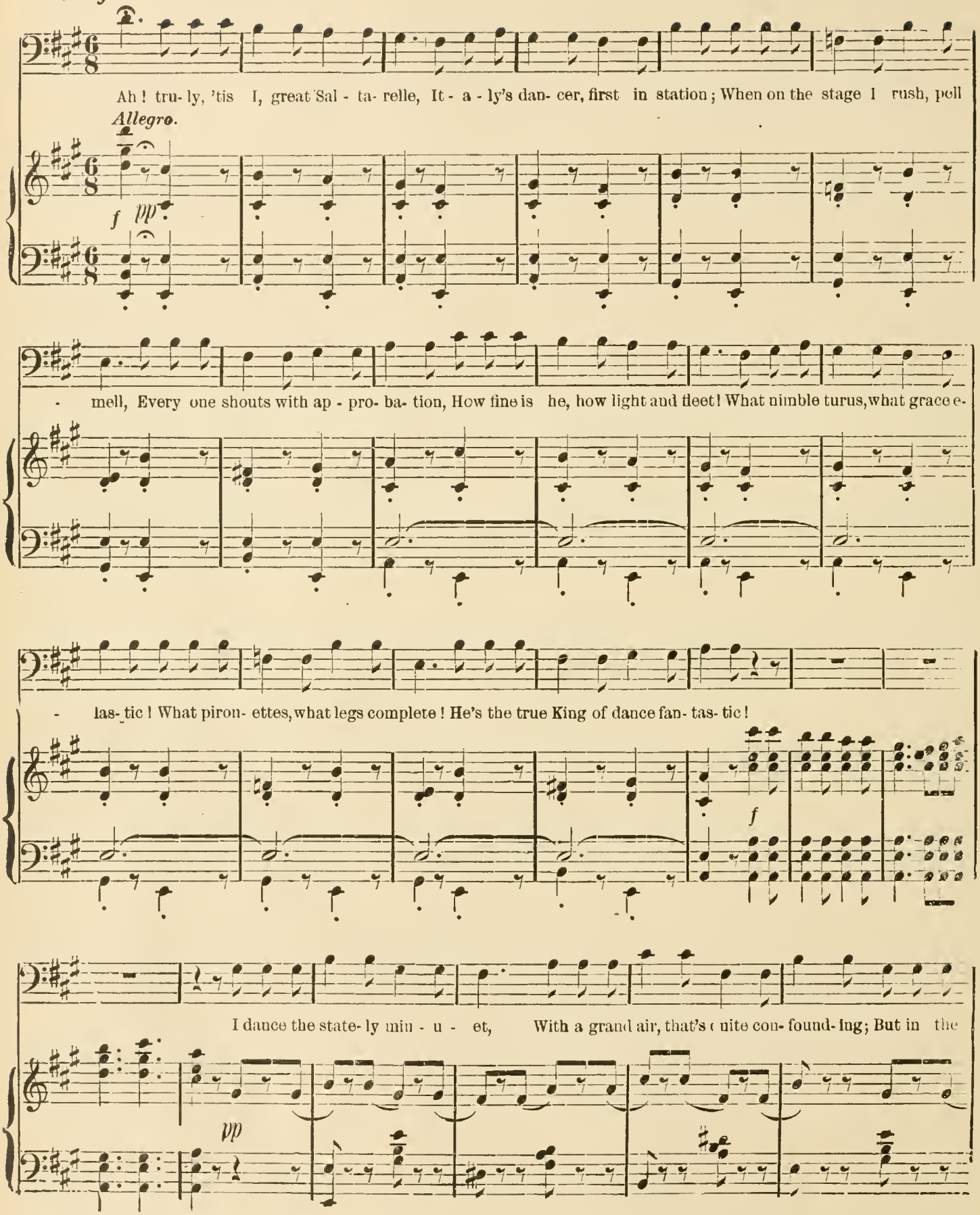
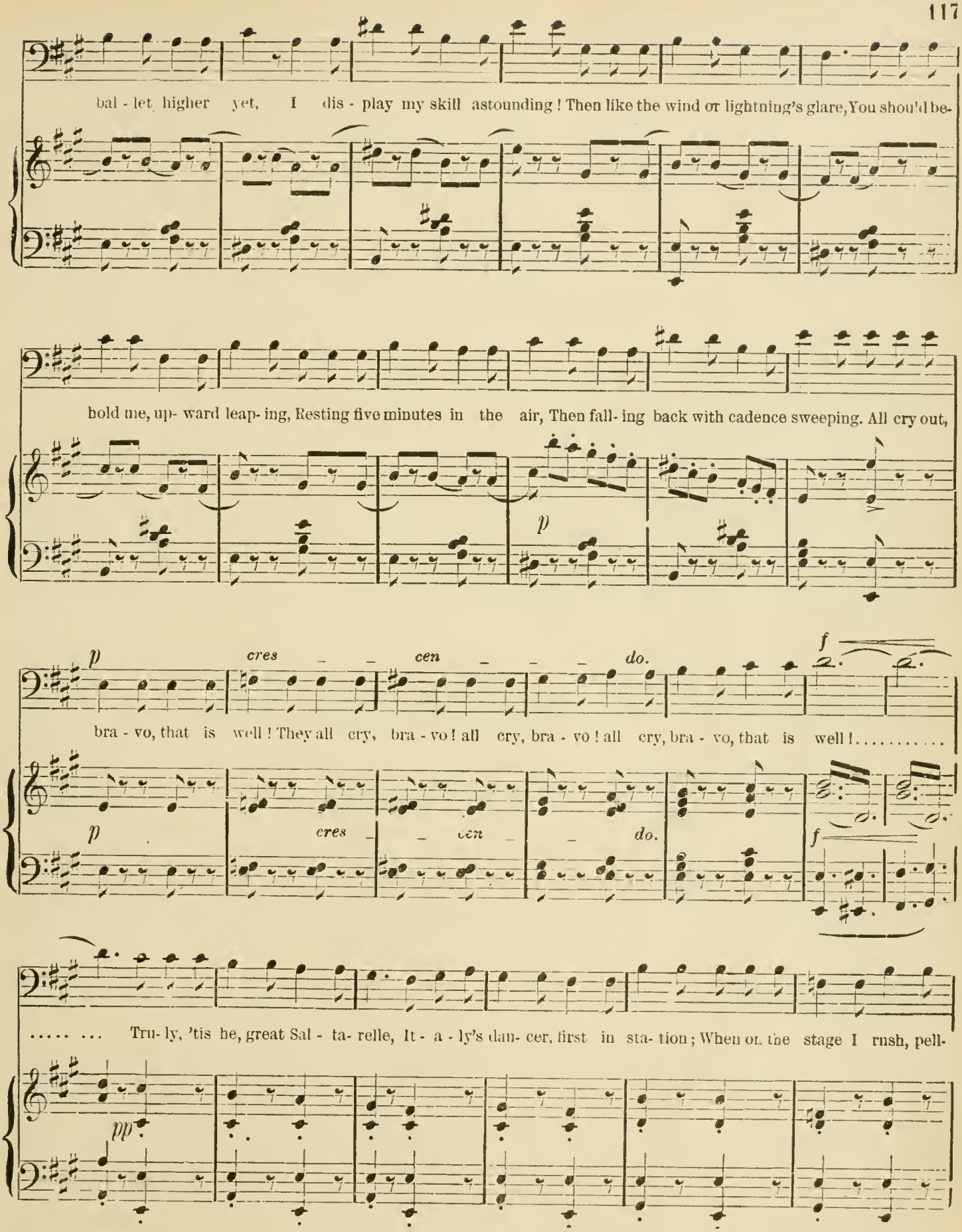
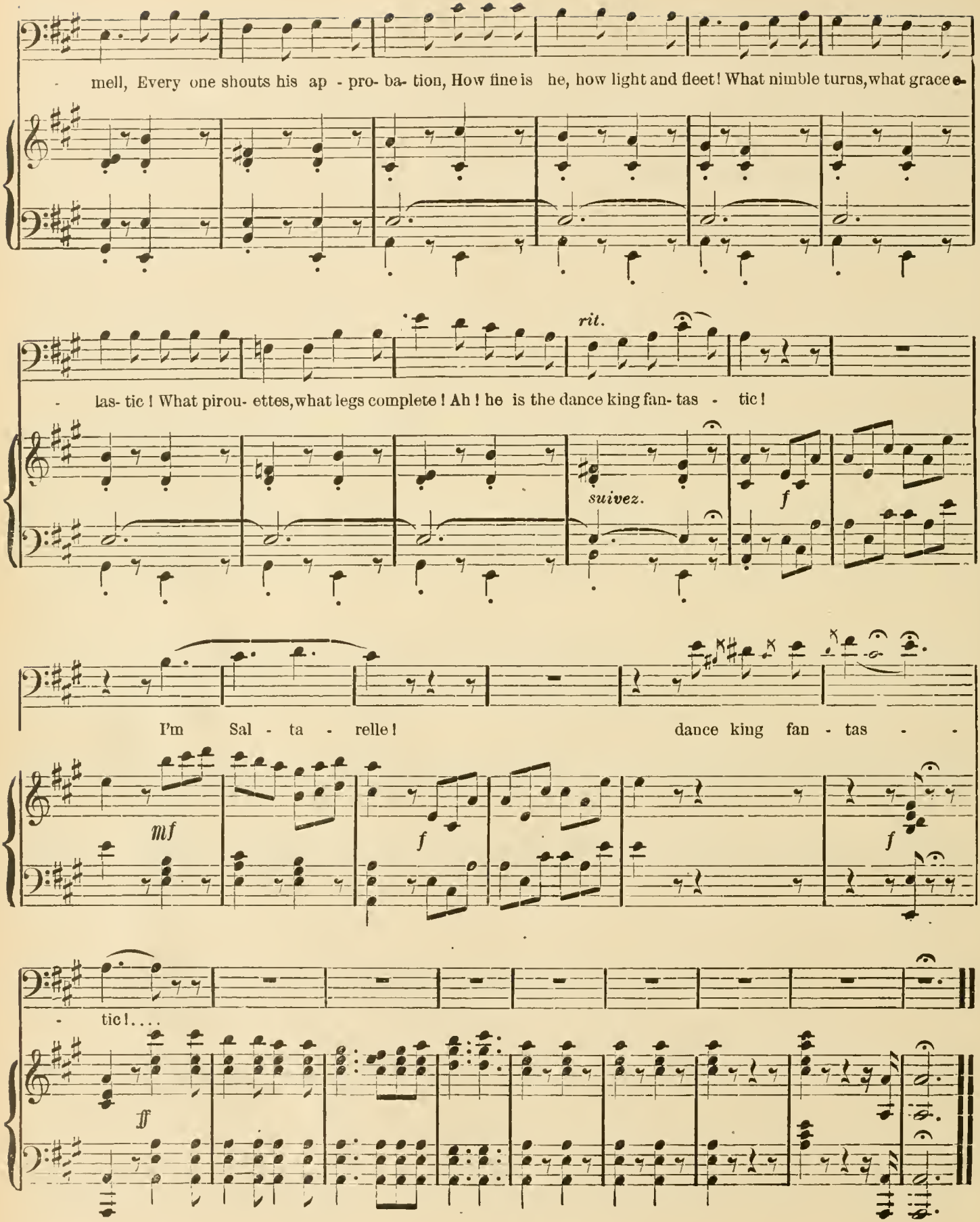
Allegro.


Ah! tru- ly, 'tis I, great Sal - ta- relle, It - a - ly's dan- cer, first in station; When on the stage I rush, poll
Allegro.
f pp
- mell, Every one shouts with ap - pro- ba- tion, How fine is he, how light and fleet! What nimble turns, what grace e-
- las- tic! What piron- ettes, what legs complete! He's the true King of dance fan- tas- tic!
f
I dance the state- ly min - u - et, With a grand air, that's quite con- found- ing; But in the
pp


bal - let higher yet, I dis - play my skill astounding! Then like the wind or lightning's glare, You should be-
bold me, up- ward leap- ing, Resting five minutes in the air, Then fall- ing back with cadence sweeping. All cry out,
p
cres cen do.
f
bra - vo, that is well! They all cry, bra - vo! all cry, bra - vo! all cry, bra - vo, that is well!.....
p
cres cen do.
f
.... Tru- ly, 'tis he, great Sal - ta- relle, It - a - ly's dan- cer, first in sta- tion; When on the stage I rush, pell-
pp


mell, Every one shouts his ap - pro- ba- tion, How fine is he, how light and fleet! What nimble turns, what grace e-
las- tic! What pirou- ettes, what legs complete! Ah! he is the dance king fan- tas - tic!
rit.
suivez.
f
I'm Sal - ta - relle! dance king fan - tas -
mf
f
f
tic!....
ff

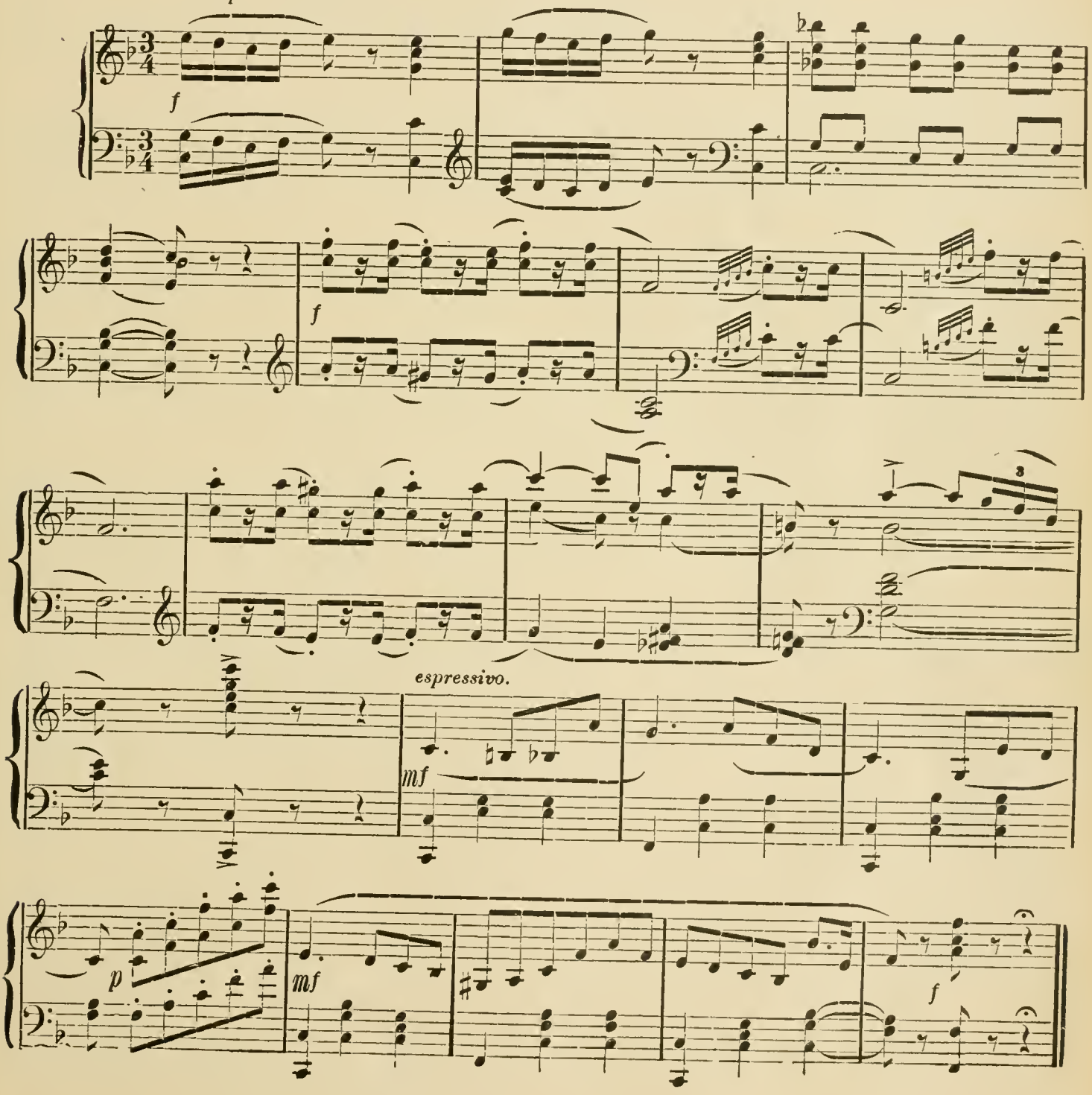
LOR. Bravo! Simply perfect! (*turning to the lords.*) Such grace! such dexterity! He is truly wonderful, this merry-andrew. (*He coutinues speakiug to lords and others.*)
PIP. (*Turns a pirouette, which brings him near* BET.) Bettina, it is I —Pippo.
BET. (*Starts.*) My Pippo—ah!
PIP. (*Aside to* BET.) Come back directly; I will wait for you here.
BET. Yes; (*seeing* LOR *about to turn.*) away, at once! (PIP. *turns a second pirouette which takes him away from her.*)

LOR. (*To players, and pointing to the* R.) This side of the hall, my friends, is reserved for you. (*To the lords and others*) Come, gentlemen, let us retire, and prepare for the wedding. (*moves up centre.*) Countess, will you accompany us?
FRED. (*aside to* FIAM.) Observe; he will not separate from her.
FIAM. It is scandalous.
LOR. Well—Countess.
BET. (*as waking from a dream.*) Here I am, Prince—here I am.
Chorus to exit.

EXIT.

No. 22.

1o Tempo.



LORENZO *and all his court go up stage and retire,* L. *The players go off,* R, *leaving* PIPPO *alone.*)

PIP. (*Watches everybody off, then comes forward joyously.*) At last, I have seen her, spoken to her! (*Takes off his mask.*) I had begun to despair ever meeting her again, when kind fortune threw me among these players,—and learning that they were to give an entertainment during certain wedding festivities at the palace, I immediately seized the opportunity to reach Bettina. (*Seeing* BETTINA *enter.*) Ah, here she is!

BET. (*Enters,* L.U.E., *and runs to* PIPPO, *into whose arms she throws herself.*) Pippo! PIP. Bettina!

BET. Is it really you, Pippo?

PIP. As sure as eggs are eggs it is.

BET. And do you still love me, Pippo?

PIP. More than ever!

BET. And you have come to take me away?

PIP. Yes, if you will go.

BET. Indeed, I will; but how am I to get away? I am continually watched and spied upon.

PIP. Leave that to me — It is very simple. I will bring you the dress of one of our players, which you can put on, and then, not known or seen, we can decamp together.

BET. Good: and then we will be married.

PIP. As soon as possible; — but now let me look at you. What a fine lady you make!

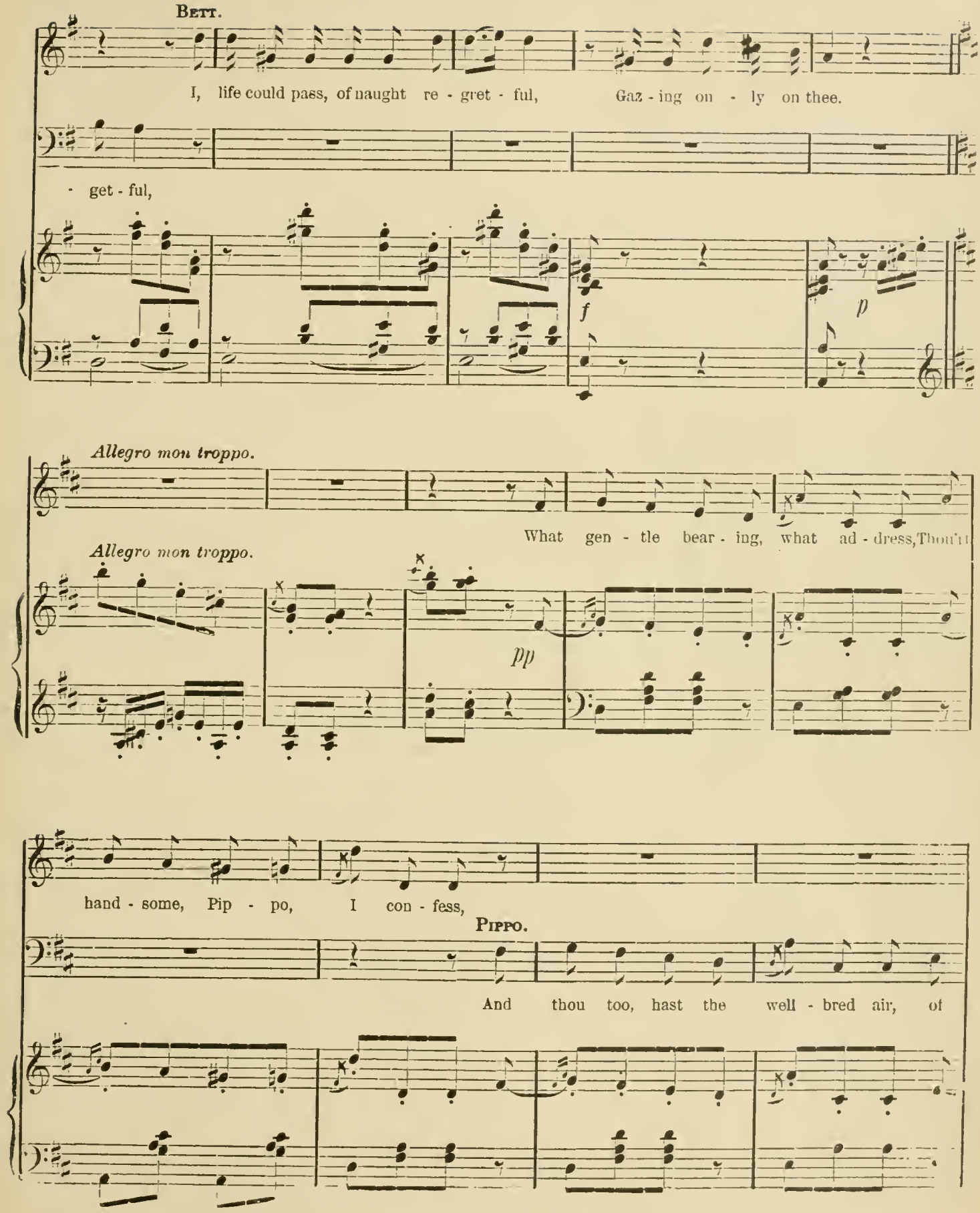
BET. And you, Pippo, how handsome you look!

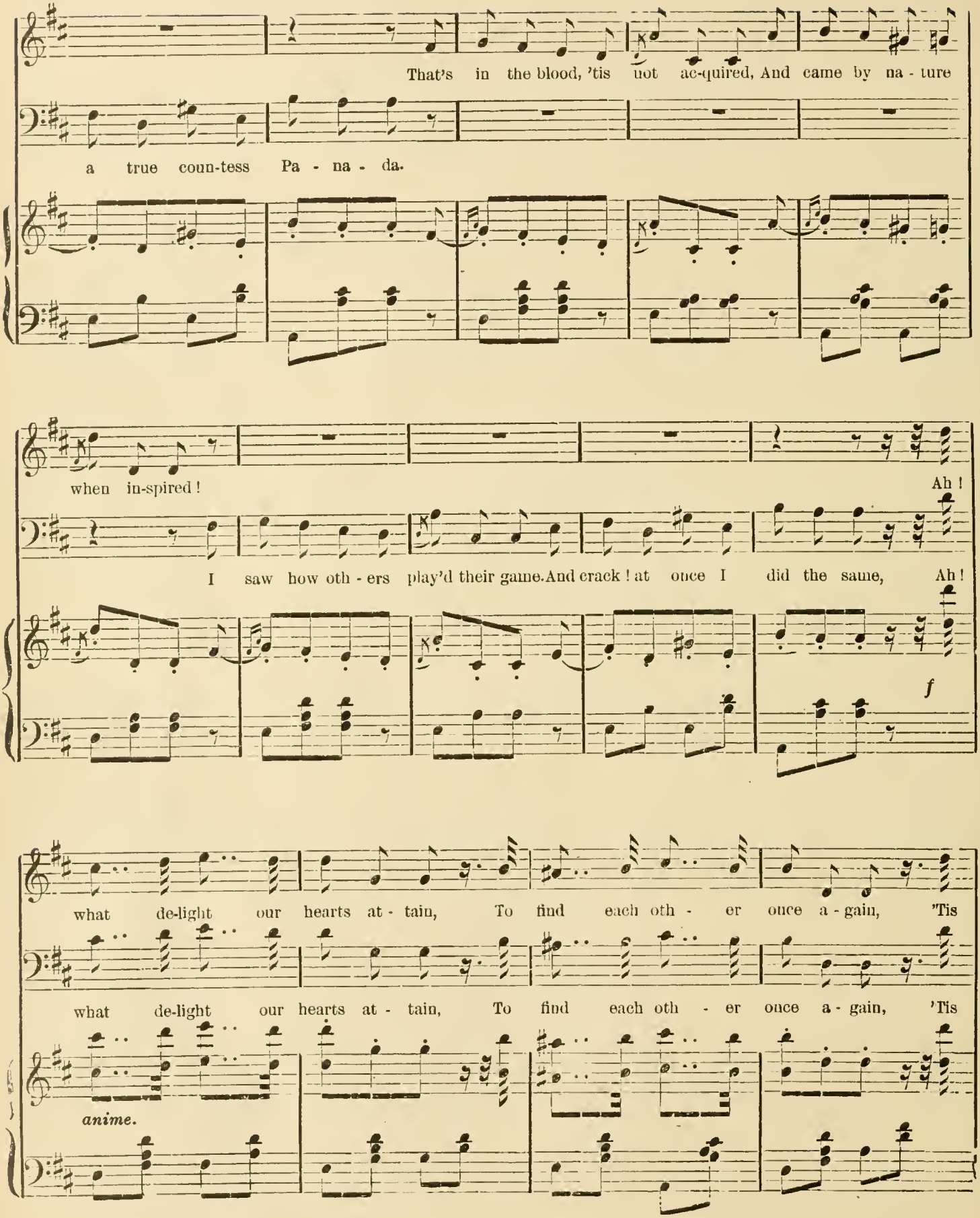
KNOW'ST THOU THOSE ROBES.

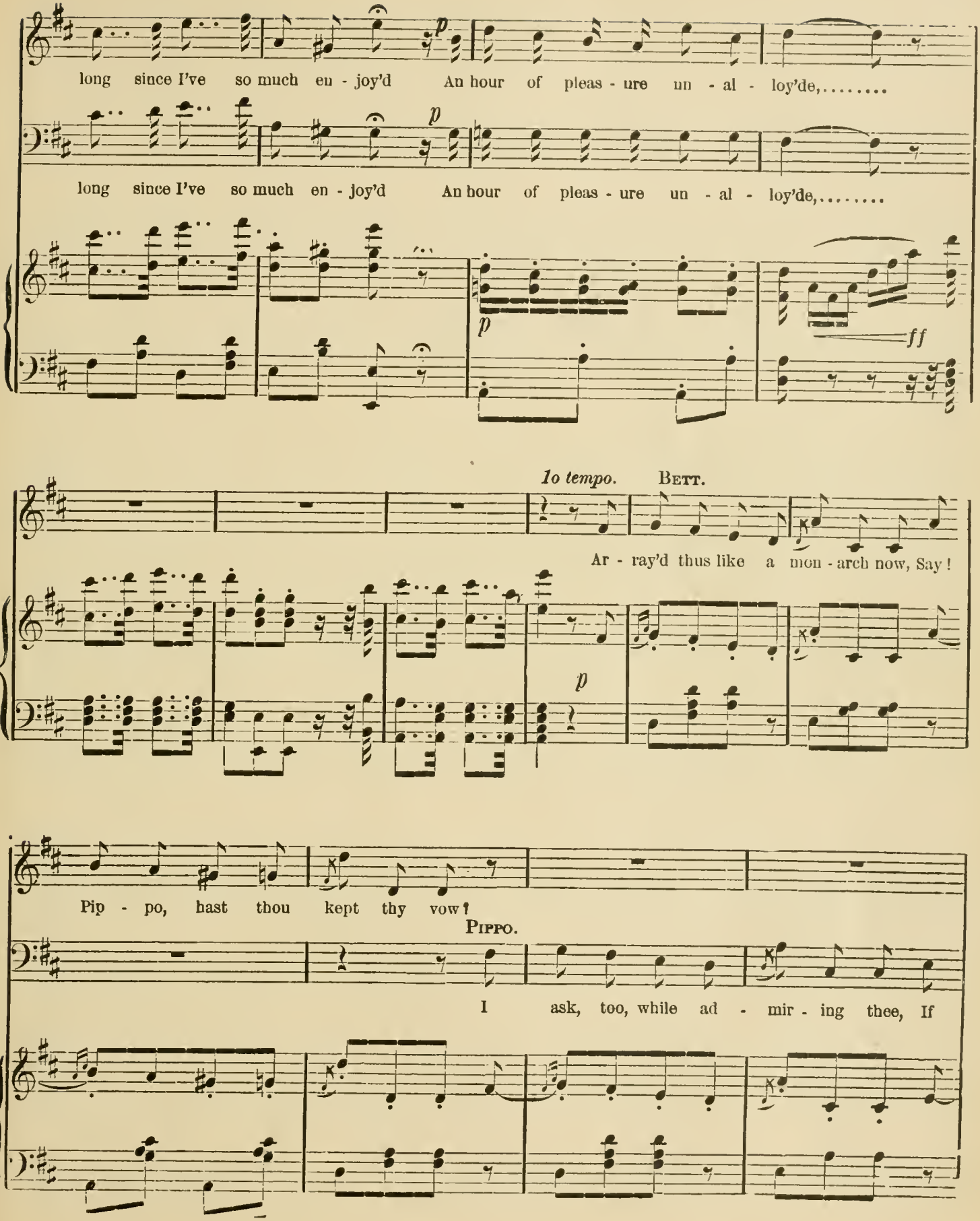
Bettina, Pippo.

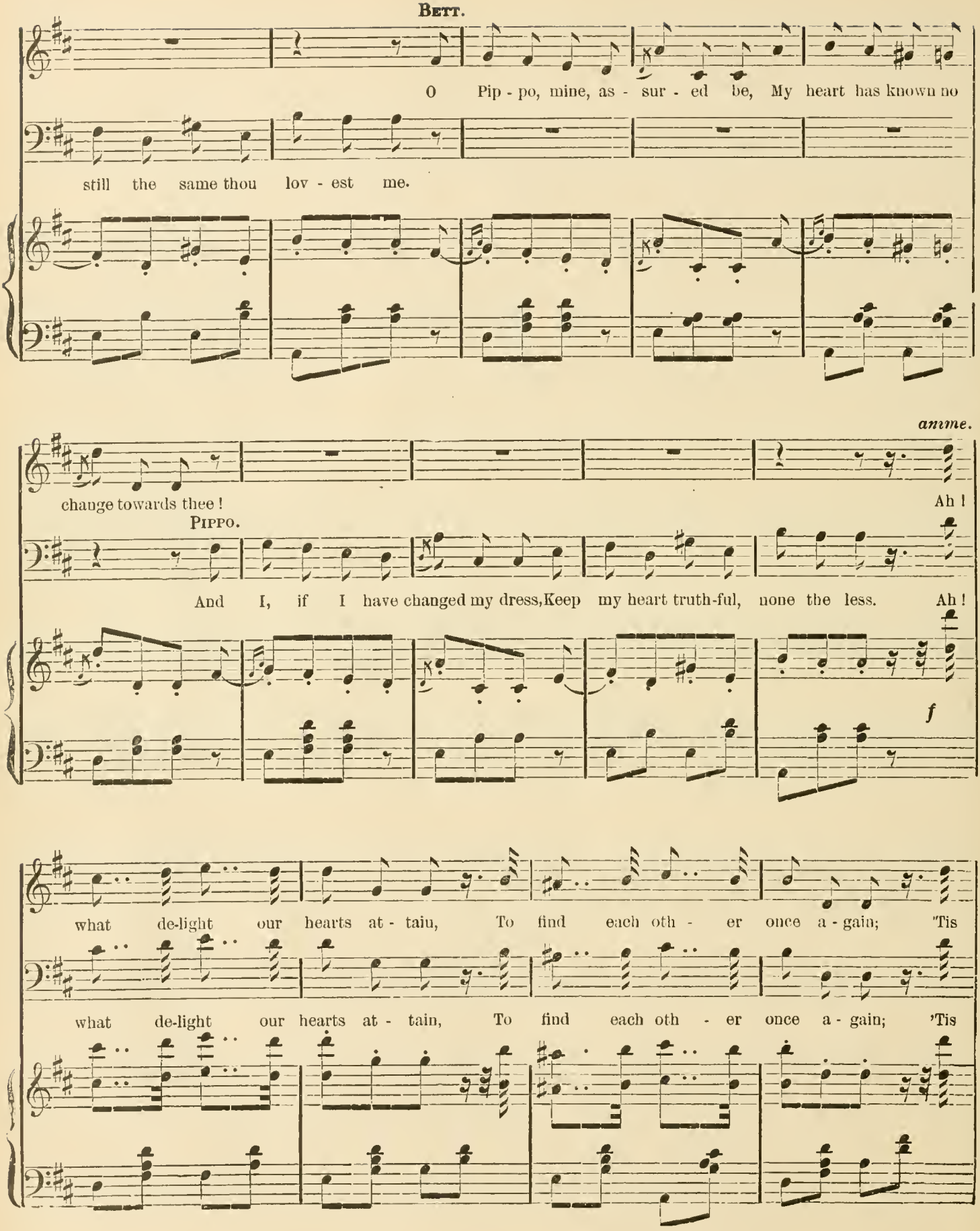
No. 23. DUETTO.

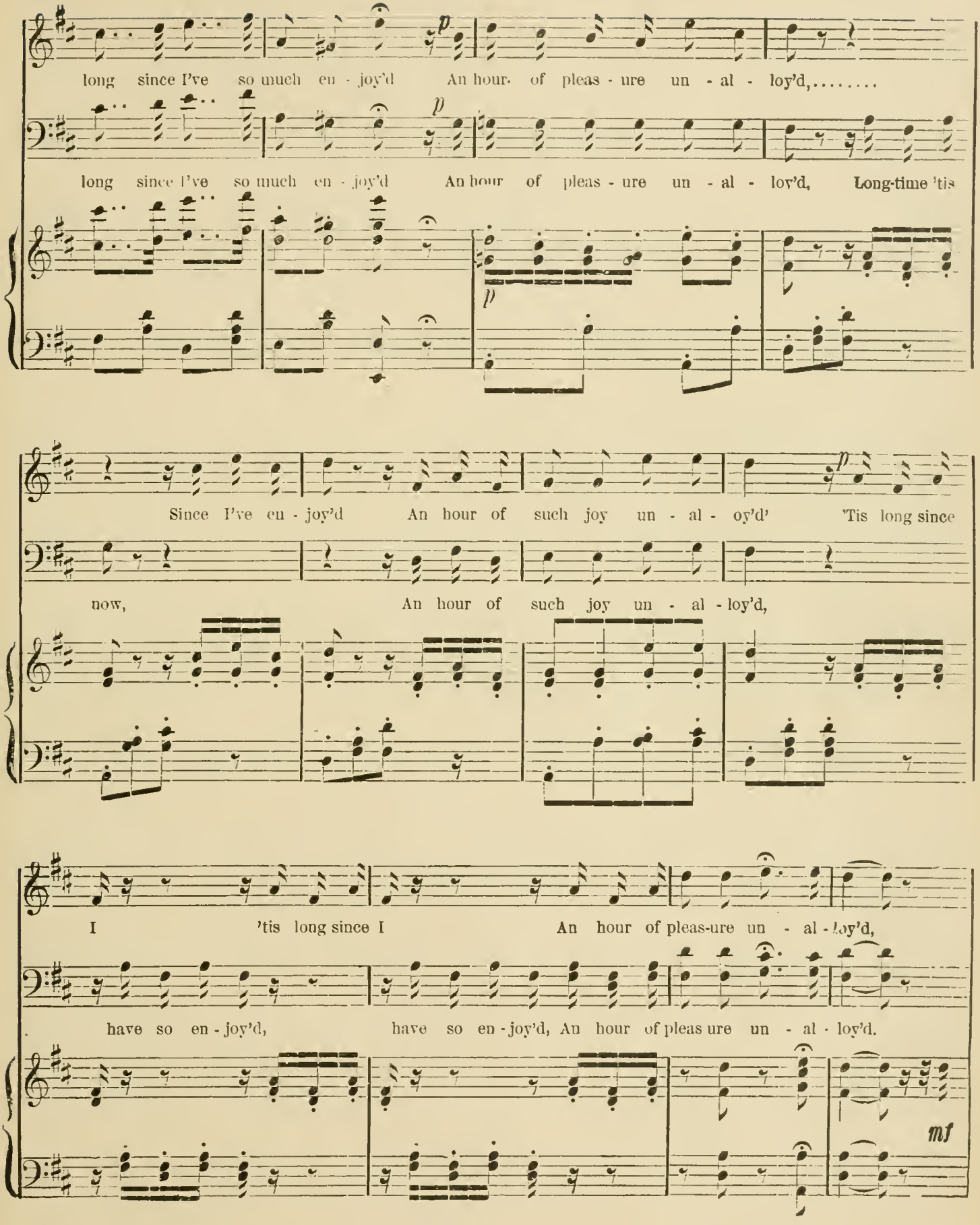
Andantino.
PIPPO.
Know'st thou those robes of gay bro - cade Set off thy fig - ure to per -
Andantino.
M.D.
BETTINA.
- fec - - - - tion? Quite hand-some thou art on in - spec - tion, As a danc - er ar -
PIPPO.
- ray'd. I've such de - light when thee I see..... That I'm of food and drink for -

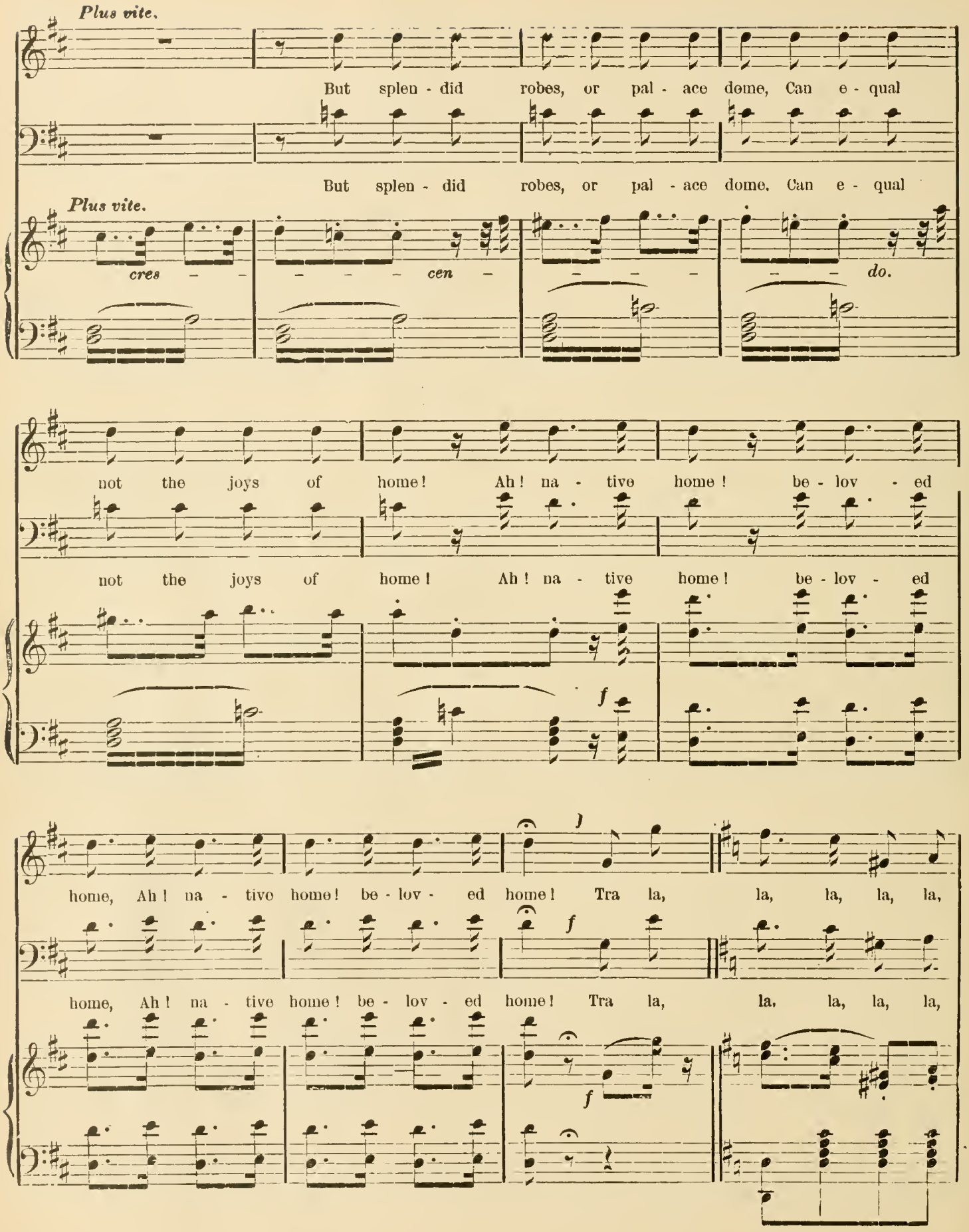

Bett.
I, life could pass, of naught re - gret - ful, Gaz - ing on - ly on thee.
- get - ful,
f
p
Allegro mon troppo.
What gen - tle bear - ing, what ad - dress, Thou'rt
Allegro mon troppo.
pp
hand - some, Pip - po, I con - fess,
Pippo.
And thou too, hast the well - bred air, of

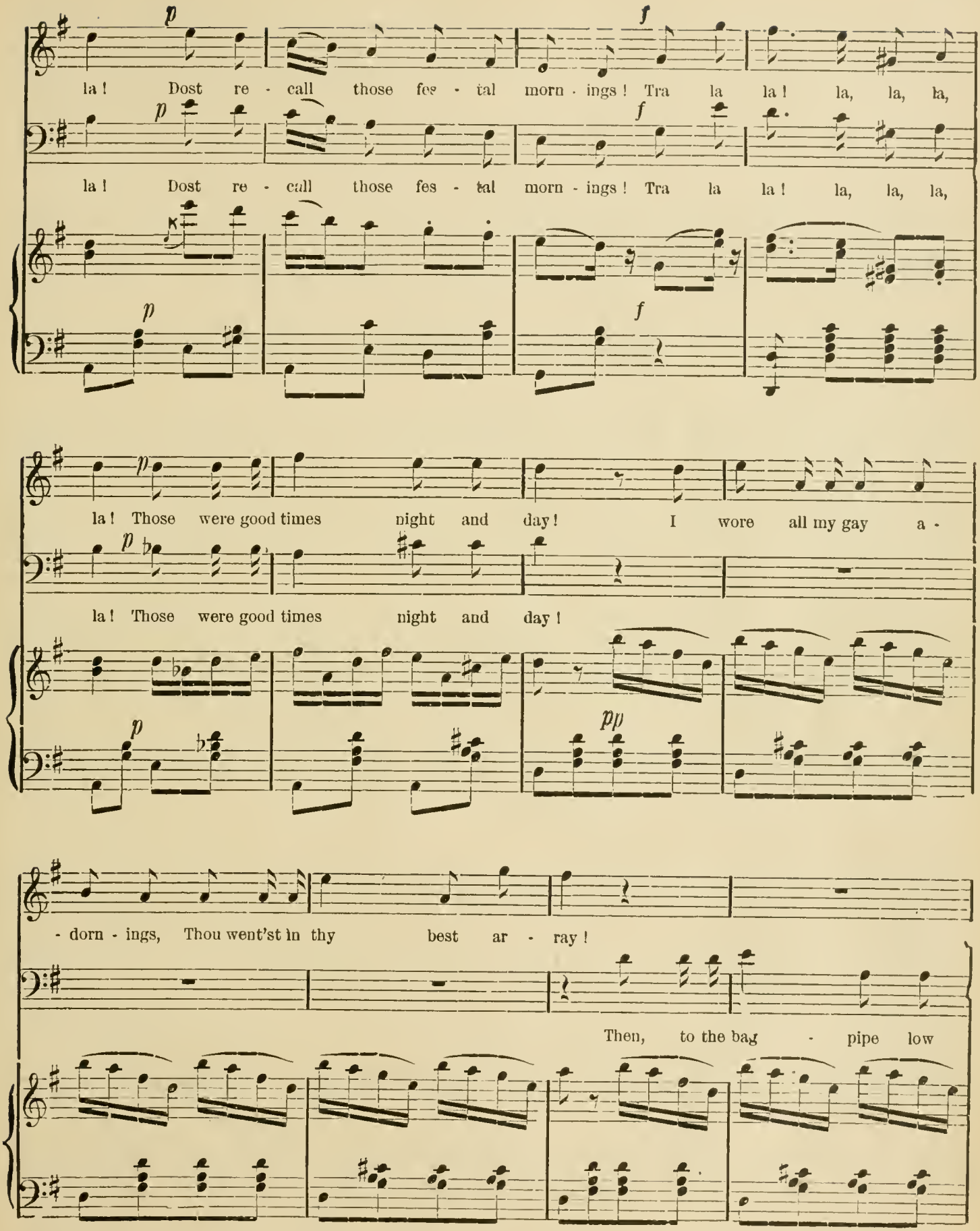

That's in the blood, 'tis not ac-quired, And came by na - ture
a true coun-tess Pa - na - da.
when in-spired!
Ah!
I saw how oth - ers play'd their game. And crack! at once I did the same, Ah!
f
what de-light our hearts at - tain, To find each oth - er once a - gain, 'Tis
what de-light our hearts at - tain, To find each oth - er once a - gain, 'Tis
anime.

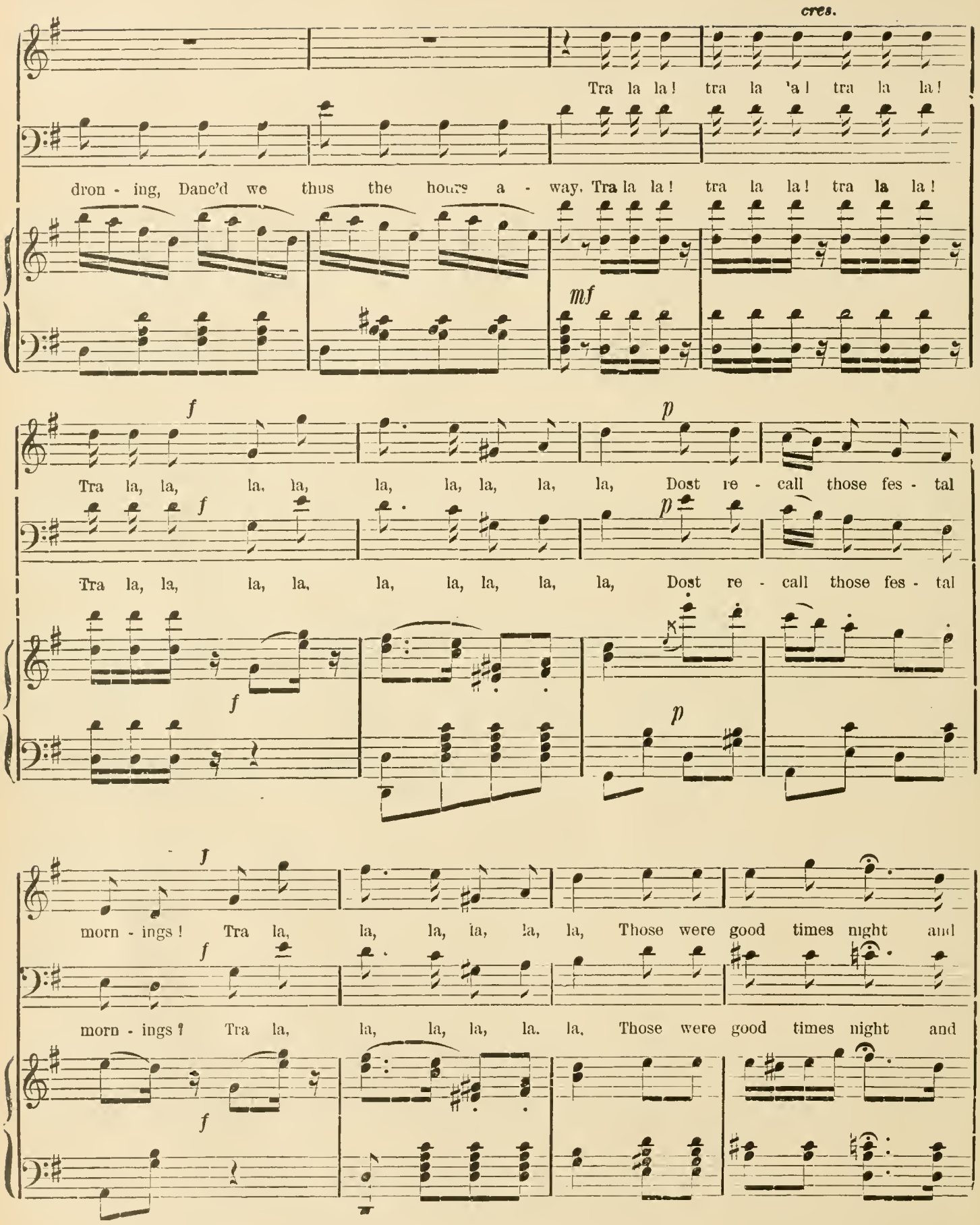

long since I've so much en - joy'd An hour of pleas - ure un - al - loy'de,.....
long since I've so much en - joy'd An hour of pleas - ure un - al - loy'de,.....
p
p
ff
1o tempo.
Bett.
Ar - ray'd thus like a mon - arch now, Say!
p
Pip - po, hast thou kept thy vow?
Pippo.
I ask, too, while ad - mir - ing thee, If

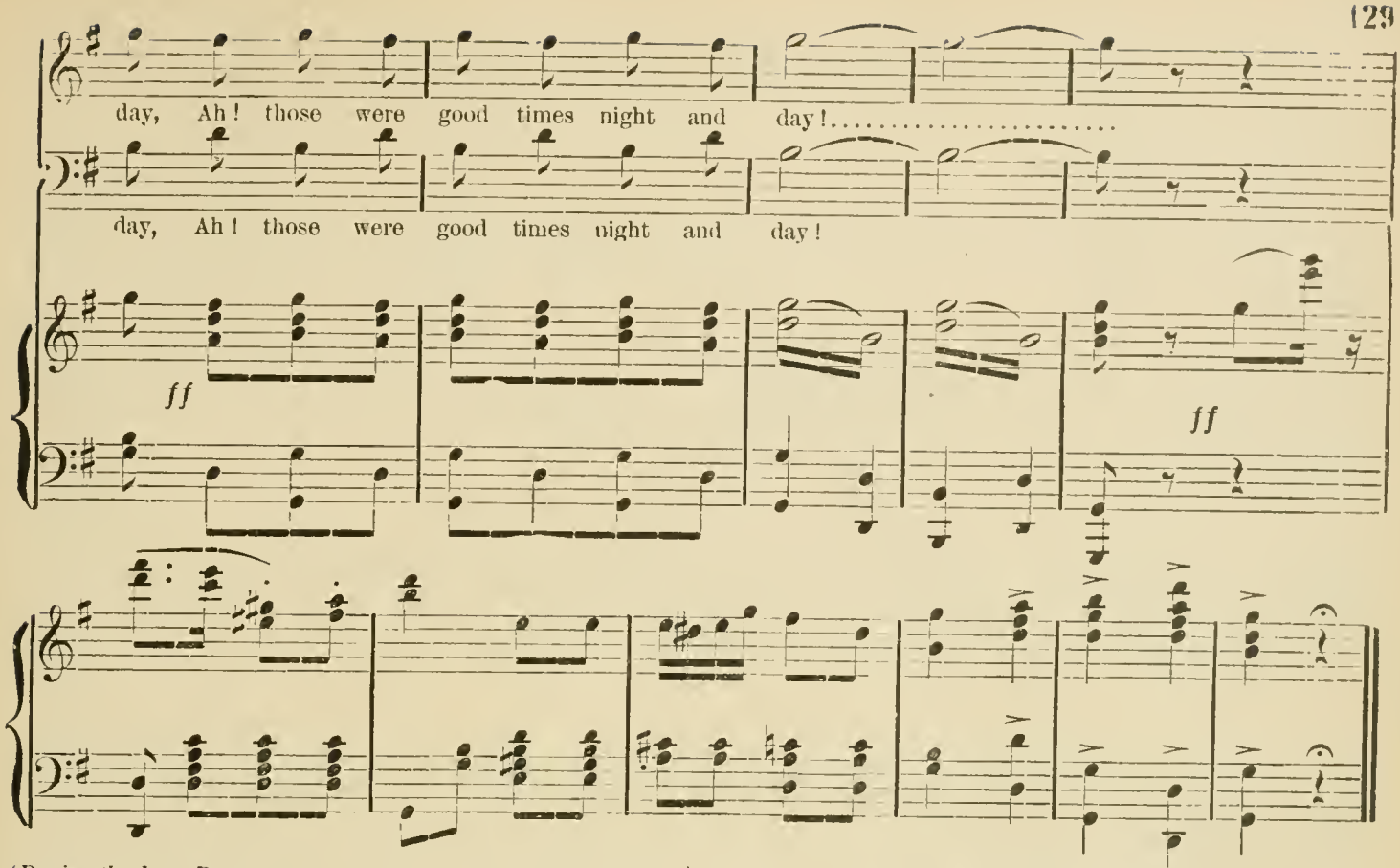

Bett.
O Pip - po, mine, as - sur - ed be, My heart has known no
still the same thou lov - est me.
anime.
change towards thee!
Ah!
Pippo.
And I, if I have changed my dress, Keep my heart truth-ful, none the less. Ah!
f
what de-light our hearts at - taiu, To find each oth - er once a - gain; 'Tis
what de-light our hearts at - tain, To find each oth - er once a - gain; 'Tis


long since I've so much en - joy'd An hour of pleas - ure un - al - loy'd,.....
long since I've so much en - joy'd An hour of pleas - ure un - al - loy'd, Long-time 'tis
Since I've en - joy'd An hour of such joy un - al - oy'd' 'Tis long since
now, An hour of such joy un - al - loy'd,
I 'tis long since I An hour of pleas-ure un - al - loy'd,
have so en - joy'd, have so en - joy'd, An hour of pleas ure un - al - loy'd.
p
mf


Plus vite.
But splen - did robes, or pal - ace dome, Can e - qual
But splen - did robes, or pal - ace dome, Can e - qual
Plus vite.
cres - - - - cen - - - - - - do.
not the joys of home! Ah! na - tive home! be - lov - ed
not the joys of home! Ah! na - tive home! be - lov - ed
f
home, Ah! na - tivo home! be - lov - ed home! Tra la, la, la, la, la,
home, Ah! na - tive home! be - lov - ed home! Tra la, la, la, la, la,
f
f


la! Dost re - call those fes - tal morn - ings! Tra la la! la, la, la,
la! Dost re - call those fes - tal morn - ings! Tra la la! la, la, la,
la! Those were good times night and day! I wore all my gay a -
la! Those were good times night and day!
- dorn - ings, Thou went'st in thy best ar - ray!
Then, to the bag - pipe low


cres.
Tra la la! tra la la! tra la la!
dron - ing, Danc'd we thus the hours a - way. Tra la la! tra la la! tra la la!
mf
f
p
Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Dost re - call those fes - tal
Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Dost re - call those fes - tal
f
p
f
morn - ings! Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, Those were good times night and
morn - ings! Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, Those were good times night and
f



(*During the dance* ROC. *enters,* L U.E., *stops at* C., *exclaims* Pippo!)

BET. Now, Pippo, let us haste! We must not be found here together. I will wait for you in my room. I long to fly away. (*Exits* L.)

PIP. And I too. I will get the dress at once. (*Exits* R.)

ROC. Pippo here! If the Prince knew the danger which threatens his Mascot! I must warn him. (*Seeing* LOR.) Here he comes. (*Enter* LOR. R.U.E ROC. *goes to him.*)

ROC. Oh, Prince! I wouldn't have believed it, if I hadn't seen it!

LOR. What? ROC. Pippo.

LOR. That monster again? ROC. Yes, 'tis he—Saltarelle!

LOR. The devil!

ROC. Precisely; he has come to carry off Bettina!

LOR. What carry off Bettina, my Mascot! I'll put a stopper on this gay Lothario. Let us seek him at once! (*They start to go; enter* FRED, R.U.E.)

FRED. (*With letter in his hand*) Ah, father-in-law! I was looking looking for you. I've something important to tell you.

LOR. The devil you have! (*To* ROC. *aside.*) Look after Pippo, and stop him at any price. (ROC. *exits* R.) I'm all attention. What's the matter?

FRED. It is a letter from papa which a messenger has just brought.

LOR. Your papa?

FRED. No, the letter. I'll read it to you. (*Reading.*)
"My Dear Cousin:—I should like very much to embrace my daughter."

LOR. (*Following his thought.*) Embrace her? But perhaps some one is embracing her now!

FRED. Some one embracing her?

LOR. A mere clown; nothing more.

FRED. My beloved one?

LOR. Heh! I beg pardon; go on

FRED. I continue. (*Reading.*) "I should like very much to embrace my daughter and kiss her." (*Noise of kissing outside.*)

LOR. A kiss! I heard one! (*He runs out* L. *quickly.*)

FRED. He's got 'em. I am sure of it!

LOR. (*Re-entering, aside.*) It was only a page kissing a maid of Honor. (*To* FRED.) I've had a fright. Where were we? Proceed.

FRED. (*Reading.*) "But this morning I was seized with an attack of the gout, and shall not be able to attend the marriage ceremony."

LOR. Her marriage? Never! But, my friend, you do not know. Perhaps at this very moment she may be marrying some one else.

FRED. Who? LOR. (*Louder.*) Her!

FRED. (*Louder.*) What her! LOR. (*Screaming.*) He!

FRED. (*Screaming.*) What he?

LOR. (*Furious.*) You can't understand anything! While we are here, he is probably pressing her to his heart!

FRED. He! Who? What?

LOR. Oh, no! What am I talking about? Go on. I am a little excited. that's all.

FRED. So am I, for that matter. I will continue. (*Reading.*) "I shall not be able to attend the marriage ceremony. I send you by this messenger"——(*Noise of kisses outside.*)

LOR. Another kiss! I've got him this time, sure! (*Runs off* L.)

FRED. (*Continues reading.*) "By this messenger my blessing, and some wedding presents." (*Looking up discovers* LOR. *gone.*) Gone again! He's got 'em about as bad as they generally have 'em. (*He walks up. Enter* PIPPO, *hurriedly, from* R.; *they meet.* Pippo! You here? PIP. In heaven's name, silence!

FRED I understand. You are after Bettina?

PIP. Yes; but say nothing, I beg of you!

FRED Have no fears. In me you see a friend. If I can assist you, I am your service.

PIP. Oh, thank you! Tell me, where is her room!

FRED. Close at hand. Come, quickly, or you will be seized.

PIP. I follow you. (*They turn to go up.* LOR. *appears at back with guards.*) LOR. Hold there, Mr. Pippo! FRED. Dished!

PIP. Done for!

LOR. (*To guards.*) Look well after that man. He has dared to come in here; he does not go out again.

PIP. (*Gayly.*) Then you give me a position at court?

LOR. Yes, an elevated one. You will be hanged! FRED. Hung!

PIP. Allow me——

LOR. I'll allow nothing! (*To the guards.*) Guard him well. You will answer for him with your heads! (*To* PIP.) Stay where you are. I am going to regulate you a little. (*Exits quickly guards place themselves at back.*

PIP. Hanged! So I am to be hanged? There's food for reflection!

FRED. But why have you been so indiscreet? Why have you dared to approach the Prince's favorite?

PIP. What? The Prince's favorite? 'Tis false!

FRED. False, is it? Reflect a moment. Why has the Prince brought her to court? Why has he made her a Countess?

PIP. (*Staggered.*) 'Tis true; but I cannot believe it!

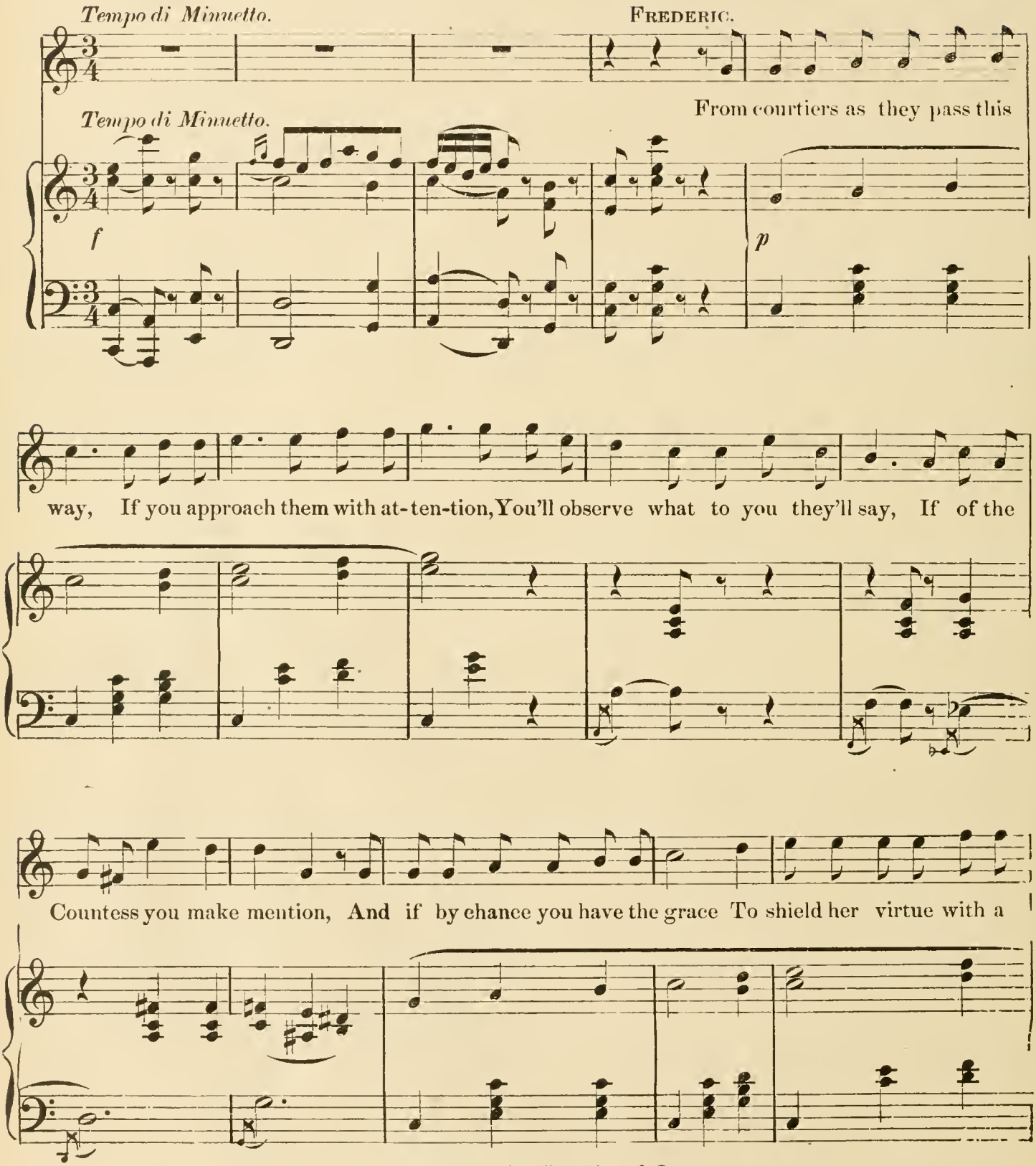
FRED. Why is he the slave of her caprices? Why does he watch over her like the most jealous of lovers?

PIP. (*Sorrowfully.*) Too true!

FRED. Besides, no one is ignorant of it. You have only to ask, to be told.

"FROM COURTIERS AS THEY PASS."

No. 24. COUPLETS.


Tempo di Minuetto.
FREDERIC.
From courtiers as they pass this
Tempo di Minuetto.
f
p
way, If you approach them with at-ten-tion, You'll observe what to you they'll say, If of the
Countess you make mention, And if by chance you have the grace To shield her virtue with a

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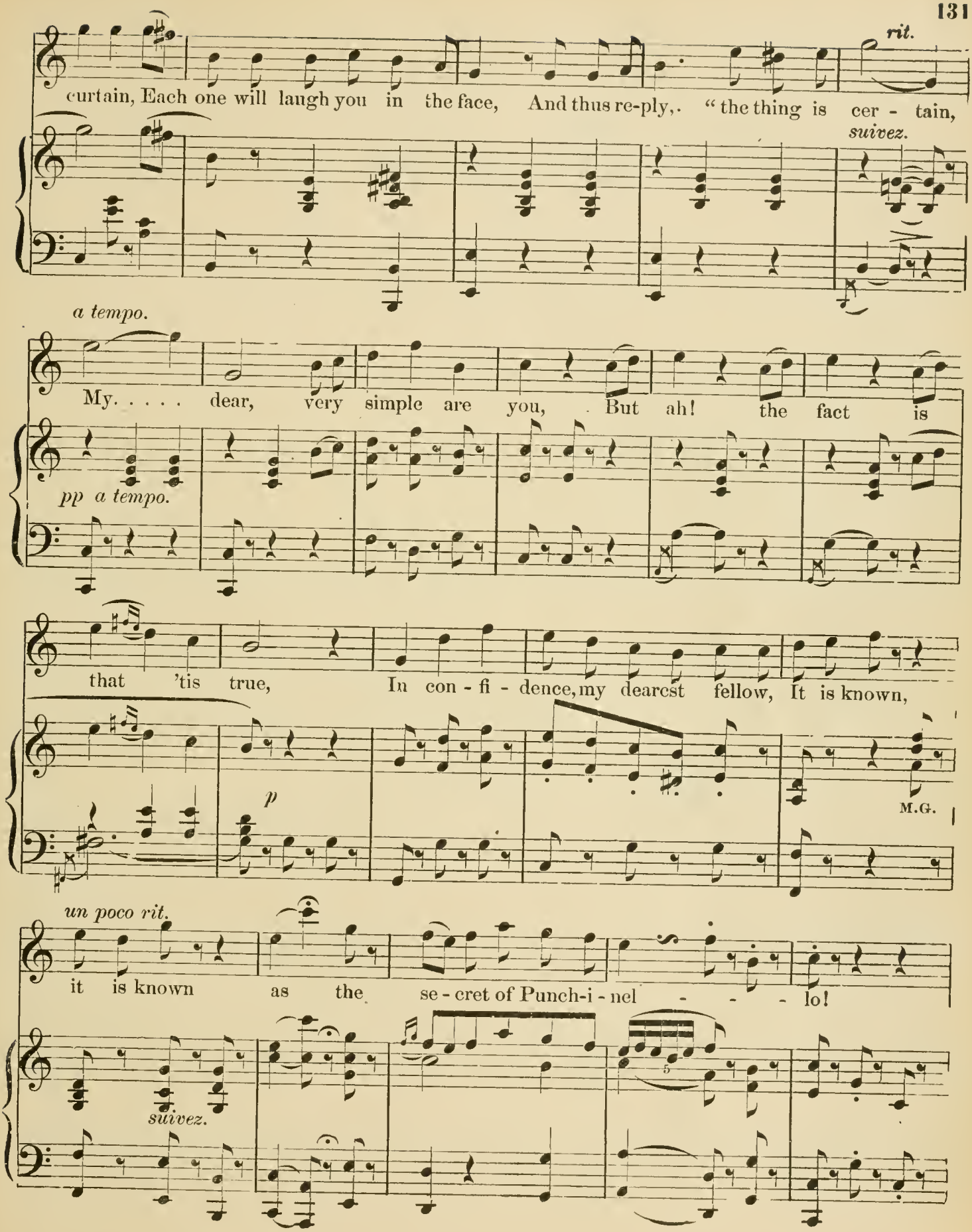
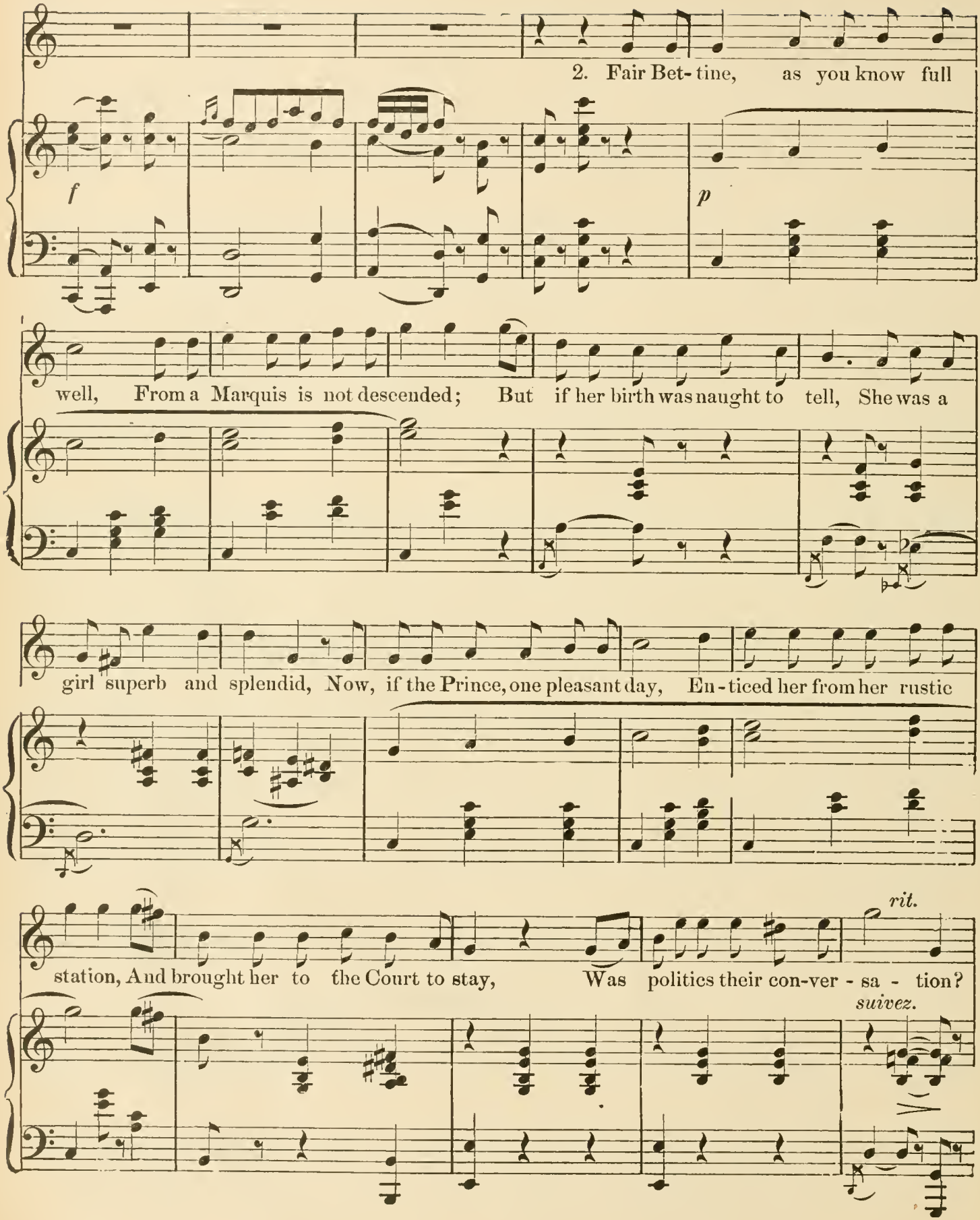

rit.
curtain, Each one will laugh you in the face, And thus re-ply,. "the thing is cer - tain,
suivez.
a tempo.
My. . . . . dear, very simple are you, But ah! the fact is
pp a tempo.
that 'tis true, In con - fi - dence, my dearest fellow, It is known,
p
M.G.
un poco rit.
it is known as the se - cret of Punch-i - nel - - - - lo!
suivez.


2. Fair Bet- tine, as you know full
f
p
well, From a Marquis is not descended; But if her birth was naught to tell, She was a
girl superb and splendid, Now, if the Prince, one pleasant day, En-ticed her from her rustic
station, And brought her to the Court to stay, Was politics their con-ver - sa - tion?
rit.
suivez.

a tempo.

My. . . . . dear, very simple are you, But ah! the fact, the

pp a tempo.

scan - dal's true, In con - fi - dence, my dearest fellow, It is called,

p

M.G.

it is known as the se - cret of Punch-i - nel - - - - lo!

suivez.

f

FRED. My dear fellow, I sympathize with you. Speaking frankly, you are too simple; but pardon me, if I leave you. I go to my wedding; you go to the gallows. Yes, my dear fellow, I sympathize with you deeply! (*Au revoir. He exits* L.)

PIP. Bettina false! And I was ready to marry her! He is right. I *am* very simple, and she is making game of me. But I'll be revenged—yes, sufficiently revenged. Alas, how? I am a pris- (*He throws himself into a chair, his head in his hands.* FIAMETTA *enters softly from* R., *sees* PIPPO. *She goes to the guards, speaks softly to them, they go out. She comes down where* PIPPO *can see her.*)

FIAM. Ahem! PIP. (*Turning round.*) The Princess!

FIAM. Ah, at last, I see you again!

PIP. (*To himself.*) At last she sees me! There is nothing strange in that. (*Aloud.*) You are interested in me, then!

FIAM. Why do you ask? Can't you see that I am?—that I have eyes for no one but you?

PIP. (*Aside.*) Upon my word, she takes my breath away. (*Aloud.*) But you forget, my lady——

FIAM. I forget nothing, noble Pippo. I love you—I confess it! (*Throws herself on his breast.*)

PIP. Splendid! Delicious! I had no idea she was so nice!

FIAM. (*Drawing back a little.*) But tell me, Pippo—is it true that you love Bettina?

PIP. Bettina? No! She has played me false. I hate her! (*Aside.*) Oh, how sweet is revenge!

FIAM. Then there is nothing to prevent your loving me?

PIP. No. (*Aside.*) I'm in for it!

FIAM. (*Taking his arm and putting it around her waist.*) We shall be very happy—eh, Pippo? (*Impatiently.*) Say something sweet to me!

PIP. You are charming. (*Aside.*) No nonsense about her!

FIAM. Say more! PIP. You are delicious!

FIAM. More yet! PIP. Well then, I adore you!

FIAM. Yes! PIP. I idolize you!

FIAM. Yes!

PIP. I worship you! (*Stops suddenly.*) Shall I kiss you.

FIAM. Oh, no; not now! Presently, when papa is here.

PIP. (*Thunderstruck.*) What!

FIAM. I have asked papa to come here with two witnesses.

PIP. You did that?

FIAM. Yes; I wish to be compromised. Then, papa will be obliged to let us marry. Do you understand?

PIP. Yes, yes; I understand. (*Aside.*) What a lark!

FIAM. (*Looking off,* L.) Here is papa! Quick! Quick! Press me to your heart. Kiss me, and speak words burning with love!

PIP. Burning with love? We'll have a conflagration here directly.

FIAM Yes, yes! Go on!

PIP. (*With fervor.*) Fiametta, here upon this breast I clasp thee! Oh, my angel! My idol!

FIAM. That's right—keep it up! (PIP. *presses her to his heart, and kisses her several times. In the meantime,* LOR. *has appeared at the back of stage, with two lords. He is dumbfounded.*)

LOR. Heaven! What do I see? My daughter in that monster's arms! (*To* FIAM.) And is it for this you have summoned me hence? FIAM. Yes, papa.

LOR. Leave us gentleman! Remember, you have seen nothing. (*The lords go out. To* PIP.) As for you, you scoundrel!——

FIAM. (*Putting her arms around* PIP.) Tear him from my arms, if you will!

PIP. Yes, tear me from her arms, if you will! (*To* FIAM.) Hold me tight! LOR. 'Tis useless.

FIAM. I love him! The witnesses you have brought can vertify it. All the court will know it. You have only one course to take—let us marry.

LOR. (*To himself.*) Just like Bettina! Ah—an idea! If I should marry my daughter to Pippo, Bettina cannot marry him. It will be a terrible *mesalliance*, but I shall keep my Mascot. Shall I hesitate? No! (*To* PIP.) Come here. From this day forth, you are Duke of Villa Rosa! PIP. I?

LOR. You possess an in income of 50,000 crowns, which you will draw from my treasury PIP. (*Kneeling.*) But Prince——

LOR. Rise. I shall not feel it; for I can increase the taxes! Now that you have become a desirable person, I give you my daughter in marriage.

PIP. (*Stupified.*) Am I dreaming? (*To* FIAM.) Pinch me!

LOR. (*Meaningly.*) Later, my friend!

FIAM. Thank you, papa—you are very good—very kind!

LOR. Duke, you must hasten and dress as befits your rank for the ceremony. I am going to give orders. (*He rings bell, page appears at back* LOR. *whispers to him;* BET. *enters and runs to* PIPPO.)

BET. Ah, Pippo! why have you not come? I have been waiting for you.

PIP. (*Stepping from her with a haughty gesture.*) Pardon me, ma dame; I am engaged.

LOR. Come along, Duke Villa Rosa. BET. (*Surprised.*) Villa Rosa

PIP. Yes, father-in-law, I'll hasten and dress myself.

LOR. Make haste, son-in-law! PIPPO *exits,* L.U.E., *with pages, after having cast a look of disdain upon* BETTINA.)

BET. (*At left of* LOR.) Father-in-law! He calls you father-in-law!

LOR Yes, he is going to marry my daughter!

FIAM. (*At right of* LOR.) He adores me!

BET. And you would steal my PIPPO from me? Oh, no! This marriage will never take place!

FIAM. And what's to prevent it, my little one?

BET. Me—her little one! Oh!——

FIAM. (*Sneeringly.*) Why not, dear Countess?

BET. (*Threatning her.*) Don't you dear Countess me!

LOR. Come, come young ladies, this will never do!

FIAM. She only knows farm yard language!

BET. (*Furious. Snatches glove from* LOR'S *right hand, and throws it at* FIAM.) There! Take that! I defy you!

FIAM. (*Snatches glove from* LOR'S *left hand, and throws it at* BET.) As for me, there's my answer!

LOR. (*Bewildered.*) Bettina! My daughter!

BET. (*Snatches hat from* LOR'S *head, and throws it at* FIAM.) There! There!

FIAM. (*Snatching sceptre, or staff, from* LOR. *and throwing it at* BET.) Very well—there!

LOR. (*Calling loudly.*) Rocco, Rocco! Help, help! (ROC. *enters at back.*) ROC. What is the matter!

LOR. Look after Bettina. (*To* FIAM.) And you go dress yourself.

FIAM. I obey, papa. (*Starts to go off* R., *stops at wing.*) Very soon, dear Countess!

BET. (*Exasperated.*) Oh!——(*She goes to throw herself on* FIAM. ROC. *attempts to hold her back and is thrown against* LOR., *who nearly falls.* FIAM. *goes out, laughing loudly.*)

LOR. Come, my dear Bettina—calm yourself.

BET. Never; so long as you give your daughter to Mr. Pippo!

ROC. What do I hear?

LOR. Why not, since they love each other? Put yourself in my place.

BET. They love each other? That is why he repulsed me, just now I understand it all. He prefers a Princess to me. Ah, the traitor!

LOR. Why shouldn't he—I mean, why should he? Now, stop, and think a moment. He cares nothing for you.

BET. You are right. He will think, perhaps, that I mourn for him, and that, in despair, I shall wear the willow. (*Laughs nervously.*) Oh, *no!* I shall not want in getting married.

ROC. You!

LOR. But, Bettina, can't you see that it would be best to remain single?

BET. No, no, no! I tell you! I will be married. I will marry anybody—everybody!

LOR. Heavens! And she cooly contemplates bigamy.

ROC. (*Aside to* LOR.) I have an idea! Give her to me; I will marry her! LOR. You?

ROC. Yes; as a matter of form only. Your Mascot will still be preserved

LOR. You will? But, no. On second thoughts, I will marry her, as a matter of form, myself. (*To* BET.) Bettina, I have found you a husband! BET. A husband?

LOR. Yes; it will be a magnificent match. *He* is a man of a certain age, but *he* is well preserved. BET. Who is the he?

LOR. In me you see the he. BET. You?

LOR. Yes; think of it! You will be Princess Piombina—you will be all-powerful.

BET. More powerful than Pippo and Fiametta? I should just like to be able to bulldoze them a little!

LOR. You can, perfectly!

BET. I accept you; but, I warn you, I shall not love you!

LOR. Suits me exactly. I don't want to be loved! Under the circumstances, it would be wholly out of the proper order of things. (*Aside.*) Now she will be safe for all time to come! (*Aloud.*) We will have the two weddings to-gether.

BET. Just what I should like!

LOR. Very well. Now, run and put on your best white dress.

BET. I go; it won't take long. (*Exits* L. *hurriedly.*)

LOR. And above all, don't forget the orange-blossoms!

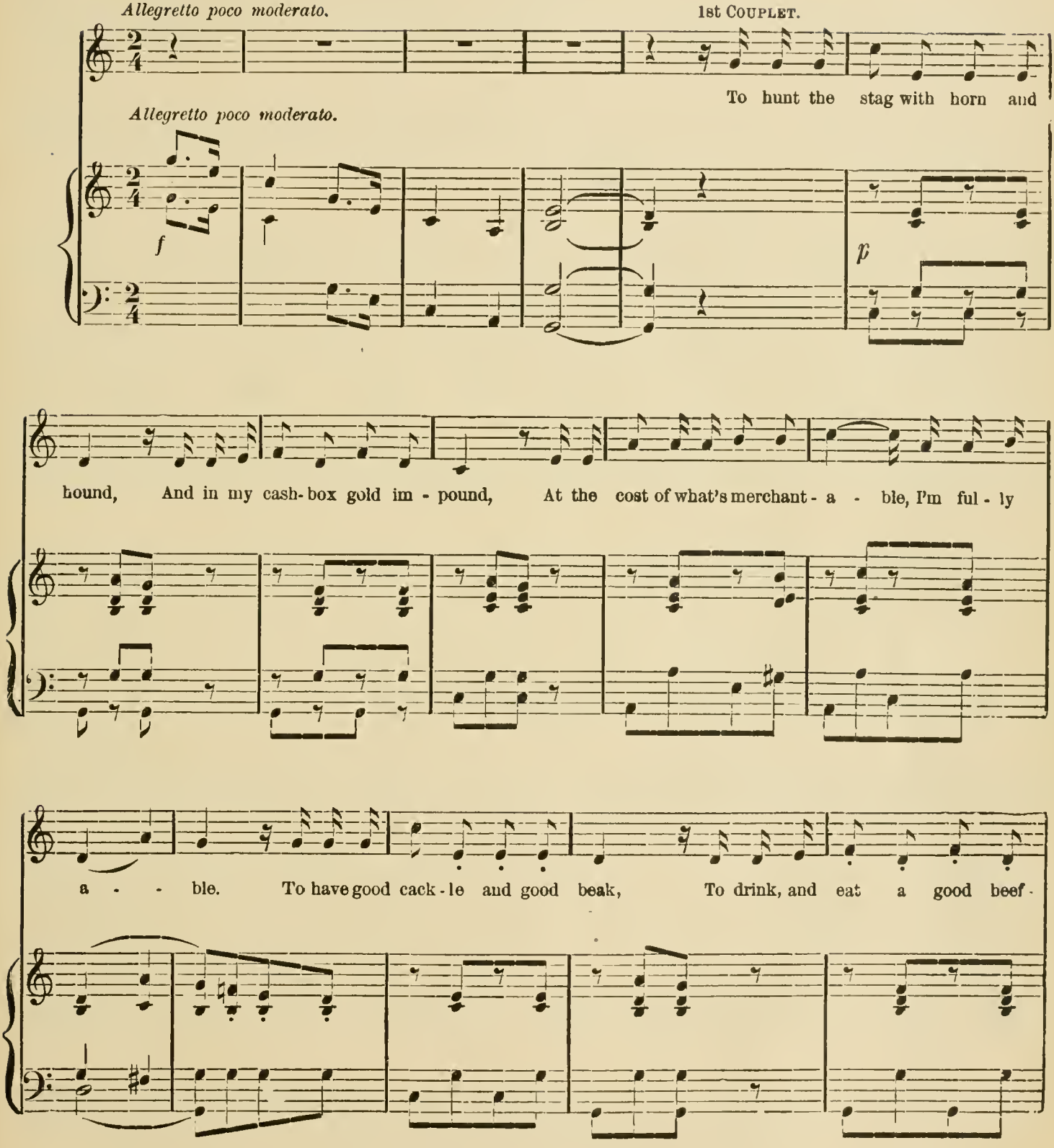
ROC. She is worthy of it!

LOR. She shall always be worthy of it!

TO HUNT THE STAG.

No. 25. COUPLETS. Lorenzo.

Allegretto poco moderato. 1st COUPLET.


To hunt the stag with horn and hound, And in my cash-box gold im-pound, At the cost of what's merchant-a-ble, I'm ful-ly a---ble. To have good cack-le and good beak, To drink, and eat a good beef-

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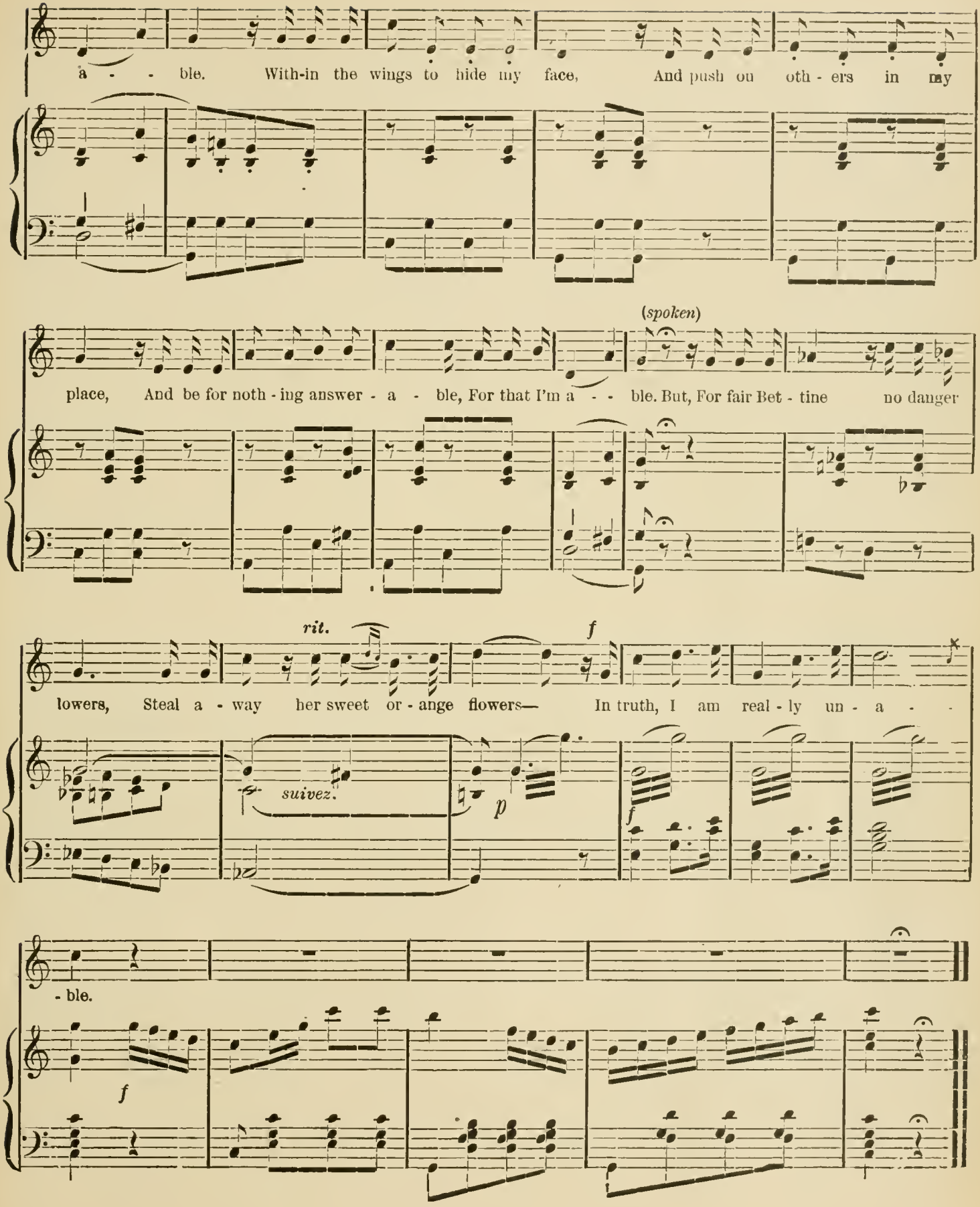
(spoken)
- steak, With bel - ly press'd against the ta - ble, I'm al - so a - - ble. But, For fair Bet - tine no danger
rit.
f
lowers, Steal a - way her sweet or - ange flowers— In truth, I am real - ly un - a - -
suivez.
p
f
2d Couplet.
- ble!
To promise all my peo - ple
f
p
much, But still naught let them take or touch, Is pol - i - tic changeless and sta - ble, For that I'm


a - - ble. With-in the wings to hide my face, And push ou oth - ers in my
(spoken)
place, And be for noth - ing answer - a - ble, For that I'm a - - ble. But, For fair Bet - tine no danger
rit.
f
lowers, Steal a - way her sweet or - ange flowers— In truth, I am real - ly un - a - -
suivez.
p
f
- ble.
f

(*Enter* FRED. *in wedding dress*, L.U.E.)

FRED. Here I am, father-in-law; here I am. I hope I am not late.

LOR. (*Aside to* ROC.) Frederic! Hang it all, I had forgotten him.

ROC. What are you going to say to him?

LOR. Ask me an easier one.

FRED. Well, father-in-law, where is my lovely bride?

LOR. Your bride? (*Bursting into a loud laugh.*) Ha, ha, ha!

ROC. (*Likewise.*) Ho, ho, ho!

FRED. (*Astonished.*) Hey? What?

LOR. (*Nudging* ROC.) Let me alone for a racket (*To* FRED.) Prince. (*Laughing again.*) Ha, ha, ha!

ROC. (*Same business.*) Ho, ho, ho!

FRED. Father-in-law has evidently taken a drop too much.

LOR. (*Still laughing.*) The fact is, my friend, another husband has turned up.

FRED. Another husband! Such an insult. Do not forget, Prince, that papa is an old warrior.

LOR. (*Snapping fingers in* FREDERIC'S *face. He jumps one side.*) That for your old warrior.

ROC. (*Same business.* FRED. *jumps back again.*) That for your old warrior.

LOR. (*Aside.*) With my Mascot, I shall win all the battles.

FRED. Is that your last word?

LOR. The last.

FRED. Very well, I leave you; but before I go, who has taken my place?

LOR. (*Pointing to* PIPPO, *who enters*, L.) He will tell you.

FRED. Pippo!

PIP. Yes, it is I, Pippo. I've changed my mind. Instead of going to the gallows, I have taken your place at the wedding. My dear fellow, you are too simple, I sympathize with you deeply. I do upon my word. (*Turns back upon him*).

FRED. Maledictions! I'll be revenged!

(*Enter* FIAMETTA, R.)

(*During chorus*, "I'm ready now," PIPPO *advances bowing, and gives his hand to* FIAMETTA. "My bride intended all may view." LORENZO *points to* BETTINA, *who appear at back*, C., *in wedding dress. She comes down and sings* "Why, yes, 'Tis my own self, etc." *During chorus* "Yes, we've had too much talk, etc," LORENZO *goes to* BETTINA, *on the* L., *gives her his hand and advances up stage, escorted by maids of honor and pages.* PIPPO *goes to* FIAMETTA *on the* R., *gives her his hand, and advances up stage, equally escorted by maids and pages. The two parties meet up* C. *With a spontaneous movement,* BETTINA *drops* LORENZO'S *hand, and* PIPPO *that of* FIAMETTA, *they throw themselves towards one another, and quickly come down front together. General commotion follows.* "How will he bear to be mistaken." BETTINA *and* PIPPO *leap through window*, R. *Every one screams* "Oh!" LORENZO *faints in* ROCCO'S *arms*, FIAMETTA *in the arms of her maids of honor. Tableau.*)

FINALE.

No. 26. All the Characters and Chorus.

Allo. Moderato.

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PAGES AND COMEDIANS, *with the Sopranos*

SOPRANOS.

That is the prin - cess' groom in mar - riage, Hand - some is he, a

TENORS.

That is the prin - cess' groom in mar - riage, Hand - some is he, a

BASSES.

That is the prin - cess' groom in mar - riage, Hand - some is he, a

well - made youth! What rare grace, and what no - ble car - - riage!

well - made youth! What rare grace, and what no - ble car - - riage!

well - made youth! What rare grace, and what no - ble car - - riage!

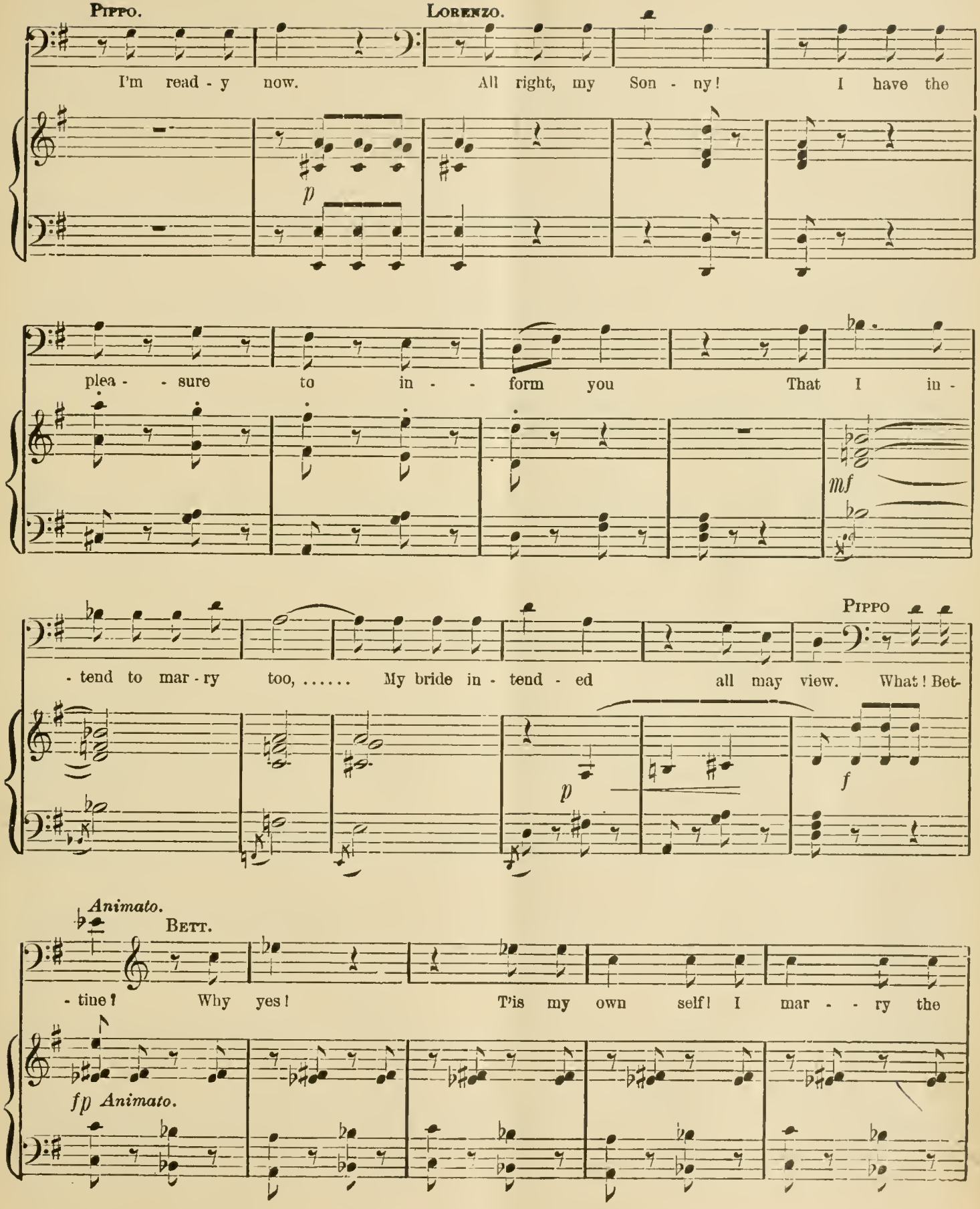
He is a hus - band brave in truth. Yes, that's the princess' groom in
He is a hus - band brave in truth. Yes, that's the princess' groom in
He is a hus - band brave in truth. Yes, that's the princess' groom in
3
mar - - riage, Hand - - some is he! a well - made youth!
mar - - riage, Hand - - some is he! a well - made youth!
mar - - riage, Hand - - some is he! a well - made youth!

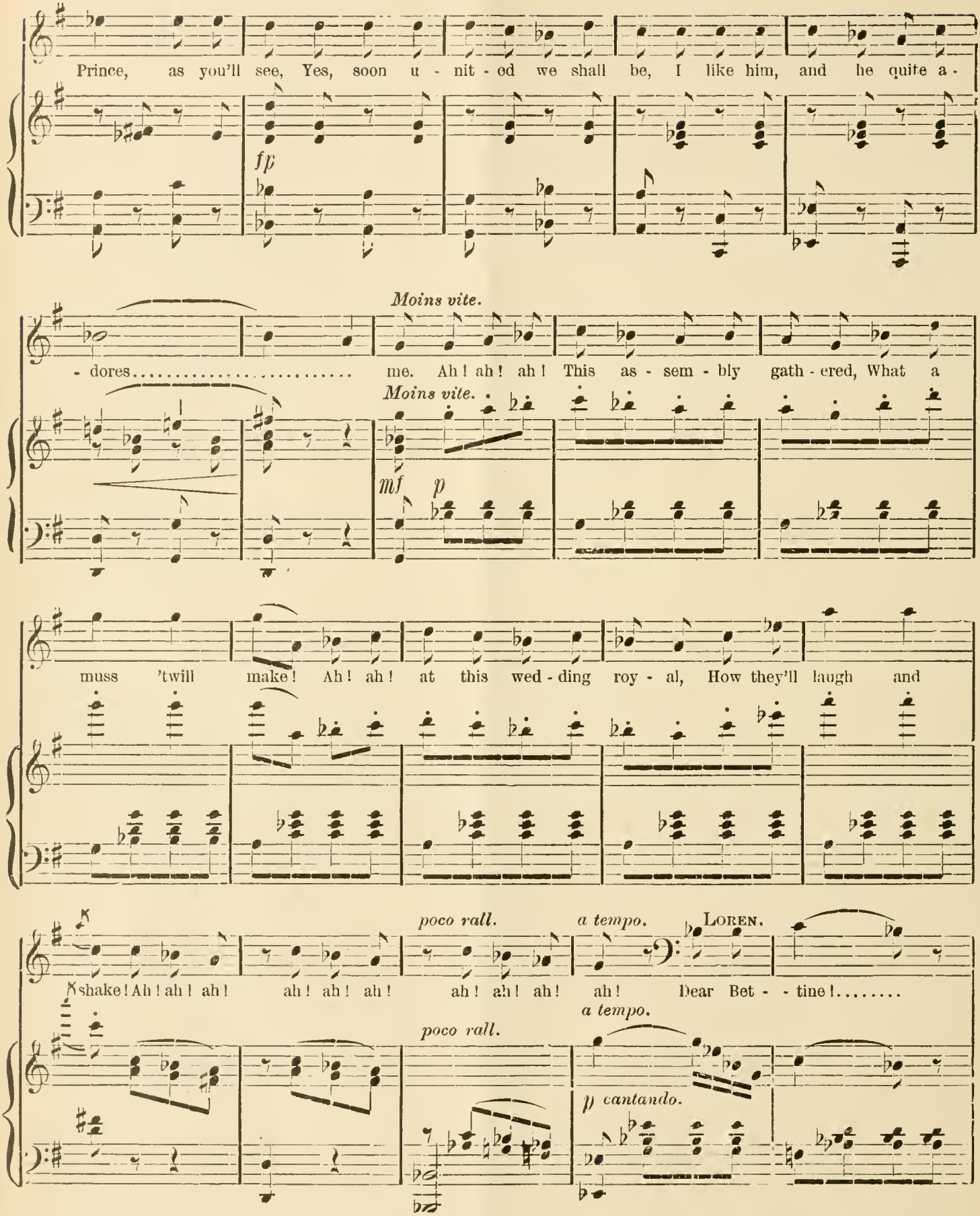
What rare grace! what no - ble car - - - riage! A mod - - el
What rare grace! what no - ble car - - - riage! A mod - - el
What rare grace! what no - ble car - - riage! A mod - - el

hus - - band he's, in truth! Good
hus - - band he's, in truth! Good
hus - - band he's, in truth! Good

looks hath he! A well - made youth! In
looks hath he! A well - made youth! In
looks hath he! A well - made youth! In

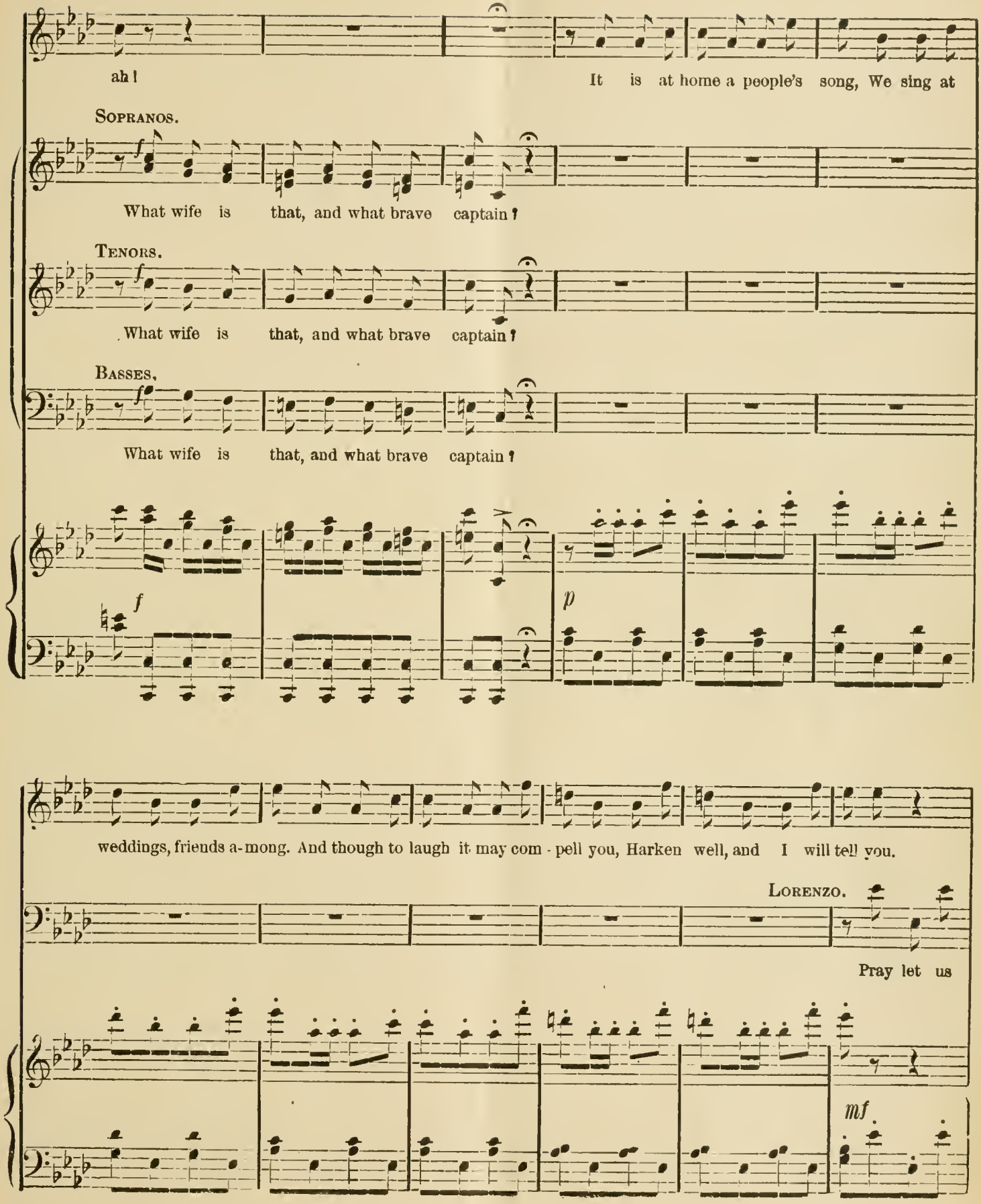
truth, A mod - el hus - band he's, in truth.
truth, A mod - el hus - band he's, in truth.
truth, A mod - el hus - band he's, in truth.

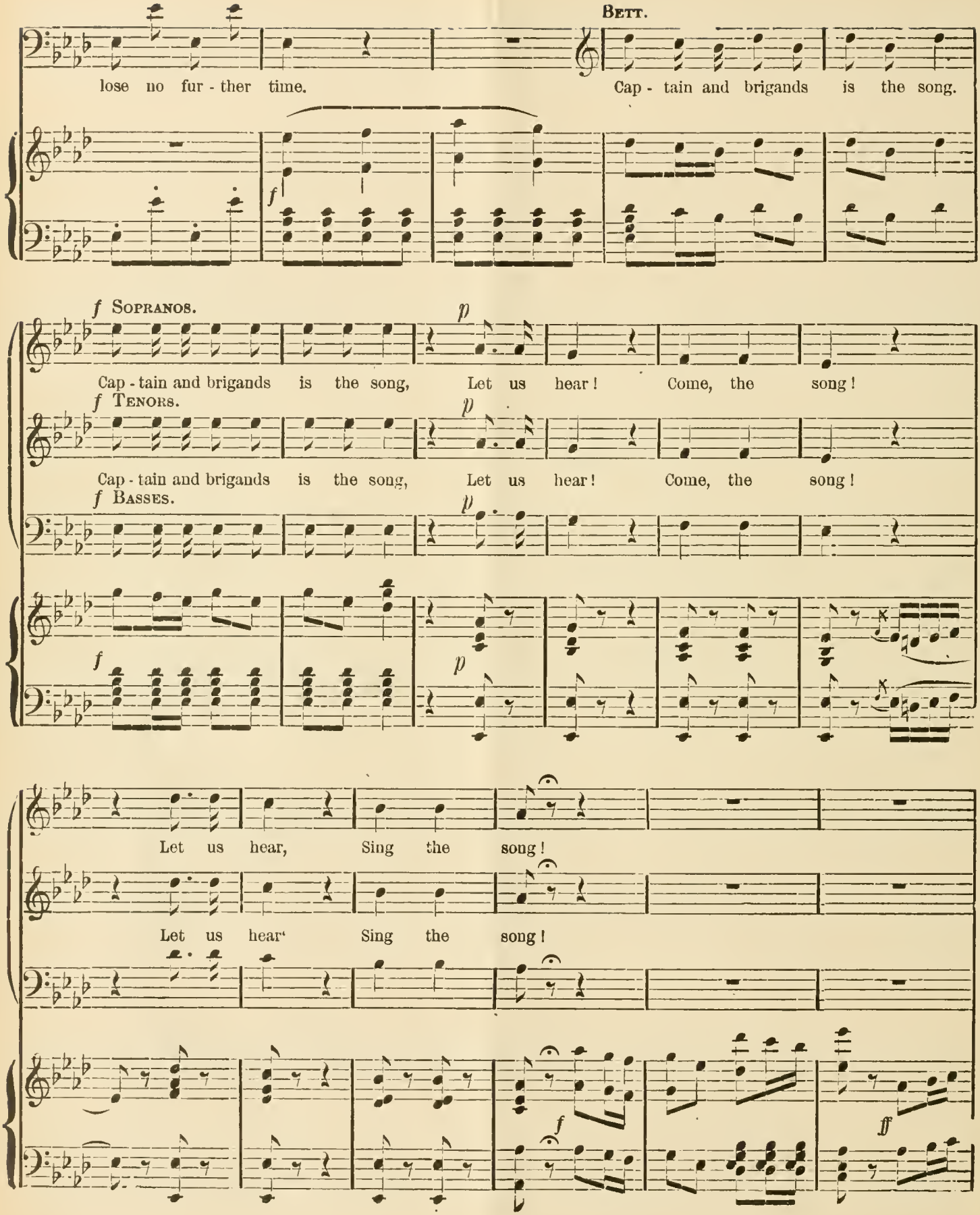

Pippo.
Lorenzo.
I'm read - y now.
All right, my Son - ny! I have the
p
plea - - sure to in - - form you That I in -
mf
Pippo
- tend to mar - ry too, ... My bride in - tend - ed all may view. What! Bet-
p
f
Animato.
Bett.
- tine! Why yes! T'is my own self! I mar - - ry the
fp Animato.


Prince, as you'll see, Yes, soon u - nit - ed we shall be, I like him, and he quite a -
fp
- dores..... me. Ah! ah! ah! This as - sem - bly gath - ered, What a
Moins vite.
Moins vite.
mf
p
muss 'twill make! Ah! ah! at this wed - ding roy - al, How they'll laugh and
poco rall.
a tempo.
LOREN.
shake! Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! Dear Bet - - tine!.....
poco rall.
a tempo.
p cantando.

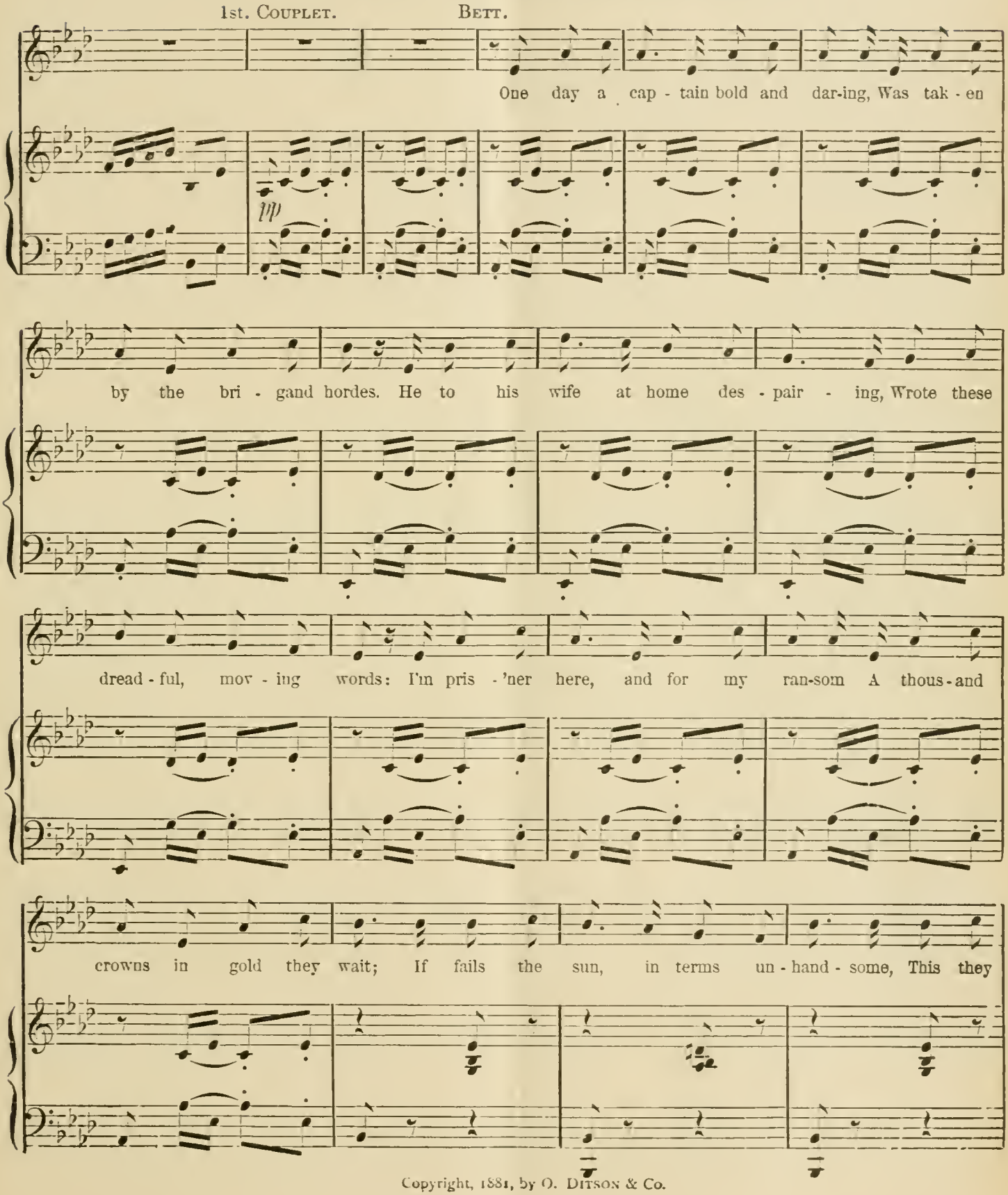
Bett.
pray be calm and stead - - y.
I am gay!.....
pass - ing 'tis al - - ready. Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
f
Lorenzo.
1o. Tempo.
Pleas - ure and mirth I dear - ly love. Ah! ah! ah! That may in
1o. Tempo.
p
3
Bett.
fu - ture troublous prove. Be re - as - sured!..... When I'm queen
cantando.
p

Bett.
con - - sort, True I'll be to you..... ev - - er - - -
- more, And faith - ful - ly your life watch o'er!.... Ah! ah! ah! ah!
ah!..... Like the wife of that brave cap - tain, Ah! ah! ah! ah!


ah!
It is at home a people's song, We sing at
Sopranos.
What wife is that, and what brave captain?
Tenors.
What wife is that, and what brave captain?
Basses.
What wife is that, and what brave captain?
f
p
weddings, friends a-mong. And though to laugh it may com - pell you, Harken well, and I will tell you.
Lorenzo.
Pray let us
mf


Bett.
lose no fur - ther time.
Cap - tain and brigands is the song.
f
f Sopranos.
p
Cap - tain and brigands is the song, Let us hear! Come, the song!
f Tenors.
p
Cap - tain and brigands is the song, Let us hear! Come, the song!
f Basses.
p
f
p
Let us hear, Sing the song!
Let us hear Sing the song!
f
ff

ONE DAY A CAPTAIN BOLD.


1st. Couplet.
Bett.
One day a cap - tain bold and dar-ing, Was tak - en
pp
by the bri - gand hordes. He to his wife at home des - pair - ing, Wrote these
dread - ful, mov - ing words: I'm pris - 'ner here, and for my ran-som A thous - and
crowns in gold they wait; If fails the sun, in terms un - hand - some, This they

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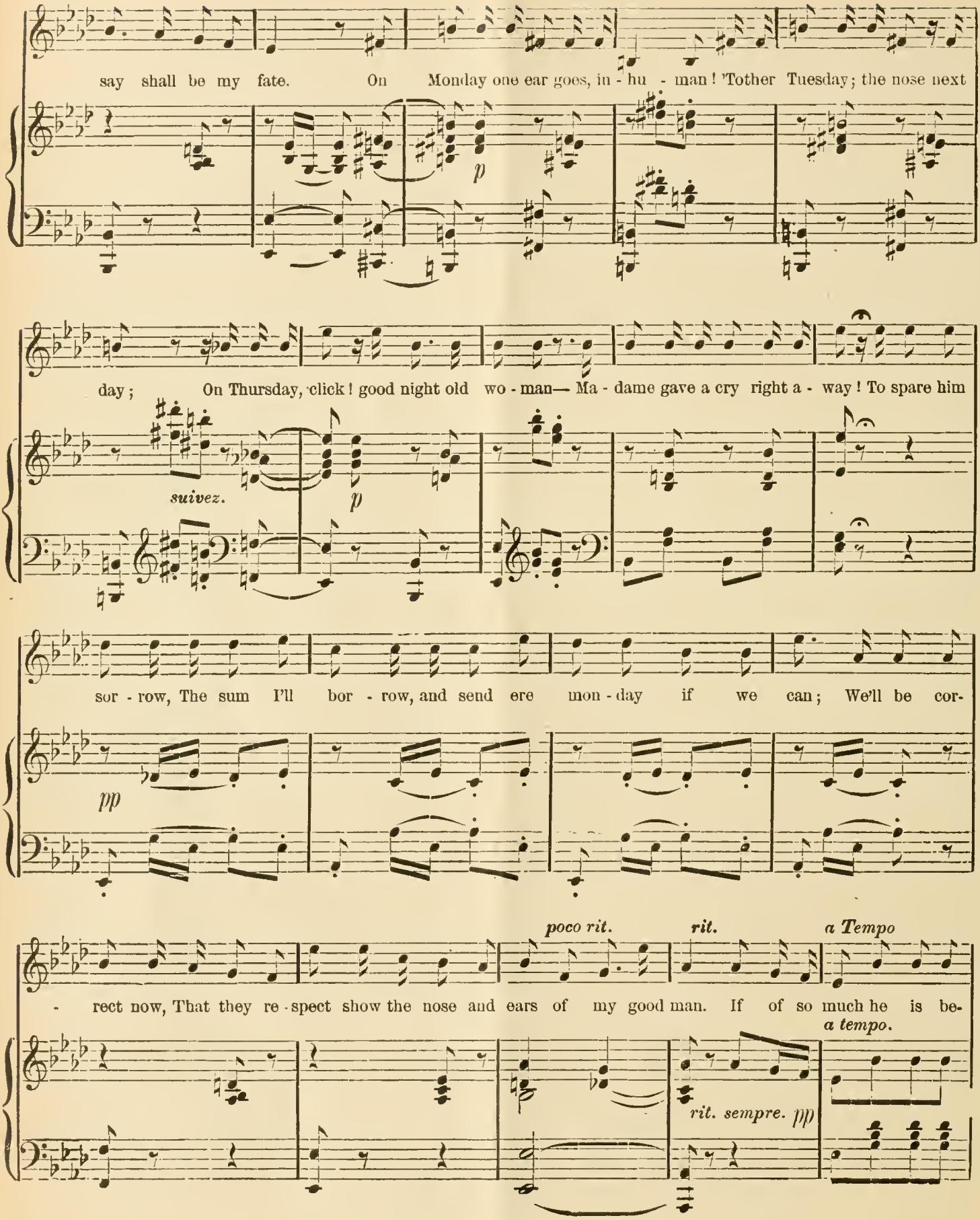
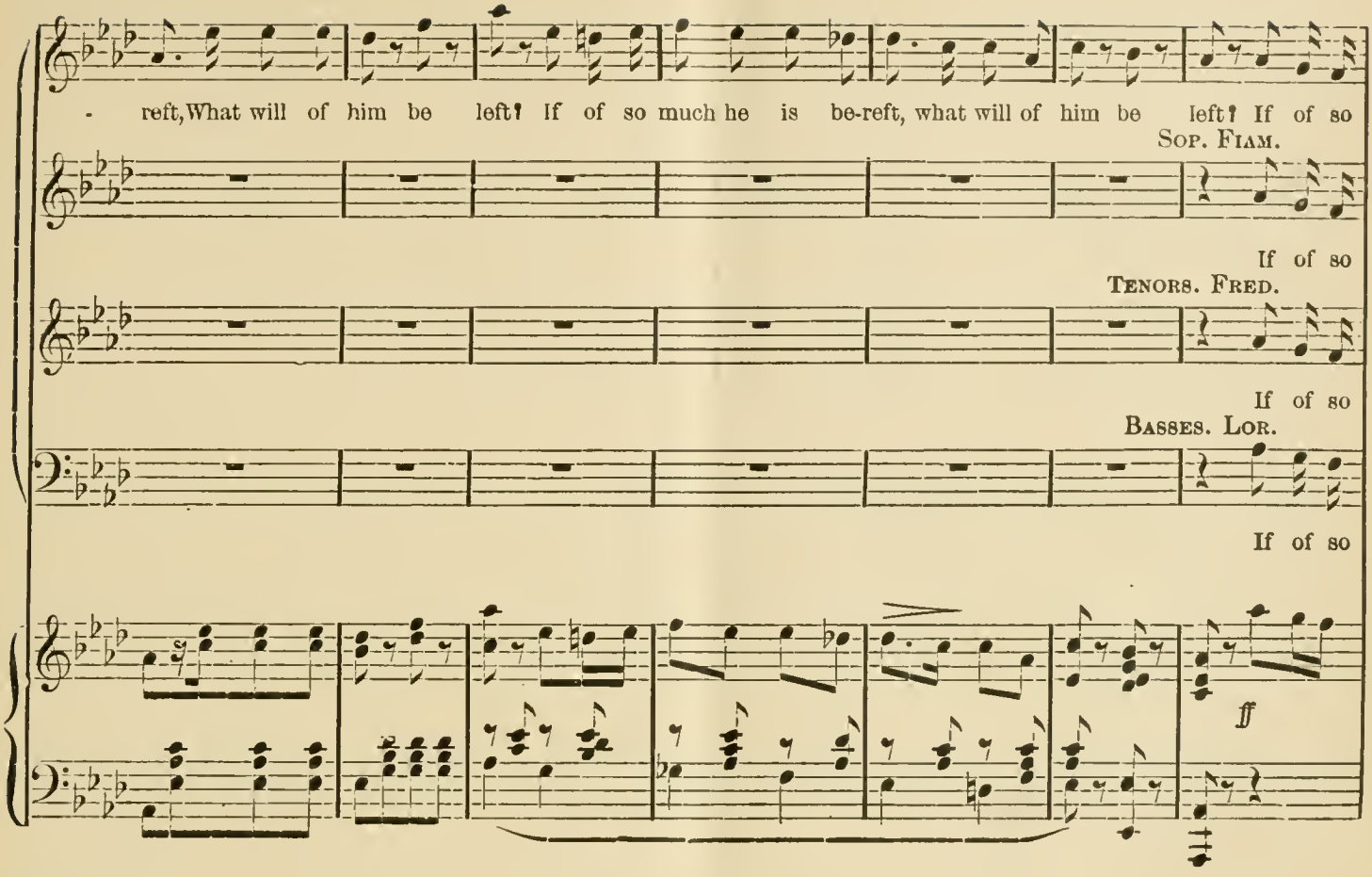
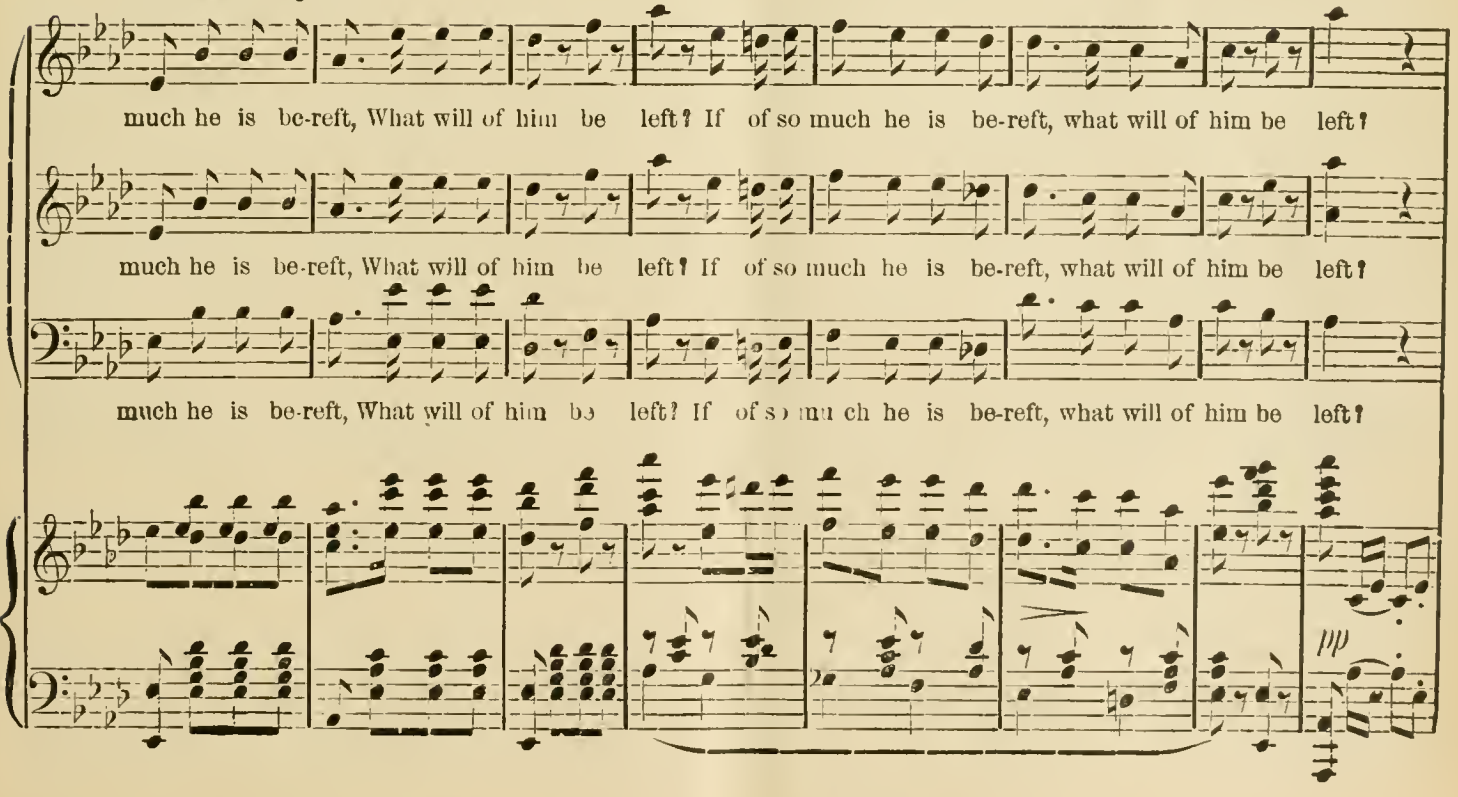
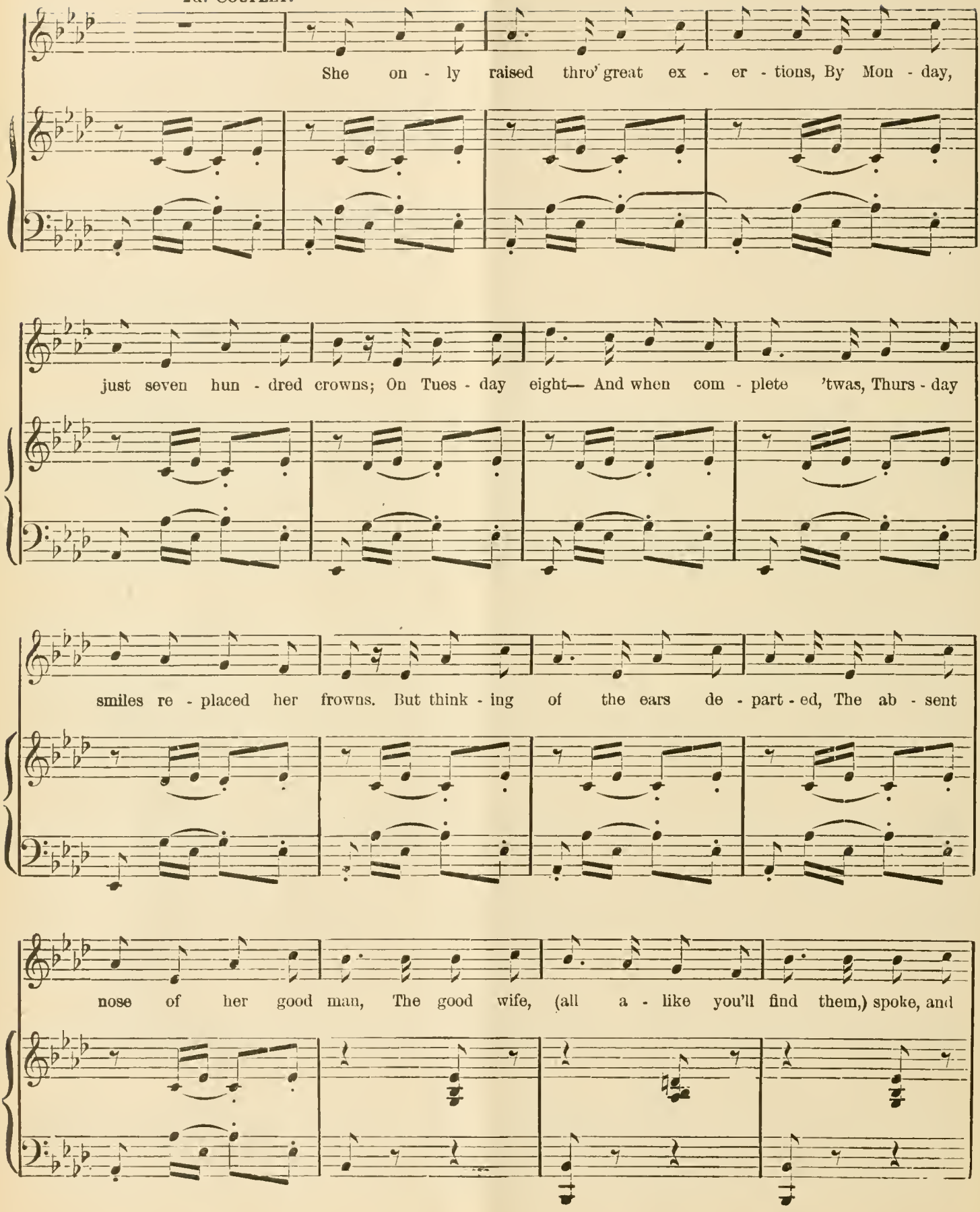

say shall be my fate. On Monday one ear goes, in - hu - man! 'Tother Tuesday; the nose next
p
day; On Thursday, click! good night old wo - man— Ma - dame gave a cry right a - way! To spare him
suivez.
p
sor - row, The sum I'll bor - row, and send ere mon - day if we can; We'll be cor-
pp
poco rit.
rit.
a Tempo
- rect now, That they re - spect show the nose and ears of my good man. If of so much he is be-
a tempo.
rit. sempre. pp

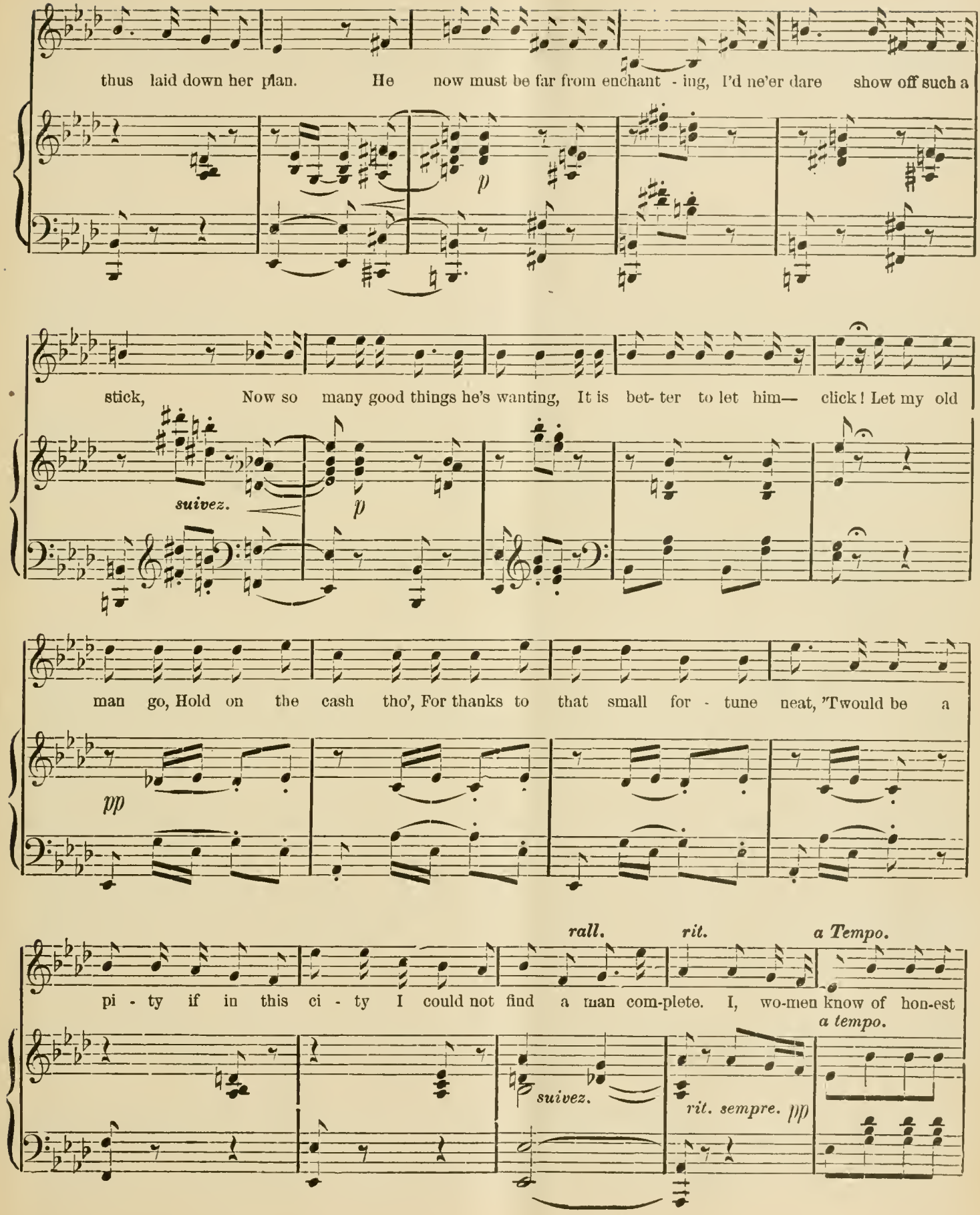

- reft, What will of him be left? If of so much he is be-reft, what will of him be left? If of so
Sop. Fiam.
If of so
Tenors. Fred.
If of so
Basses. Lor.
If of so
ff

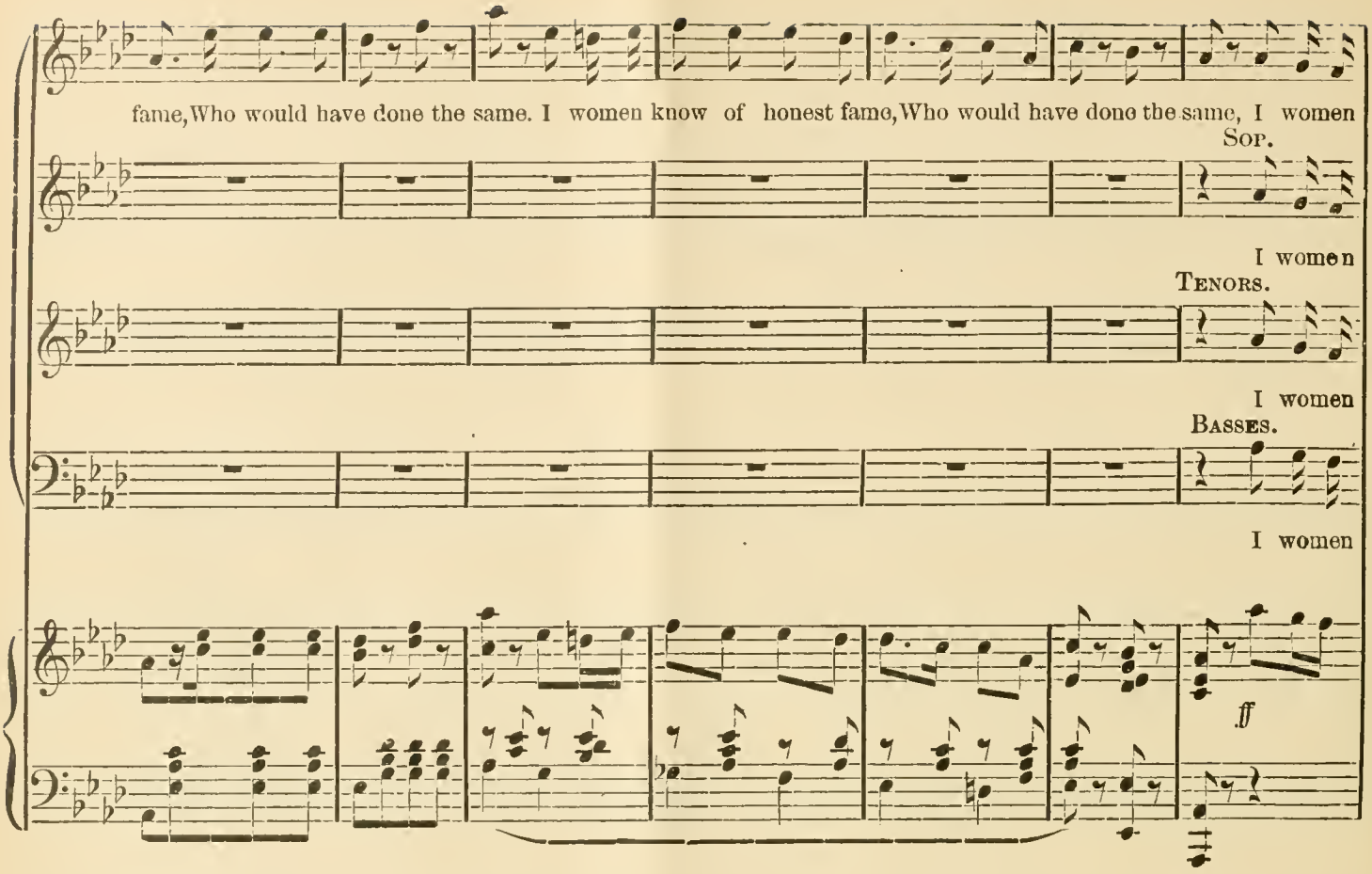
Bett. with Sopranos.


much he is be-reft, What will of him be left? If of so much he is be-reft, what will of him be left?
much he is be-reft, What will of him be left? If of so much he is be-reft, what will of him be left?
much he is be-reft, What will of him be left? If of so much he is be-reft, what will of him be left?
ppp

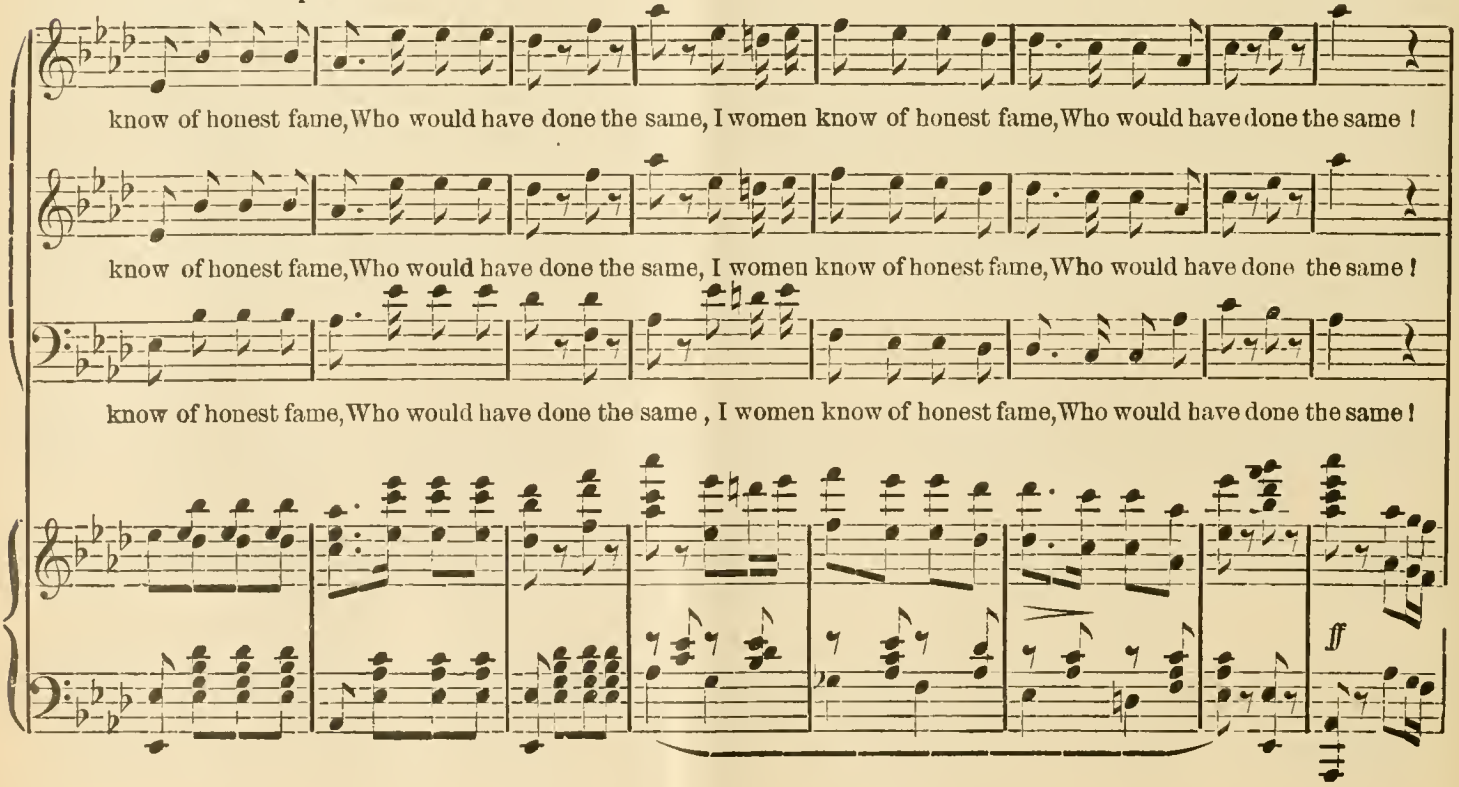
2d. Couplet.

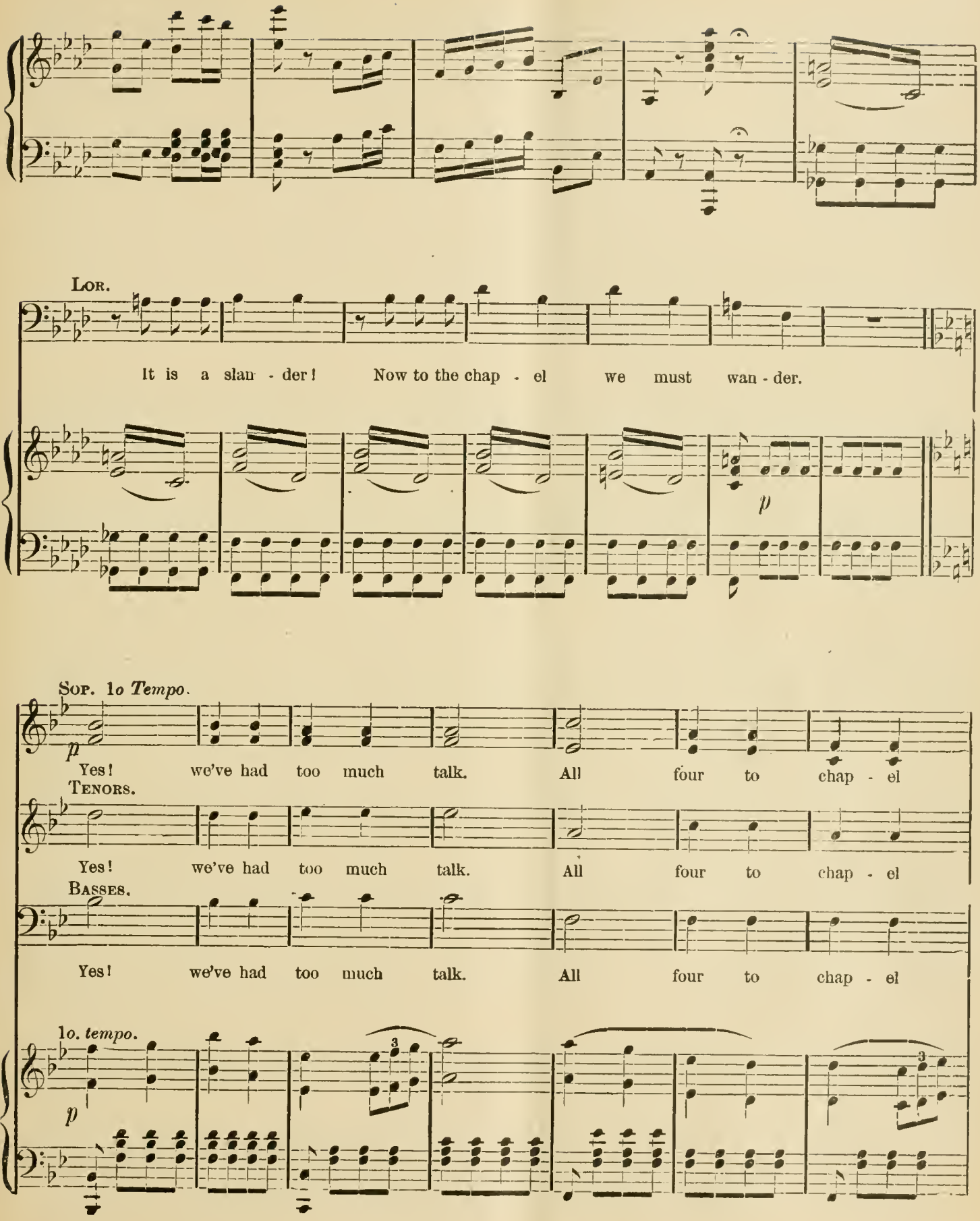

She on - ly raised thro' great ex - er - tions, By Mon - day,
just seven hun - dred crowns; On Tues - day eight— And when com - plete 'twas, Thurs - day
smiles re - placed her frowns. But think - ing of the ears de - part - ed, The ab - sent
nose of her good man, The good wife, (all a - like you'll find them,) spoke, and

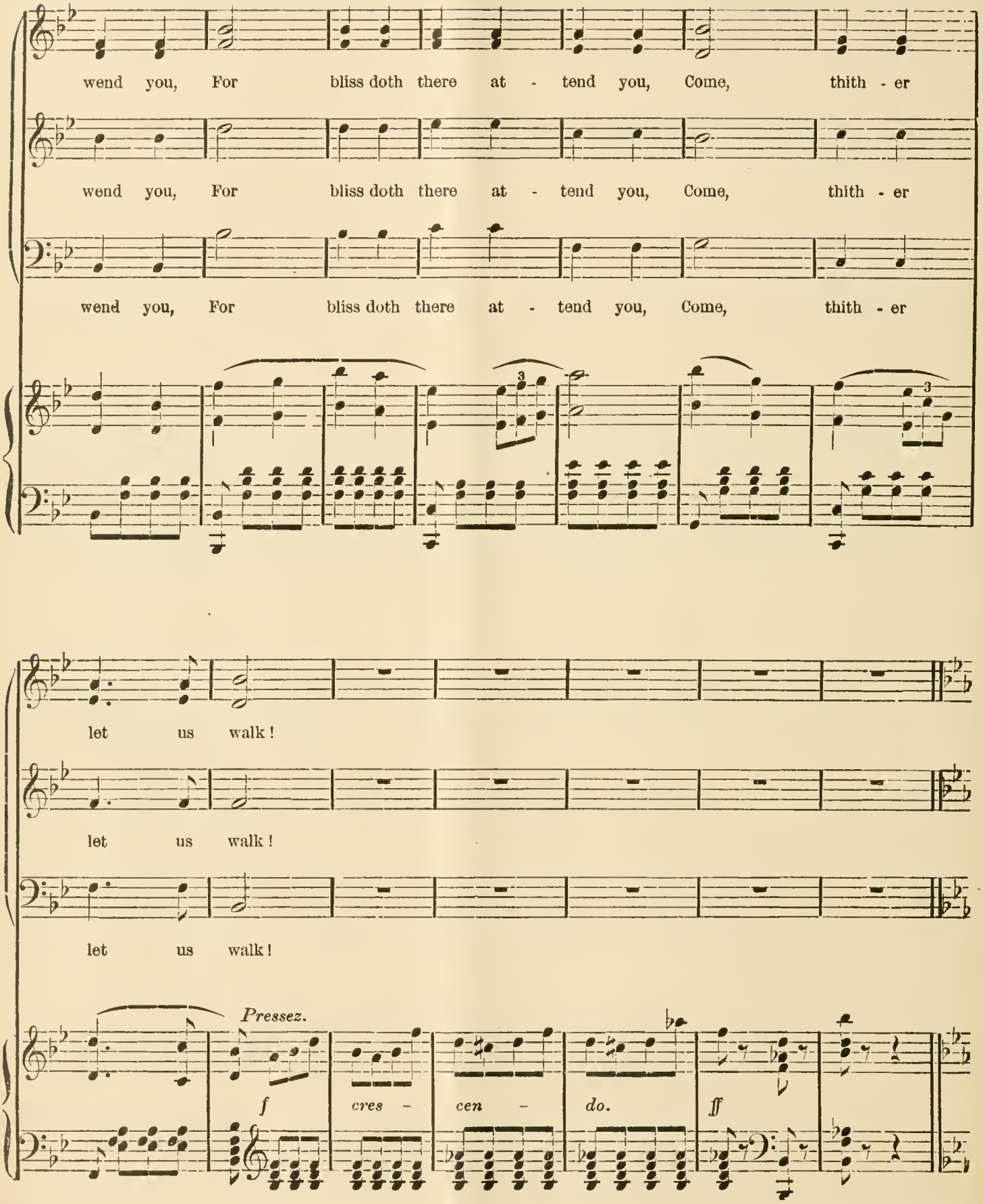

thus laid down her plan. He now must be far from enchant - ing, I'd ne'er dare show off such a
p
stick, Now so many good things he's wanting, It is bet- ter to let him— click! Let my old
suivez.
p
man go, Hold on the cash tho', For thanks to that small for - tune neat, 'Twould be a
pp
rall.
rit.
a Tempo.
pi - ty if in this ci - ty I could not find a man com-plete. I, wo-men know of hon-est
a tempo.
suivez.
rit. sempre.
pp



Bett. with Sopranos.


know of honest fame, Who would have done the same, I women know of honest fame, Who would have done the same !
know of honest fame, Who would have done the same, I women know of honest fame, Who would have done the same !
know of honest fame, Who would have done the same , I women know of honest fame, Who would have done the same !
ff


Lor.
It is a slan - der! Now to the chap - el we must wan - der.
p
Sop. 1o Tempo.
p
Yes! we've had too much talk. All four to chap - el
Tenors.
Yes! we've had too much talk. All four to chap - el
Basses.
Yes! we've had too much talk. All four to chap - el
1o. tempo.
p
3
3


wend you, For bliss doth there at - tend you, Come, thith - er
wend you, For bliss doth there at - tend you, Come, thith - er
wend you, For bliss doth there at - tend you, Come, thith - er
3
3
let us walk!
let us walk!
let us walk!
Pressez.
f
cres - cen - do.
ff

Allegro poco vivo. BETT.

What! lov'st thou me no more? Pip - po,

Allegro poco vivo.

p

PIPPO.

say. is it true? Why hast thou me be -

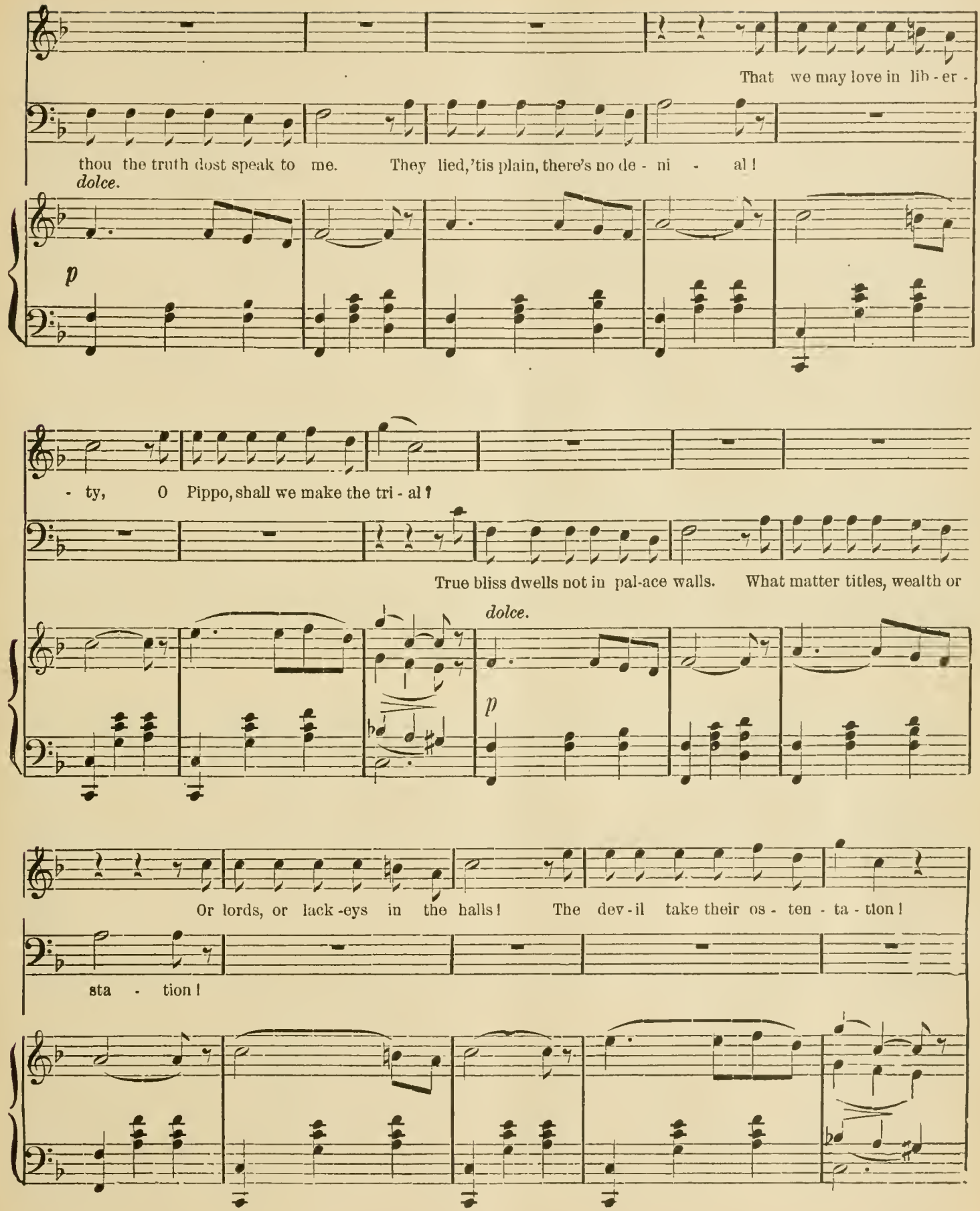
BETT.

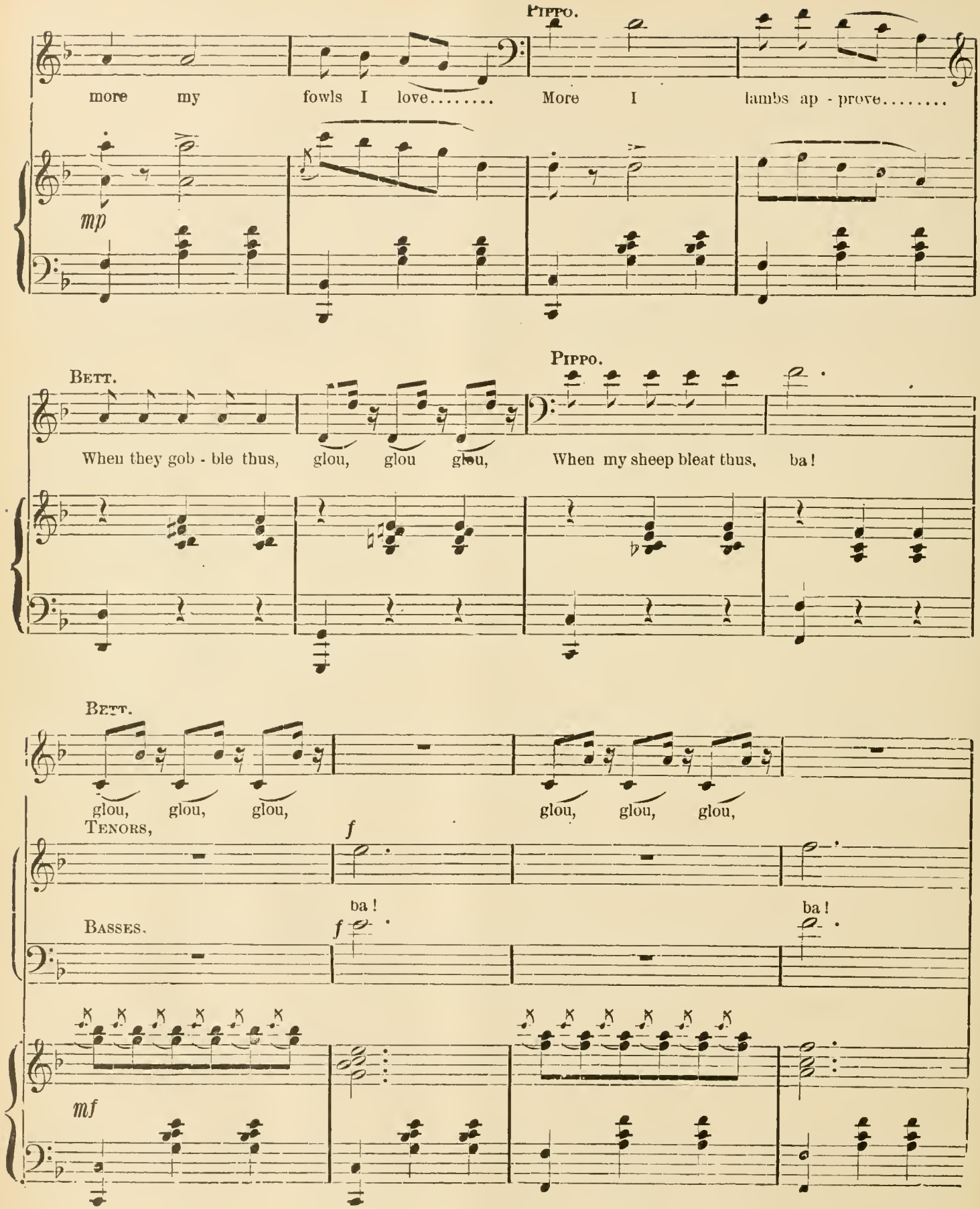
- trayed?..... No! no! 'tis thou, not I!

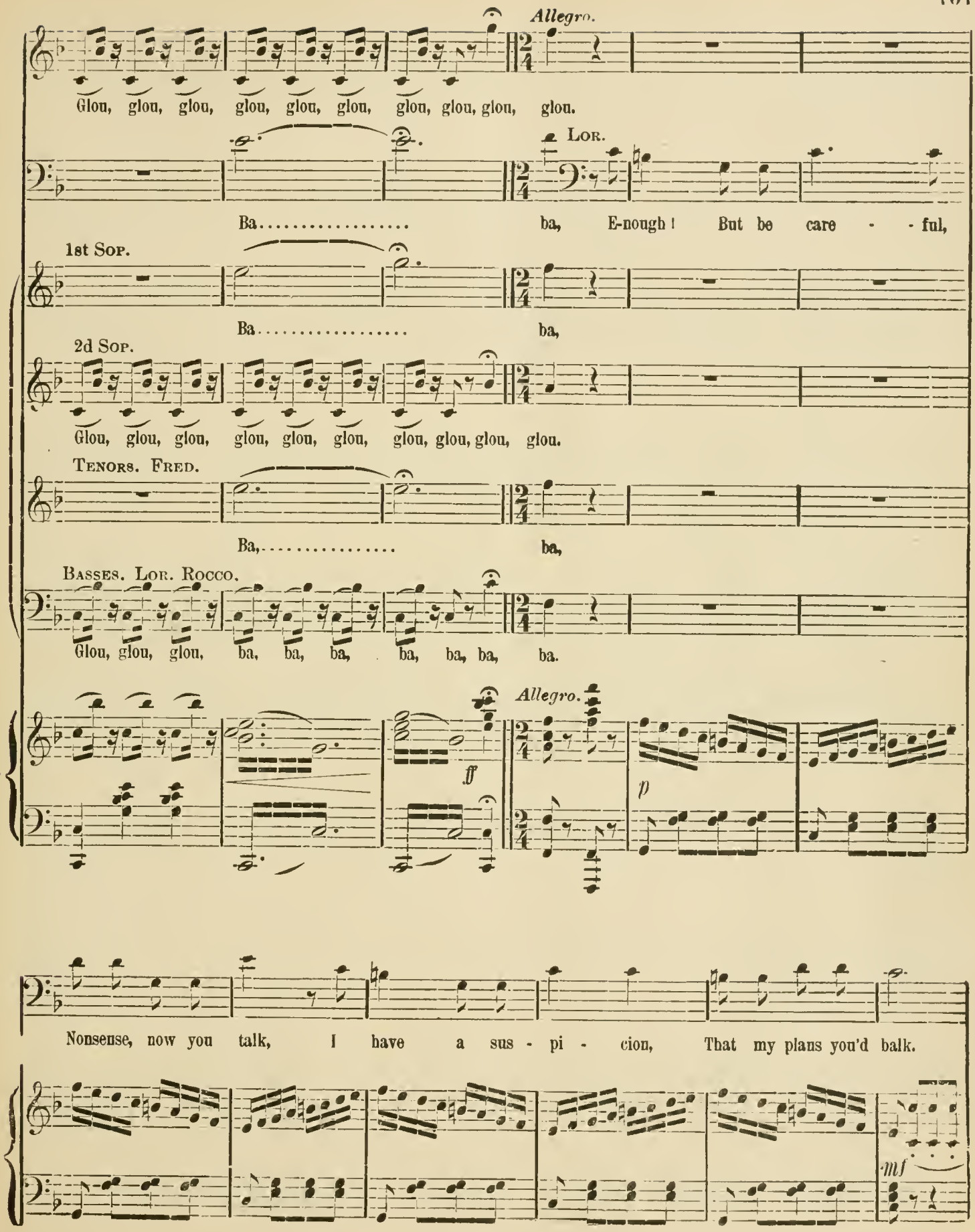
Wert thou not all a- greed with her, that Prin - cess haugh - -

sfz

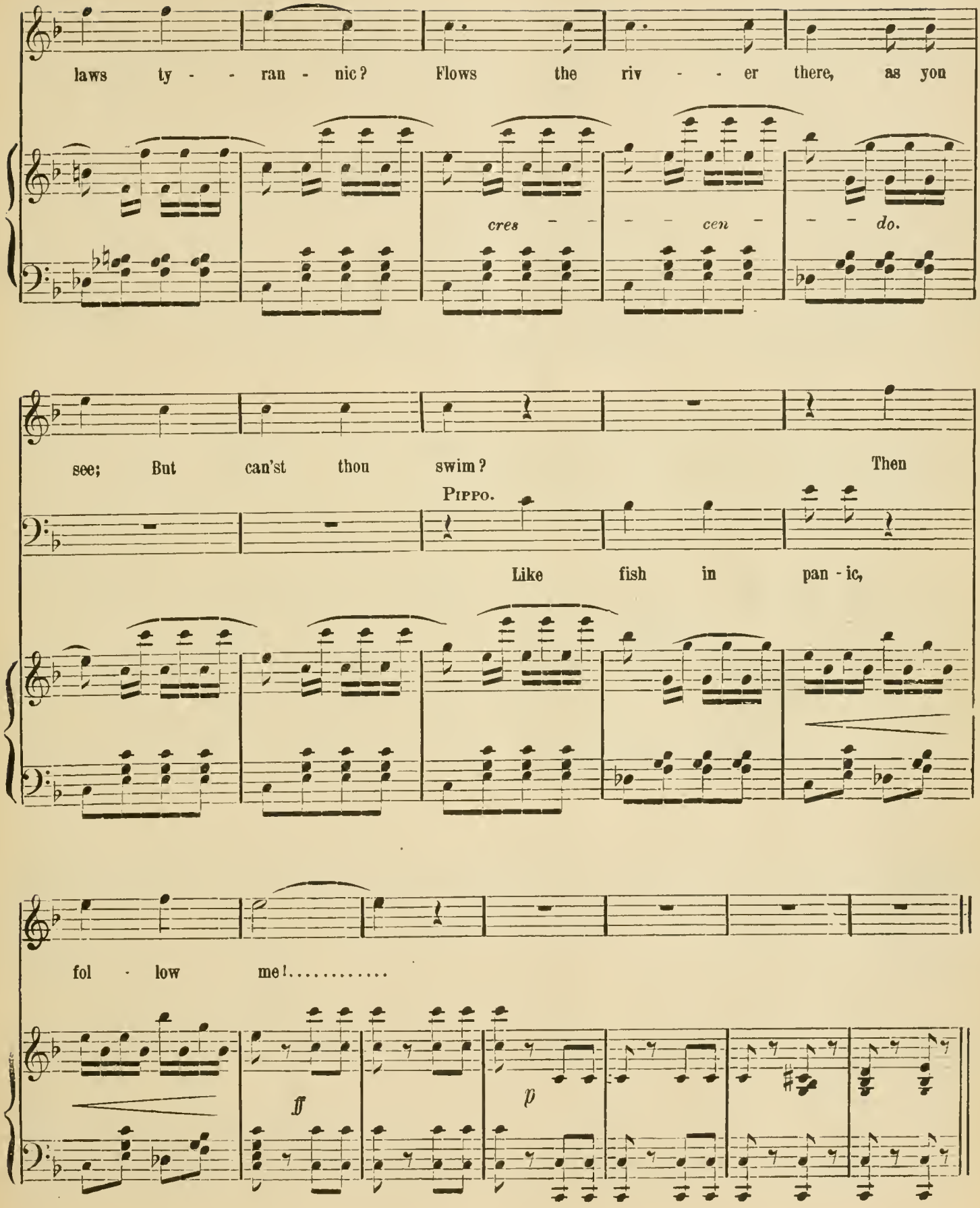
Pippo
- ty! Art thou not of the Prince, Bet - tine, the mis-tress naugh - -
cres.
Bett.
- - - - - - - ty? Who! I! that King's mis - tress, am I! No!
Meme mouv.
fp
p
Allegretto.
no! my Pip-po, here I swear it!
Pippo.
Ah! that voice can-not lie; On thy word I re - ly!..... Yes,
p Allegretto.

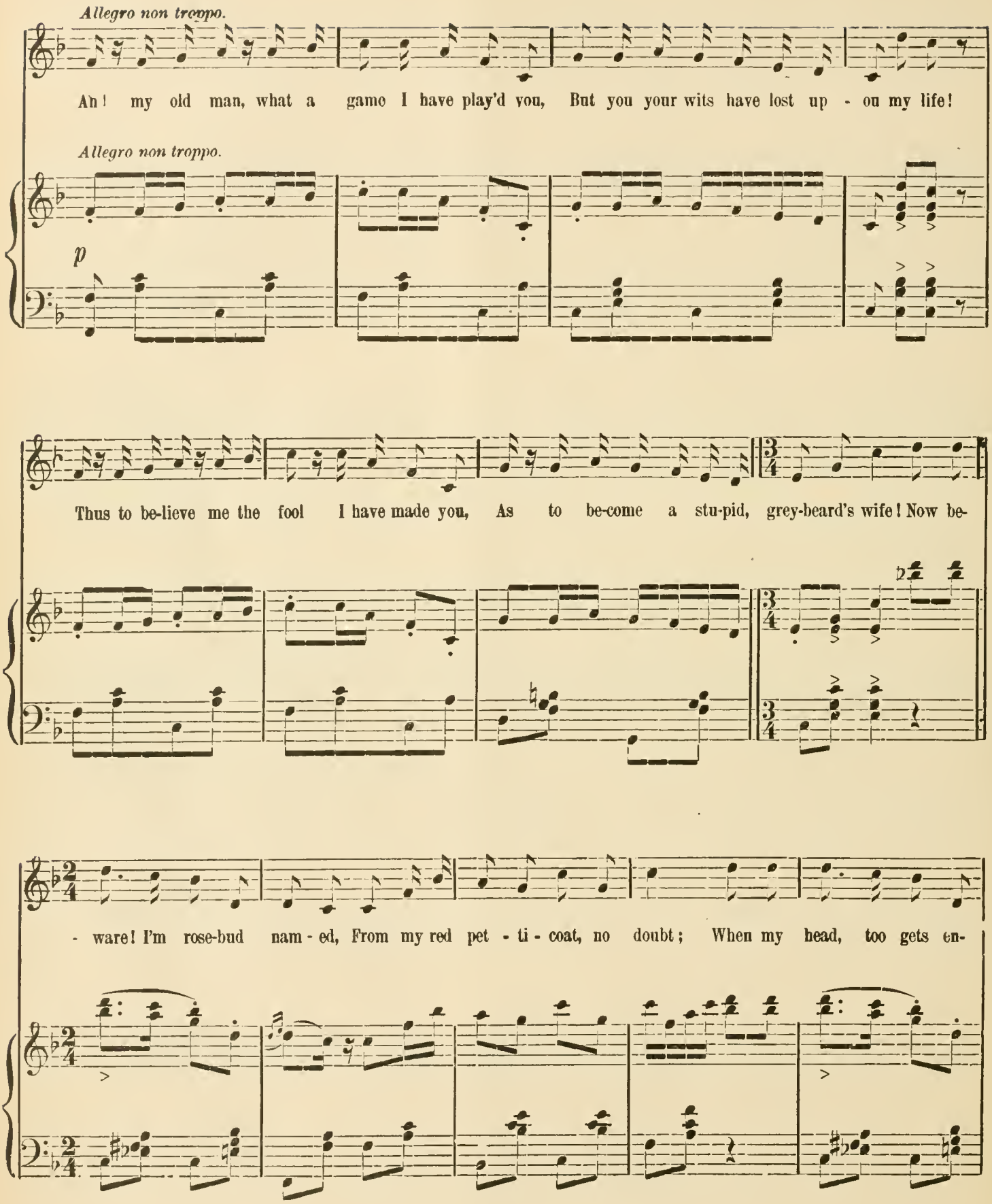

That we may love in lib - er -
thou the truth dost speak to me. They lied, 'tis plain, there's no de - ni - al!
dolce.
p
- ty, O Pippo, shall we make the tri - al?
True bliss dwells not in pal-ace walls. What matter titles, wealth or
dolce.
p
Or lords, or lack-eys in the halls! The dev-il take their os - ten - ta - tion!
sta - tion!

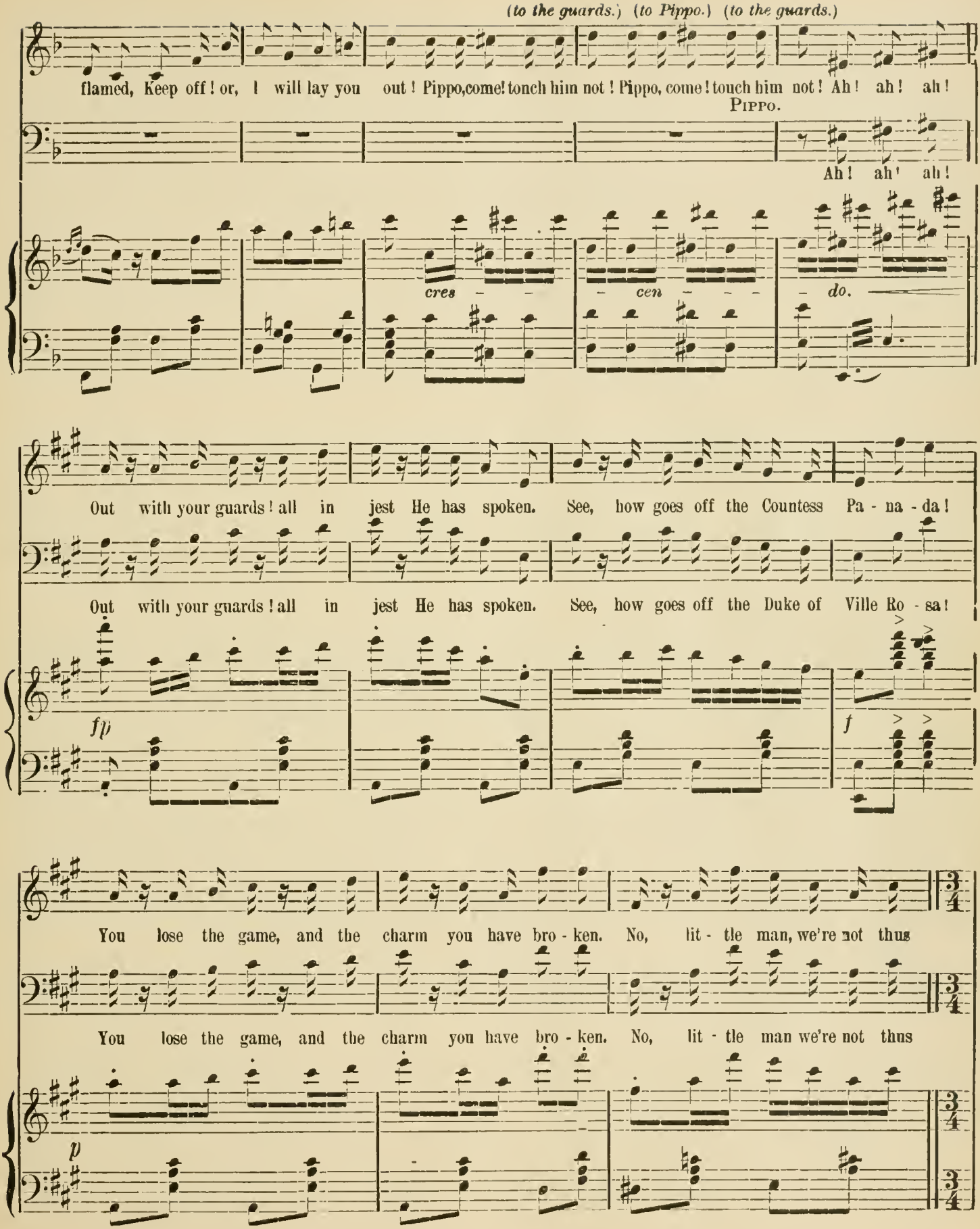

Pippo.
more my fowls I love..... More I lambs ap - prove.....
mp
Bett.
Pippo.
When they gob - ble thus, glou, glou glou, When my sheep bleat thus, ba!
Bett.
glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou,
Tenors,
f
ba!
ba!
Basses.
f
mf

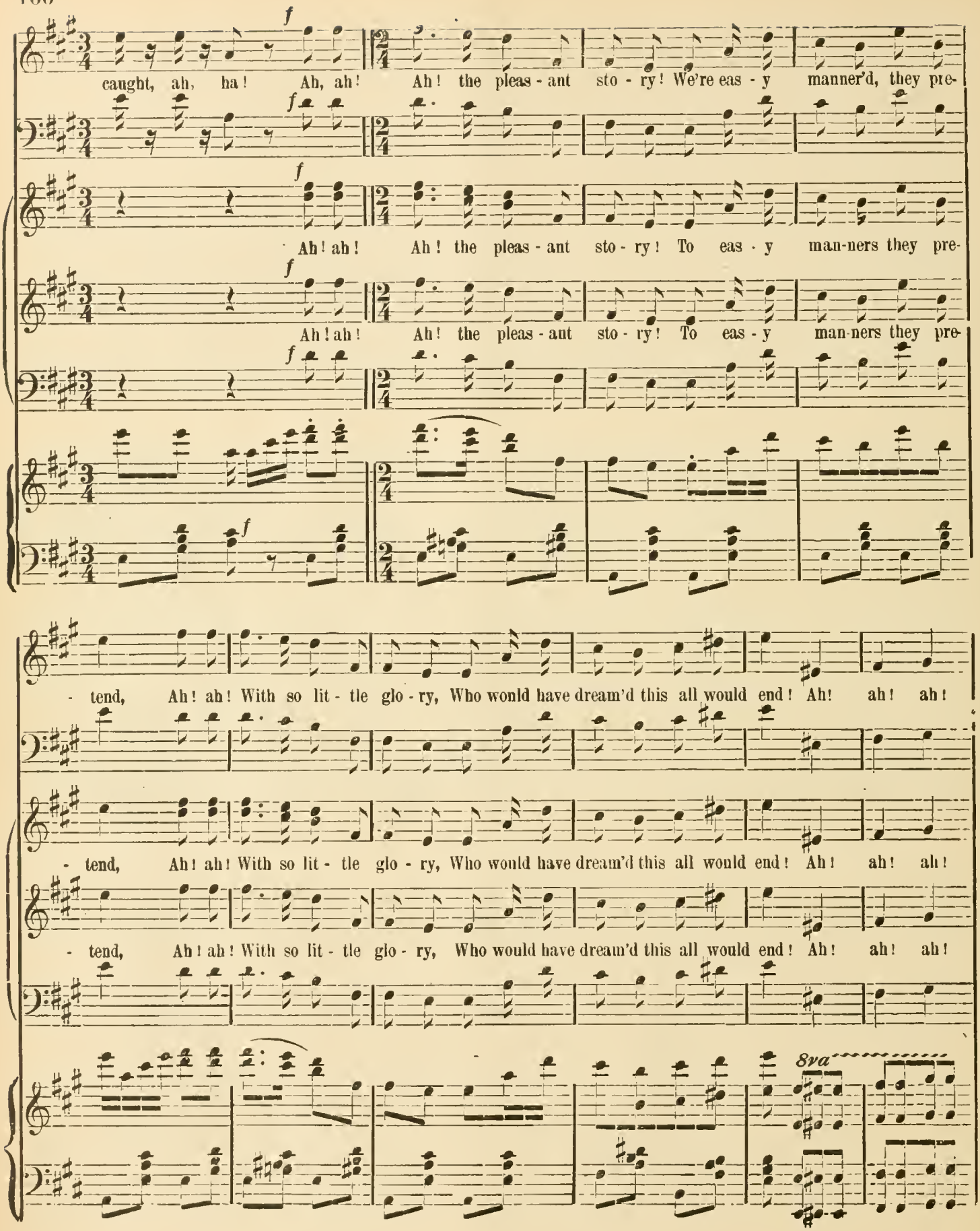

Allegro.
Glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou.
Lor.
Ba..... ba, E-nough! But be care - - ful,
1st Sop.
Ba..... ba,
2d Sop.
Glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou.
Tenors. Fred.
Ba,..... ba,
Basses. Lor. Rocco.
Glou, glou, glou, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba, ba.
Allegro.
ff
p
Nonsense, now you talk, I have a sus - pi - cion, That my plans you'd balk.
mf

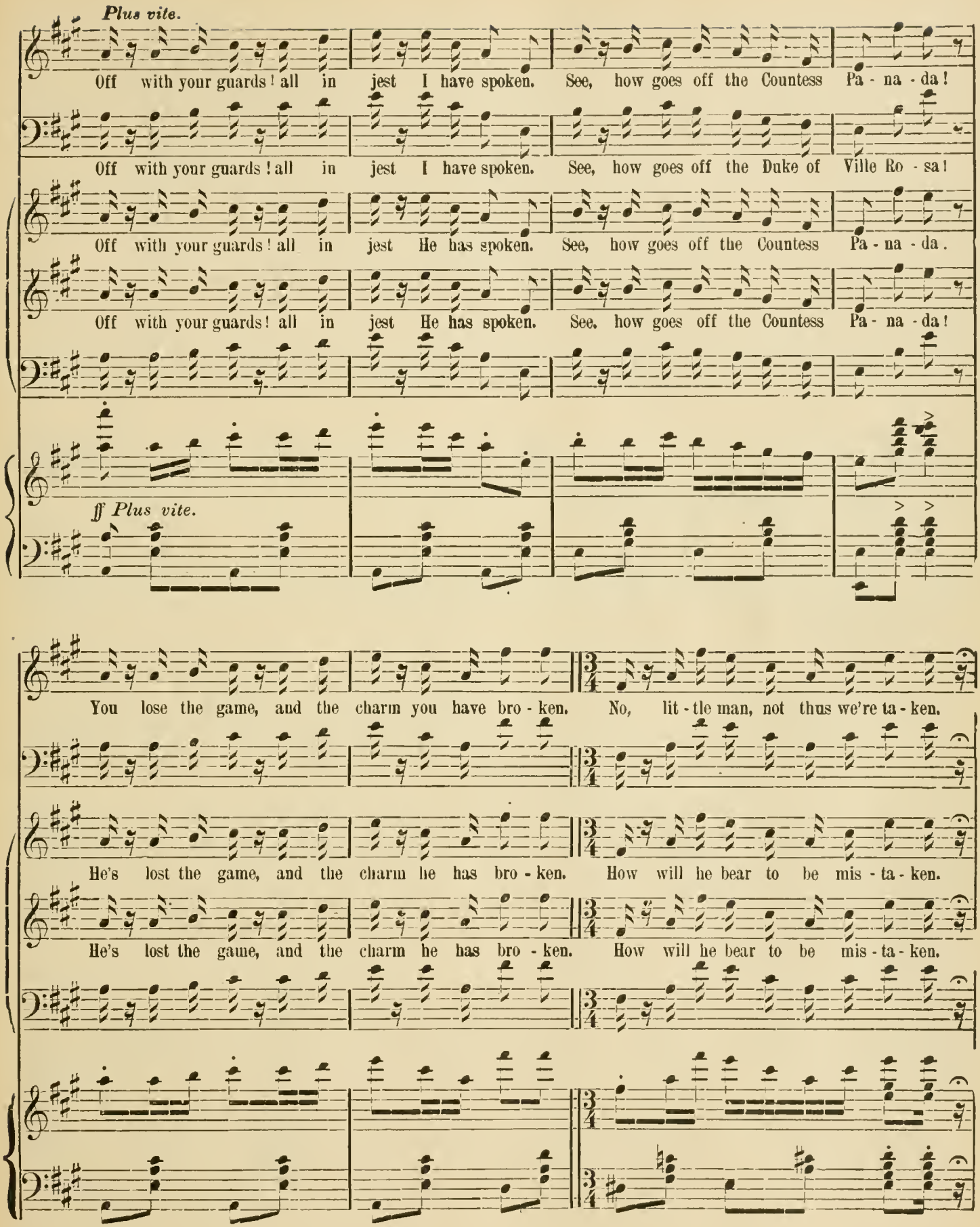
Bett.
I like not that they long - er tease..... me, Come, Pip-po, let us
Lor.
go, 'tis best! To let them go thus doth not please.....
Bett.
Wilt thou o - bey such
me, Ho, guards there! both of them ar - rest!

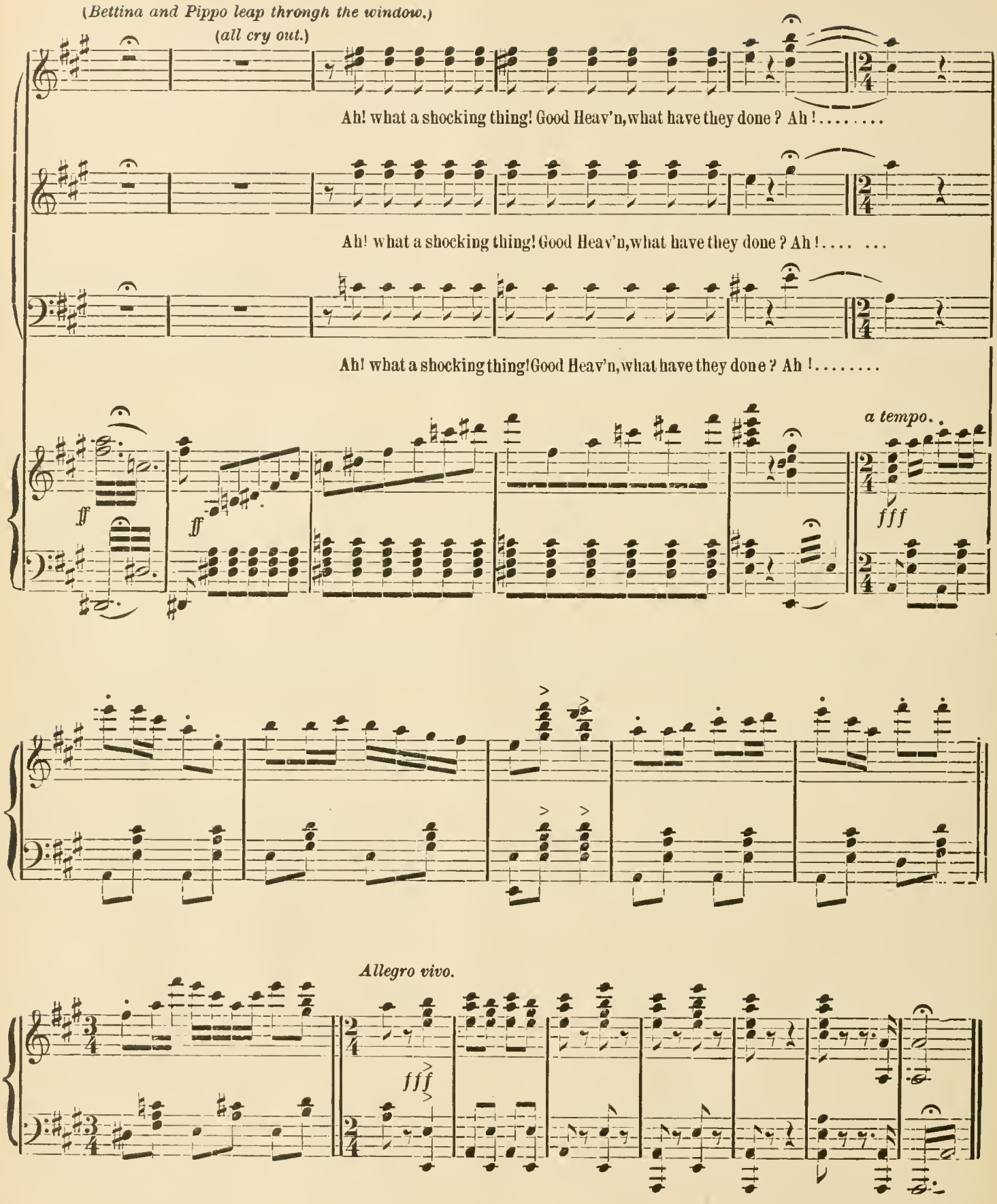

laws ty - - ran - nic? Flows the riv - - er there, as you
cres - - - cen - - do.
see; But can'st thou swim? Then
PIPPO.
Like fish in pan - ic,
fol - low me!.....
ff
p


Allegro non troppo.
Ah! my old man, what a game I have play'd you, But you your wits have lost up - on my life!
Allegro non troppo.
p
Thus to be-lieve me the fool I have made you, As to be-come a stu-pid, grey-beard's wife! Now be-
- ware! I'm rose-bud nam - ed, From my red pet - ti - coat, no doubt; When my head, too gets en-

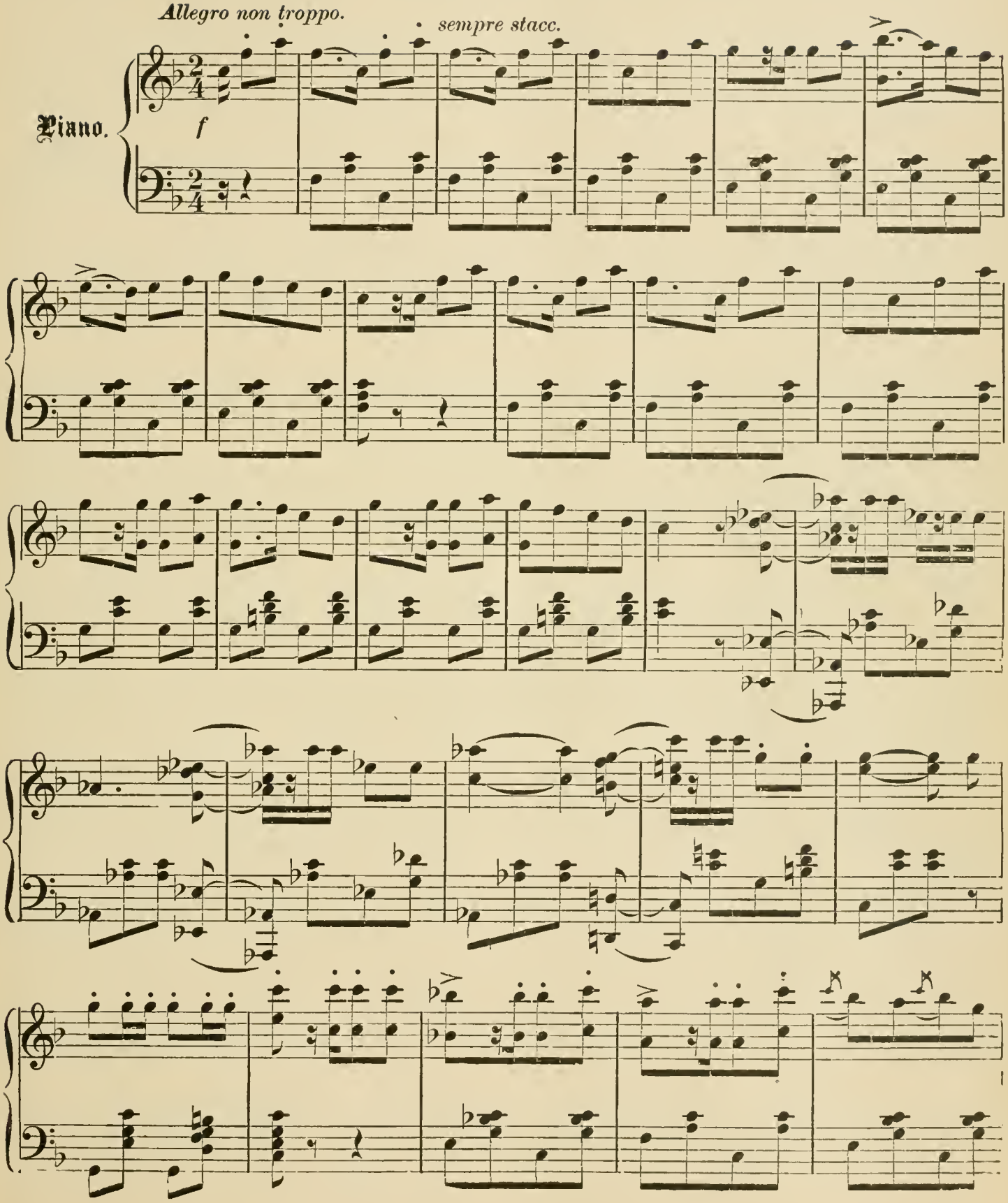

(to the guards.) (to Pippo.) (to the guards.)
flamed, Keep off! or, I will lay you out! Pippo,come! touch him not! Pippo, come! touch him not! Ah! ah! ah!
Pippo.
Ah! ah! ah!
cres - cen - do.
Out with your guards! all in jest He has spoken. See, how goes off the Countess Pa - na - da!
Out with your guards! all in jest He has spoken. See, how goes off the Duke of Ville Ro - sa!
fp
f
You lose the game, and the charm you have bro - ken. No, lit - tle man, we're not thus
You lose the game, and the charm you have bro - ken. No, lit - tle man we're not thus
p

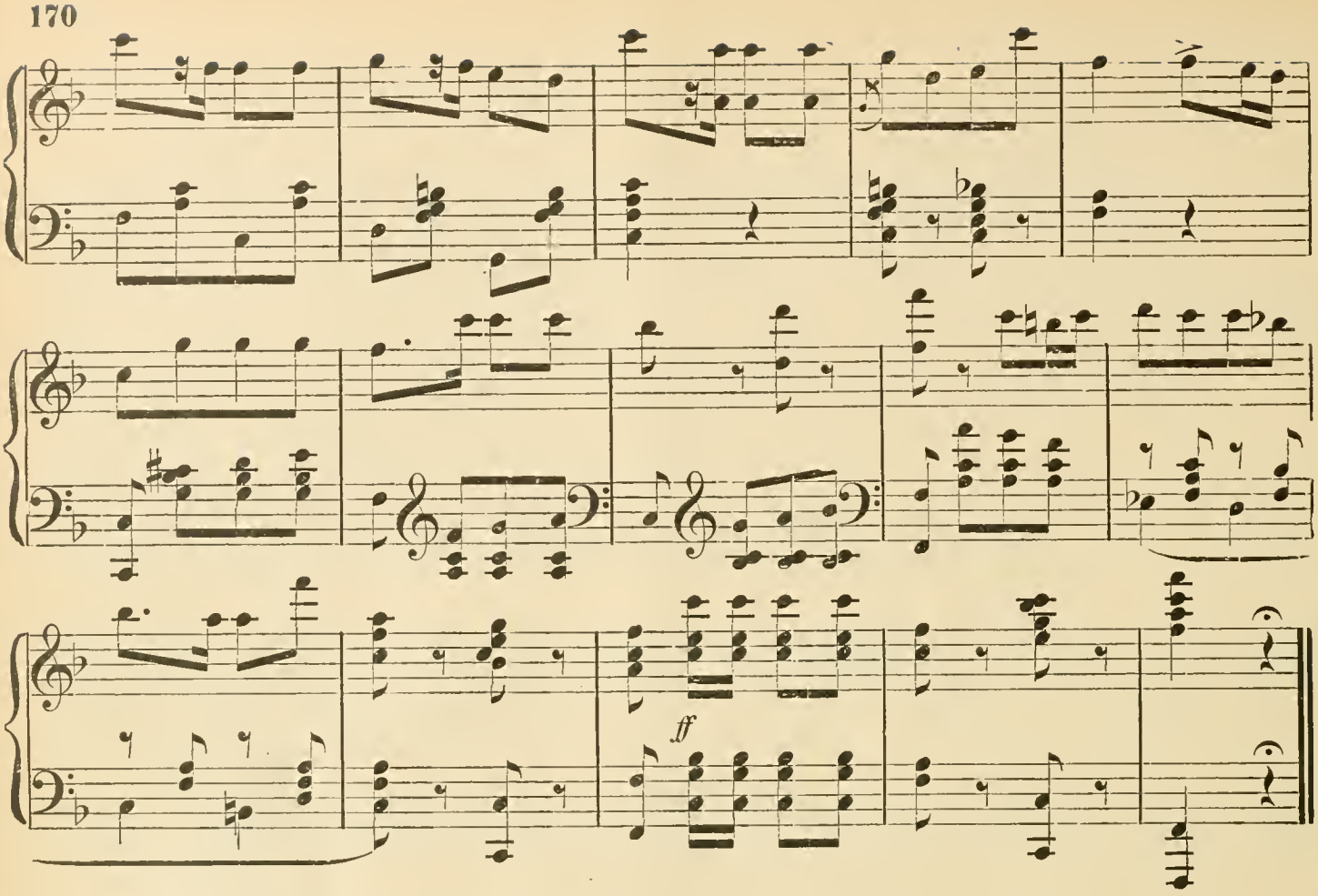

caught, ah, ha! Ah, ah! Ah! the pleas - ant sto - ry! We're eas - y manner'd, they pre-
Ah! ah! Ah! the pleas - ant sto - ry! To eas - y man-ners they pre-
Ah! ah! Ah! the pleas - ant sto - ry! To eas - y man-ners they pre-
- tend, Ah! ah! With so lit - tle glo - ry, Who would have dream'd this all would end! Ah! ah! ah!
- tend, Ah! ah! With so lit - tle glo - ry, Who would have dream'd this all would end! Ah! ah! ah!
- tend, Ah! ah! With so lit - tle glo - ry, Who would have dream'd this all would end! Ah! ah! ah!
8va


Plus vite.
Off with your guards! all in jest I have spoken. See, how goes off the Countess Pa - na - da!
Off with your guards! all in jest I have spoken. See, how goes off the Duke of Ville Ro - sa!
Off with your guards! all in jest He has spoken. See, how goes off the Countess Pa - na - da.
Off with your guards! all in jest He has spoken. See, how goes off the Countess Pa - na - da!
ff Plus vite.
You lose the game, and the charm you have bro - ken. No, lit - tle man, not thus we're ta - ken.
He's lost the game, and the charm he has bro - ken. How will he bear to be mis - ta - ken.
He's lost the game, and the charm he has bro - ken. How will he bear to be mis - ta - ken.


(Bettina and Pippo leap through the window.)
(all cry out.)
Ah! what a shocking thing! Good Heav'n, what have they done? Ah!.....
Ah! what a shocking thing! Good Heav'n, what have they done? Ah!.... ...
Ah! what a shocking thing! Good Heav'n, what have they done? Ah!.....
ff
ff
a tempo.
fff
Allegro vivo.
fff

ENTR' ACT.





CHORUS OF SOLDIERS OF PISAN ARMY.

No. 27. The Sergeant, Matheo, Tenors and Basses.

ACT III.—SCENE.—*The great hall of an Italian Inn, in the Duchy of Pisa. The back is open, and shows the country, with sun shining beyond. Doors* R. *and* L. *At* R., *2d Grooves, nuptial chamber. Chairs and rustic tables,* R. *and* L. *At the rising of the curtain,* SERGEANT PARAFANTE *and soldiers of the Duke of Pisa's army are discovered seated at the tables, drinking.* MATHEO *and the servants wait upon them.*

Allegro Marziale.

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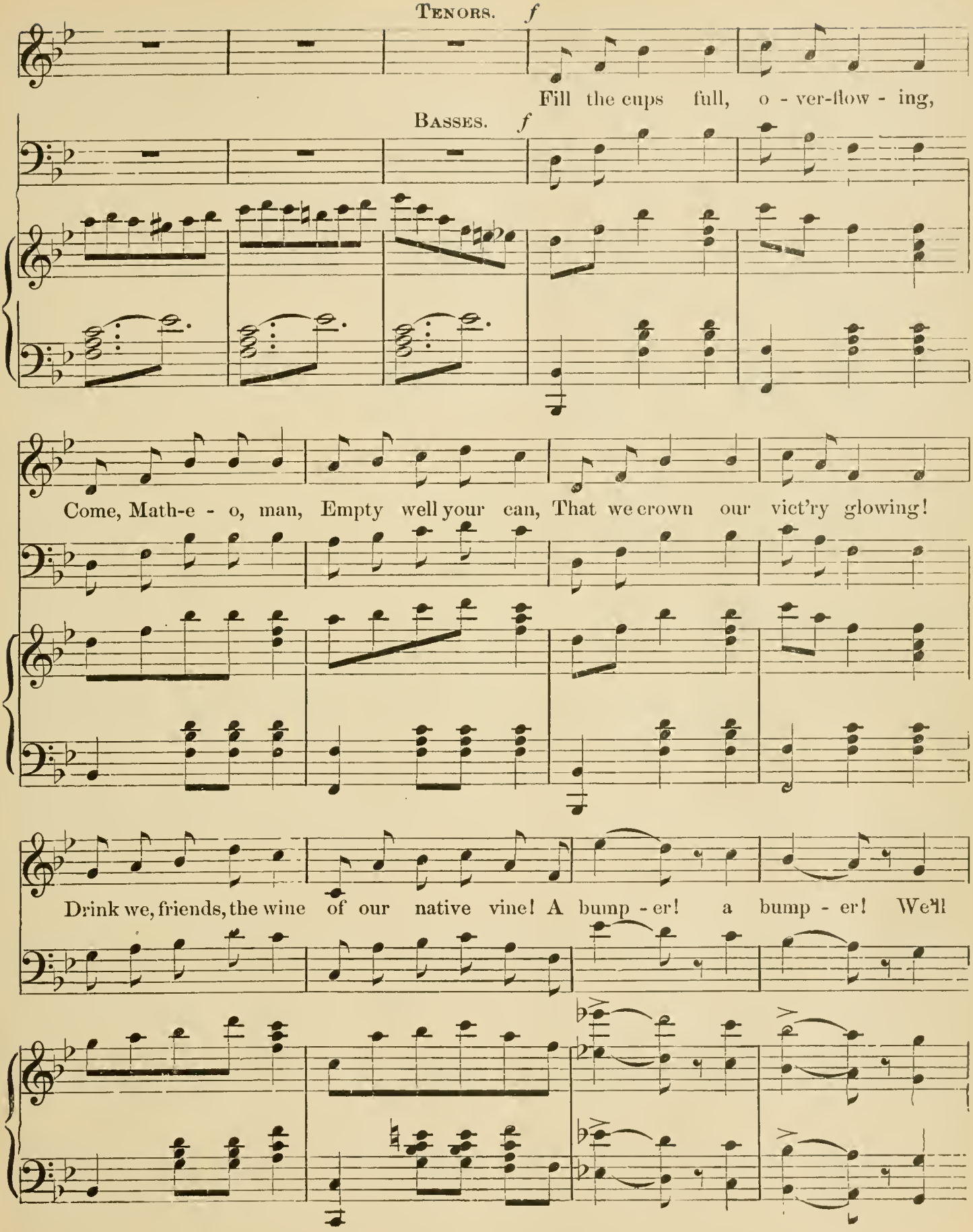
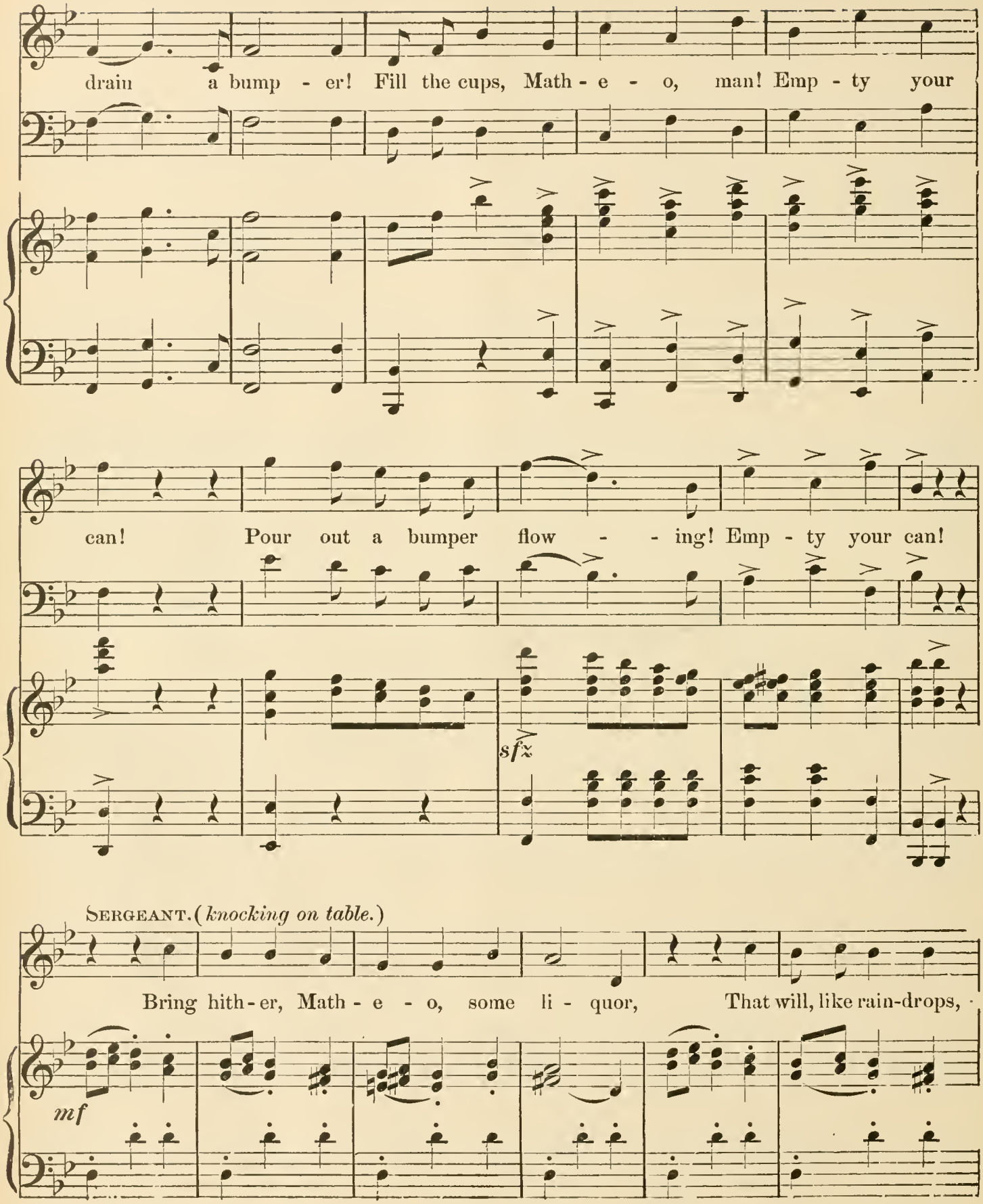
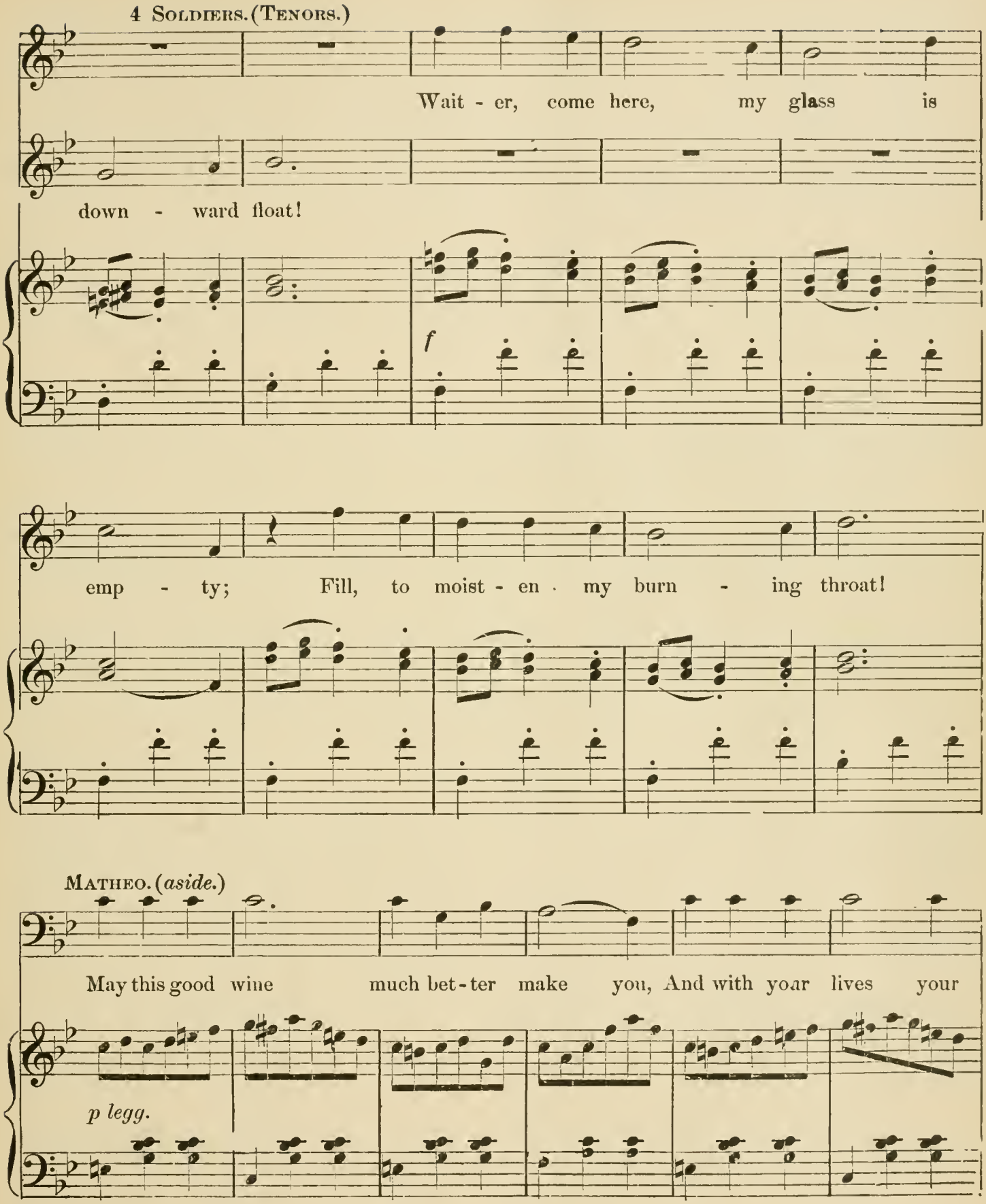
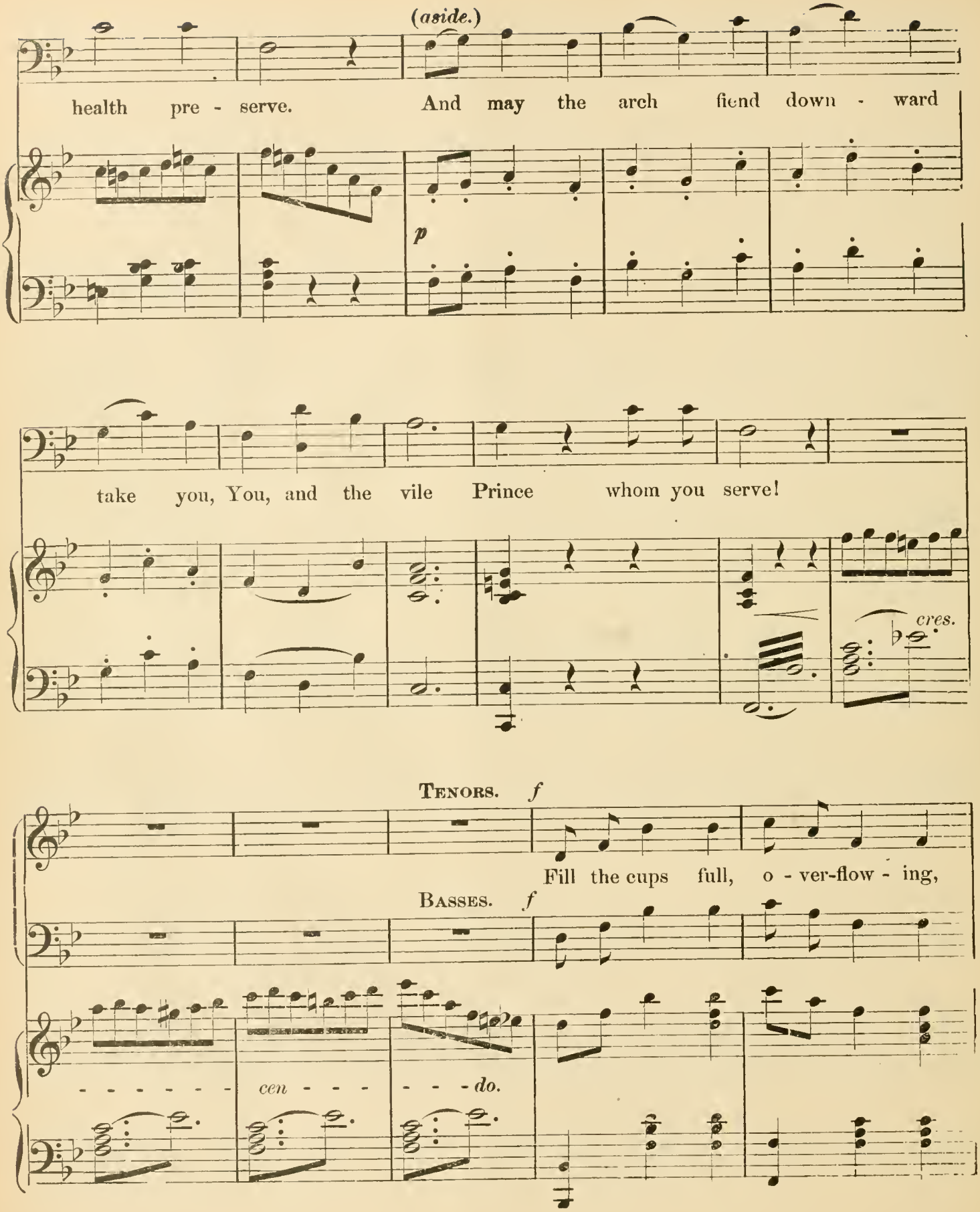
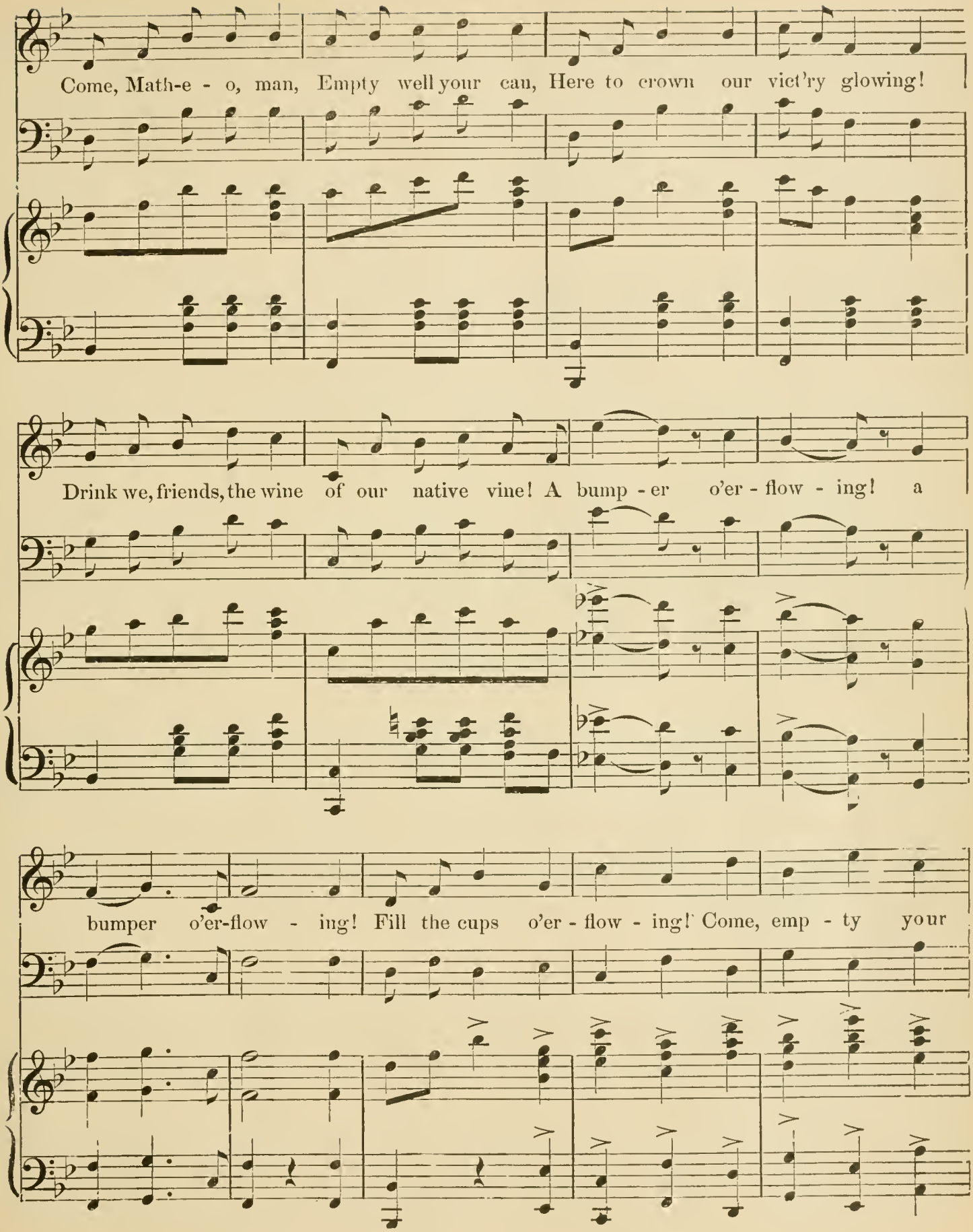
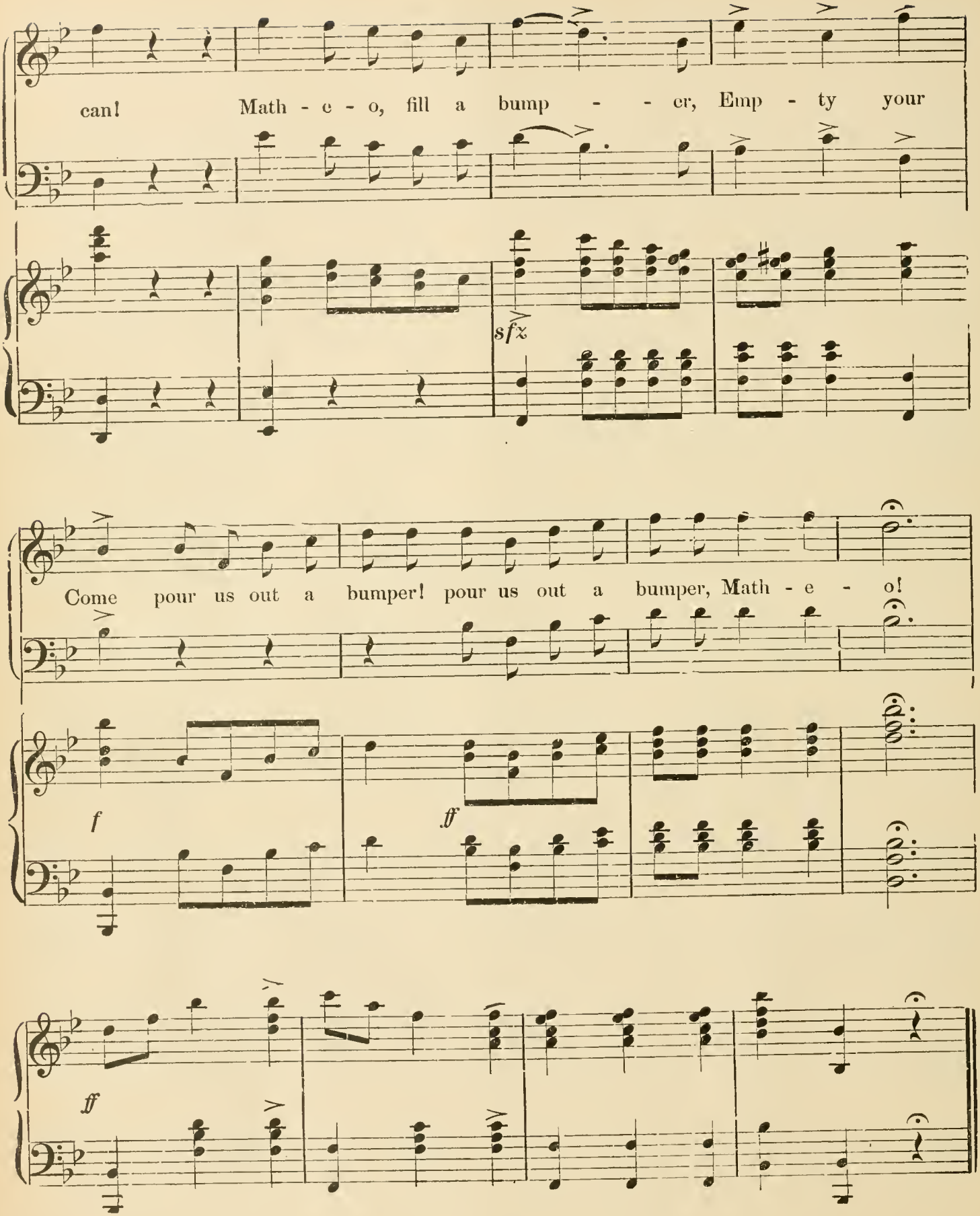

Tenors. f
Fill the cups full, o - ver-flow - ing,
Basses. f
Come, Math-e - o, man, Empty well your can, That we crown our vict'ry glowing!
Drink we, friends, the wine of our native vine! A bump - er! a bump - er! We'll


drain a bump - er! Fill the cups, Math - e - o, man! Emp - ty your
can! Pour out a bumper flow - - ing! Emp - ty your can!
sfz
SERGEANT. (knocking on table.)
Bring hith - er, Math - e - o, some li - quor, That will, like rain-drops,
mf


4 Soldiers. (Tenors.)
Wait - er, come here, my glass is
down - ward float!
f
emp - ty; Fill, to moist - en my burn - ing throat!
Matheo. (aside.)
May this good wine much bet-ter make you, And with your lives your
p legg.


(aside.)
health pre - serve. And may the arch fiend down - ward
p
take you, You, and the vile Prince whom you serve!
cres.
Tenors. f
Fill the cups full, o - ver-flow - ing,
Basses. f
- - - - - - cen - - - - - - do.

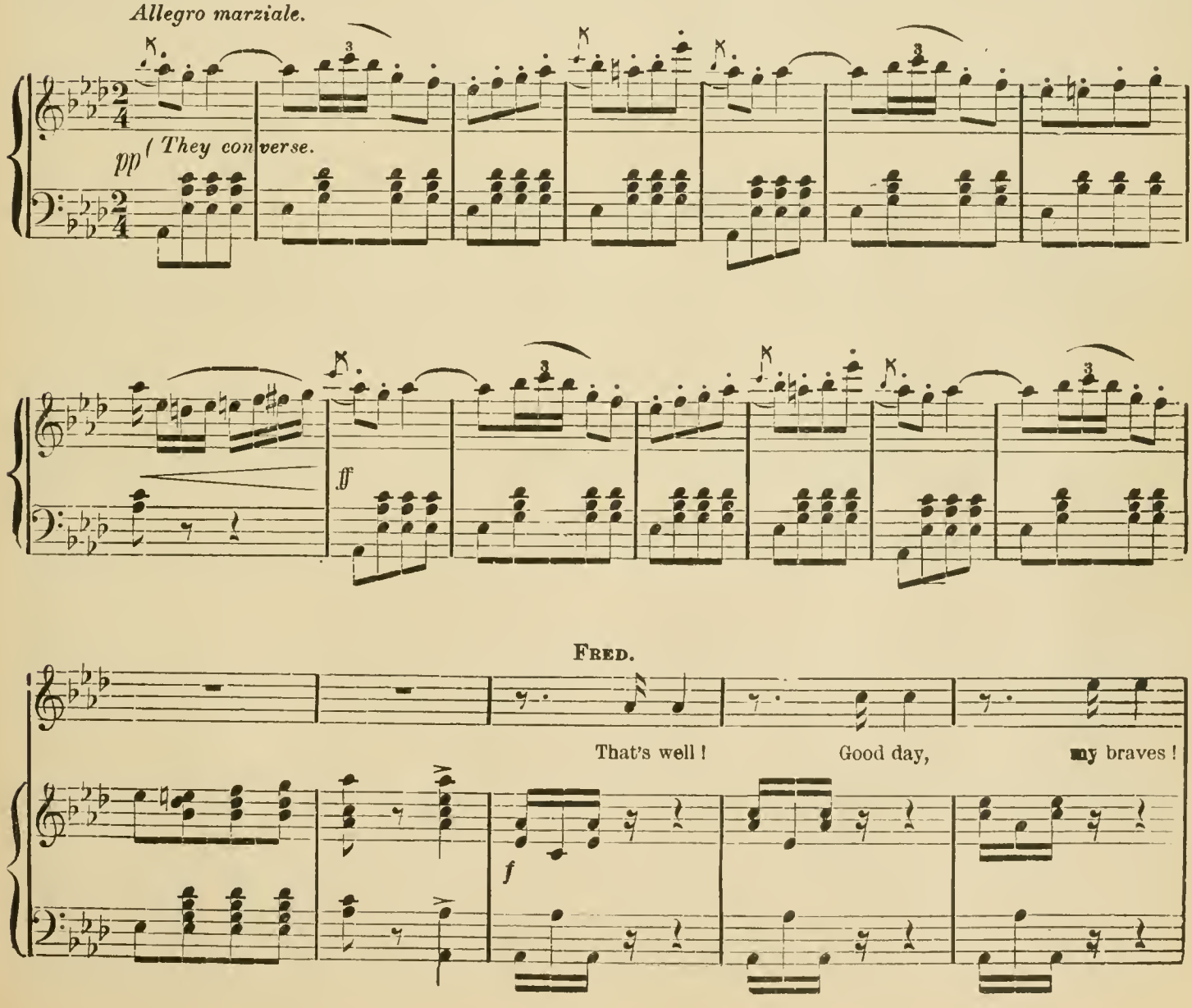

Come, Math-e - o, man, Empty well your can, Here to crown our vict'ry glowing!
Drink we, friends, the wine of our native vine! A bump - er o'er - flow - ing! a
bumper o'er-flow - ing! Fill the cups o'er - flow - ing! Come, emp - ty your


can! Math - e - o, fill a bump - - er, Emp - ty your
sfz
Come pour us out a bumper! pour us out a bumper, Math - e - o!
f
ff
ff

MAT. (*Aside.*) I wish my wine would choke you, you lazy hussars.
SER. What did you say?
MAT. Nothing. So, Sergeant, you have again beaten the Prince Lorenzo?
SER. On all sides; during the past month, since our sovereign, the Duke of Pisa, declared war against that old imbecile, Lorenzo XVII, we have given him a whipping every day.
1ST SOLDIER. It is Prince Frederic who commands.
2D SOL. And you ought to feel honored that he has deigned to make your inn his head-quarters.
MAT. I am greatly honored. (*Aside.*) I'd like to see them all to the devil.
SER. He is well seconded by our brave Captain Pippo; eh, boys?
1ST SOL. A regular dare-devil!
2D SOL. That's true. But where did he come from, this Captain Pippo?
SER. Nobody knows. Two months ago, two peasants, one tall and the other short, presented themselves at the camp and asked to be enrolled. The tall one was called Pippo. He performed great deeds of valor, and soon won the rank of Captain. The little one, who never leaves his side, is his orderly.
1ST SOL. 'Tis very strange, all the same.
2D SOL. Comrades, our Prince approaches!
SER. (*Commanding.*) Attention! Comrades, the Prince! Drummers to your places! (*Every one rises, and puts himself in military position, in columns,* R. *and* L. *Two little drummers place themselves at the head,* R. *and* L., *and beat the tattoo. Enter* FRED. C. *from* R., *comes down; they salute.*
FRED. Greeting to you, my good soldiers! Greeting to the sound of the drum.

ENTRANCE OF THE PRINCE AND SONG OF THE DRUM.

No. 28. Frederic, Tenors and Basses.



poco rit.

once more! The sound of the drum I a - dore!

p suivez. f

ff

SONG OF THE DRUM.

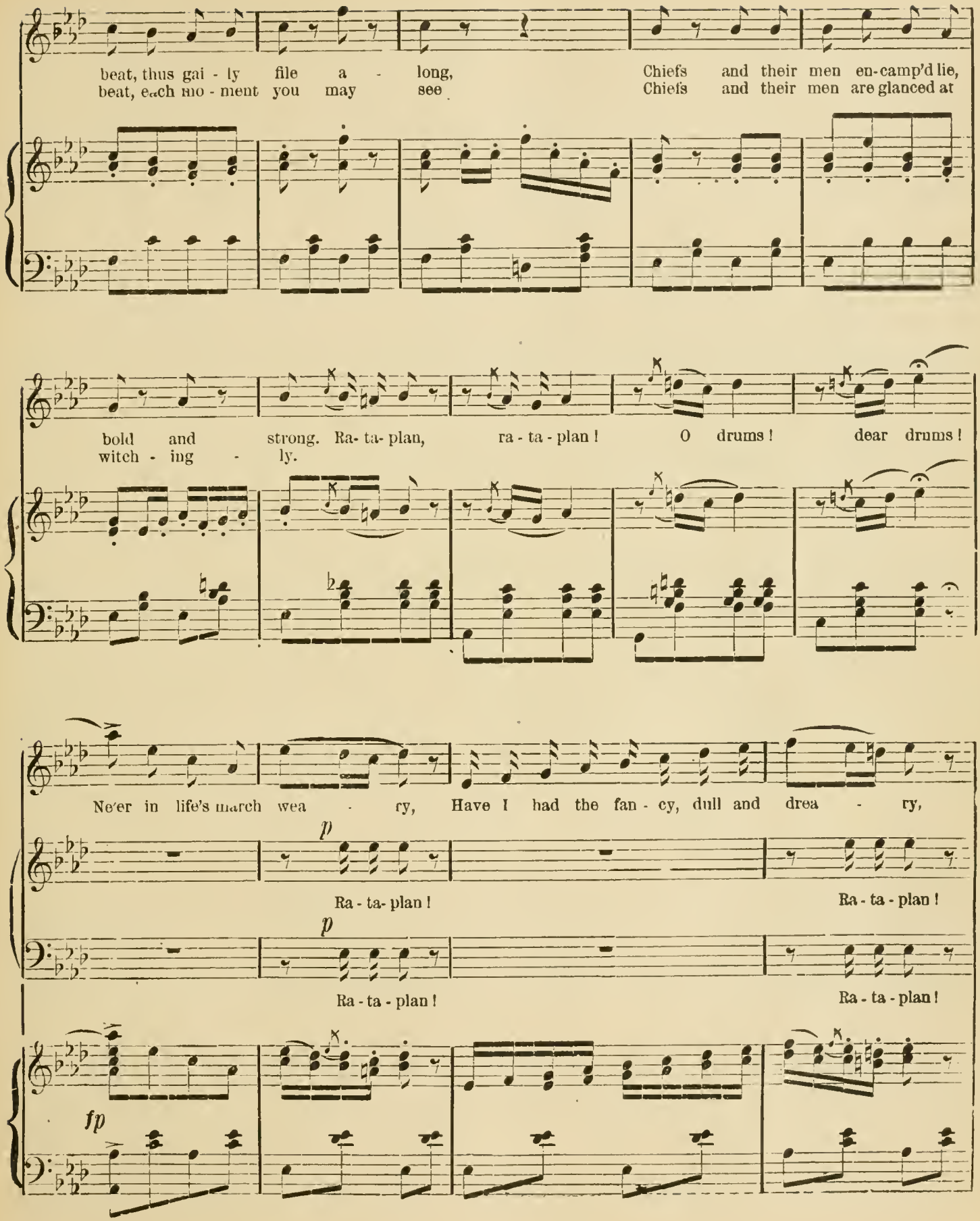
FRED.

1. Mark - ing time, with ca - dence re - prov - ing, Loud beats the drum in meas - ured play.
2. When we through a cit - y are march - ing, Wish - ing to touch the la - dies' hearts;

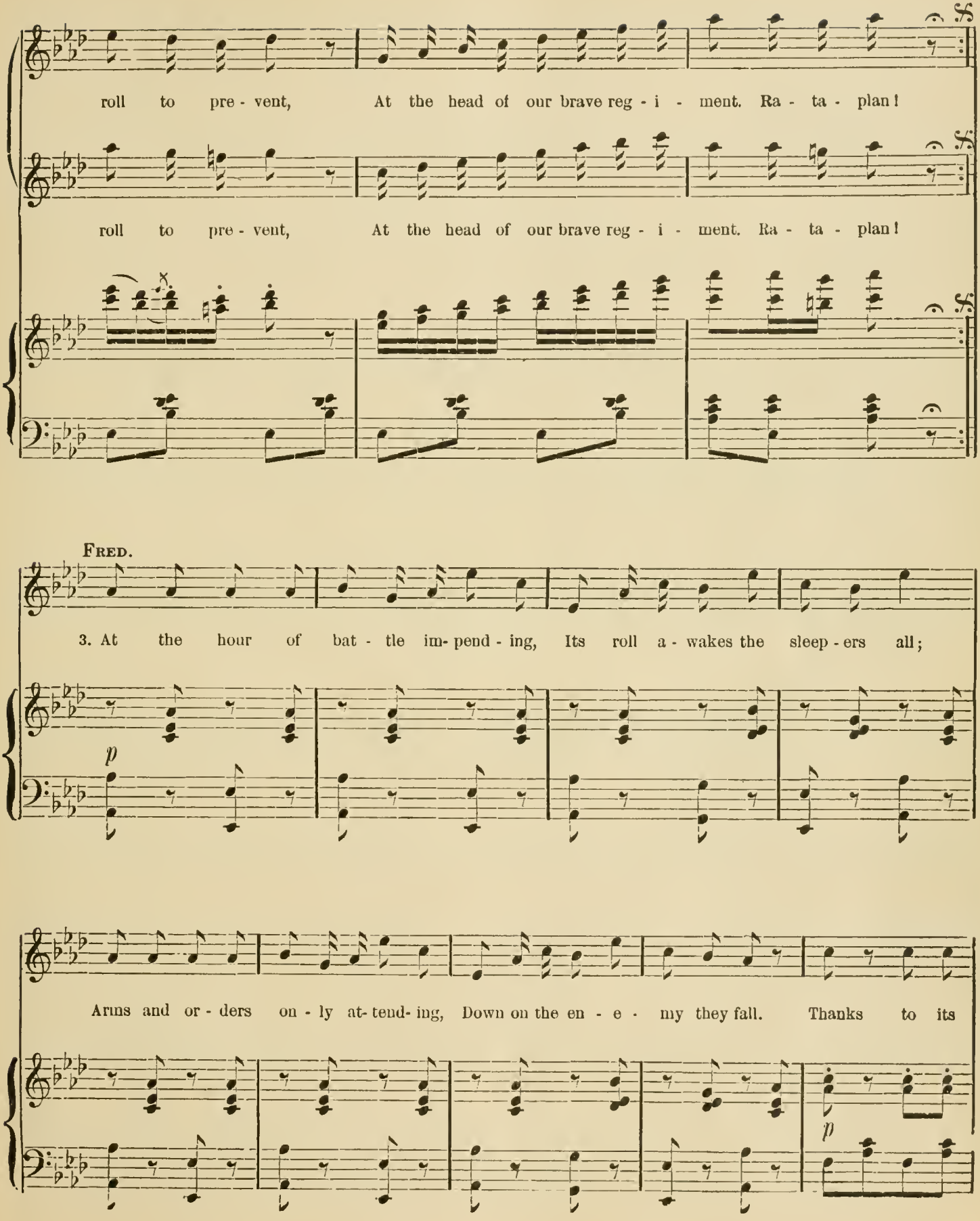
p

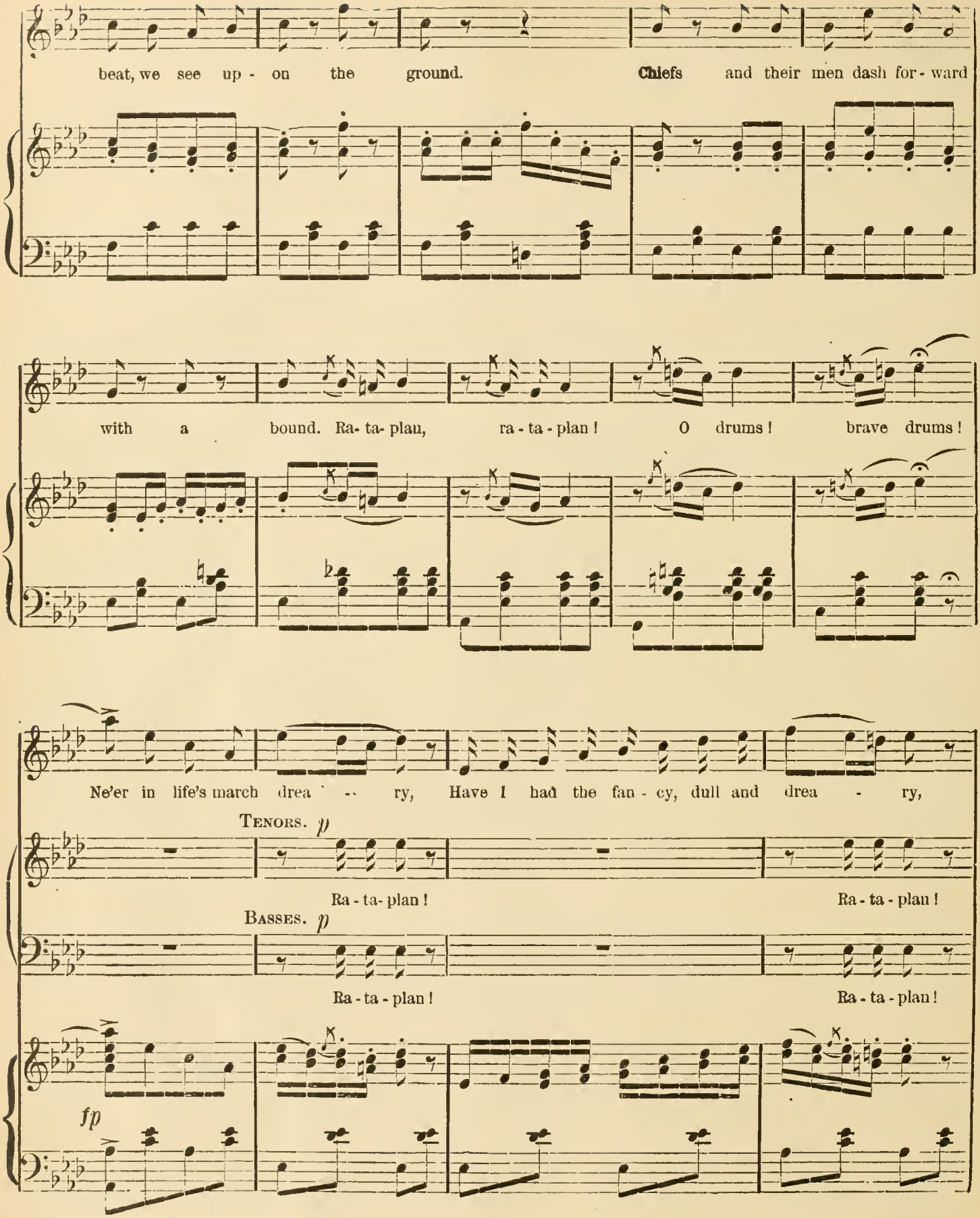
Thoughtless of fa - tigue, we are mov - ing, Cheer'd by its sound thro, all the way! Thanks to its
Soft - ly 'neath their bal - co - nies arch-ing, Sweet, tender tones the drum im - parts. Thanks to its

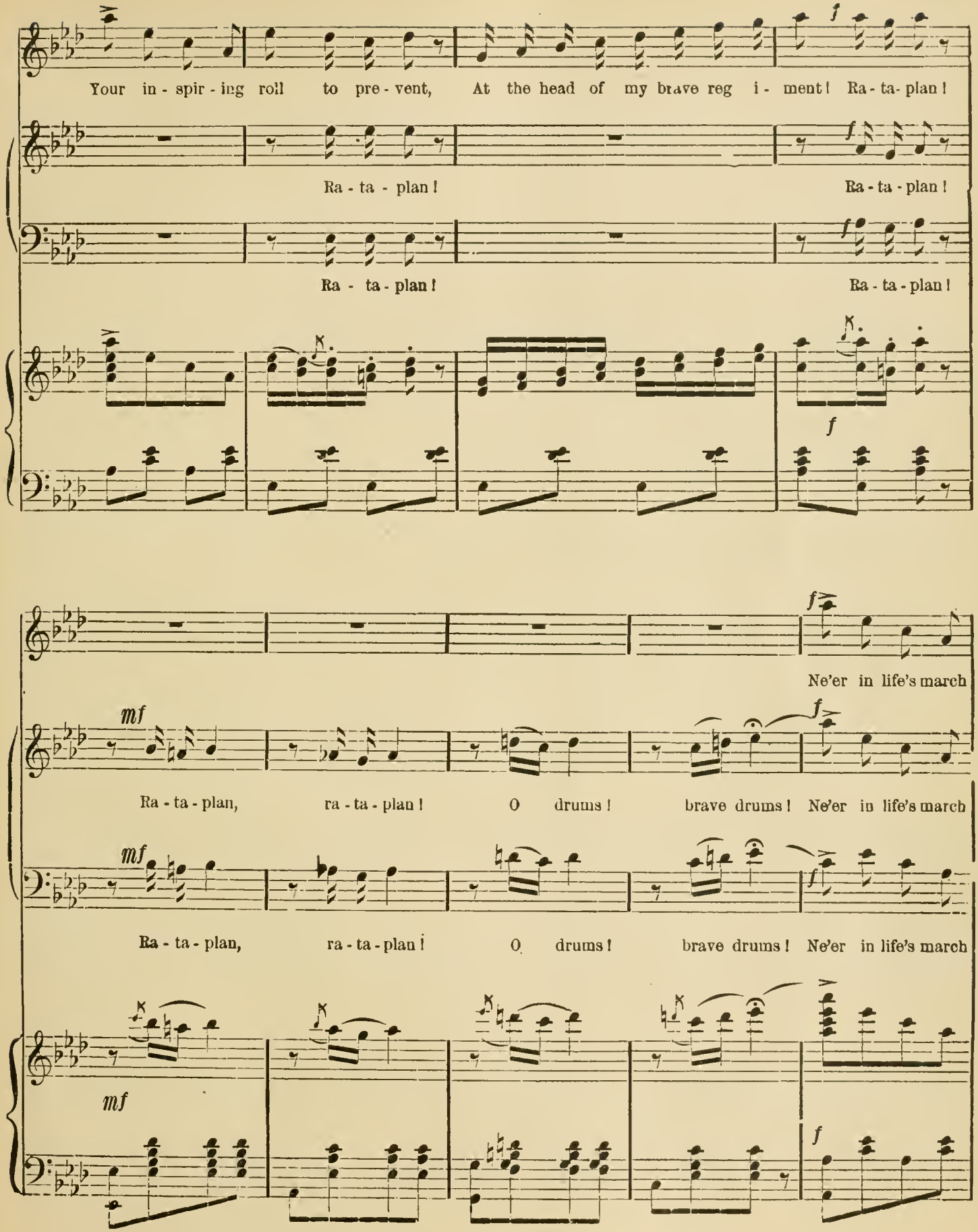
p

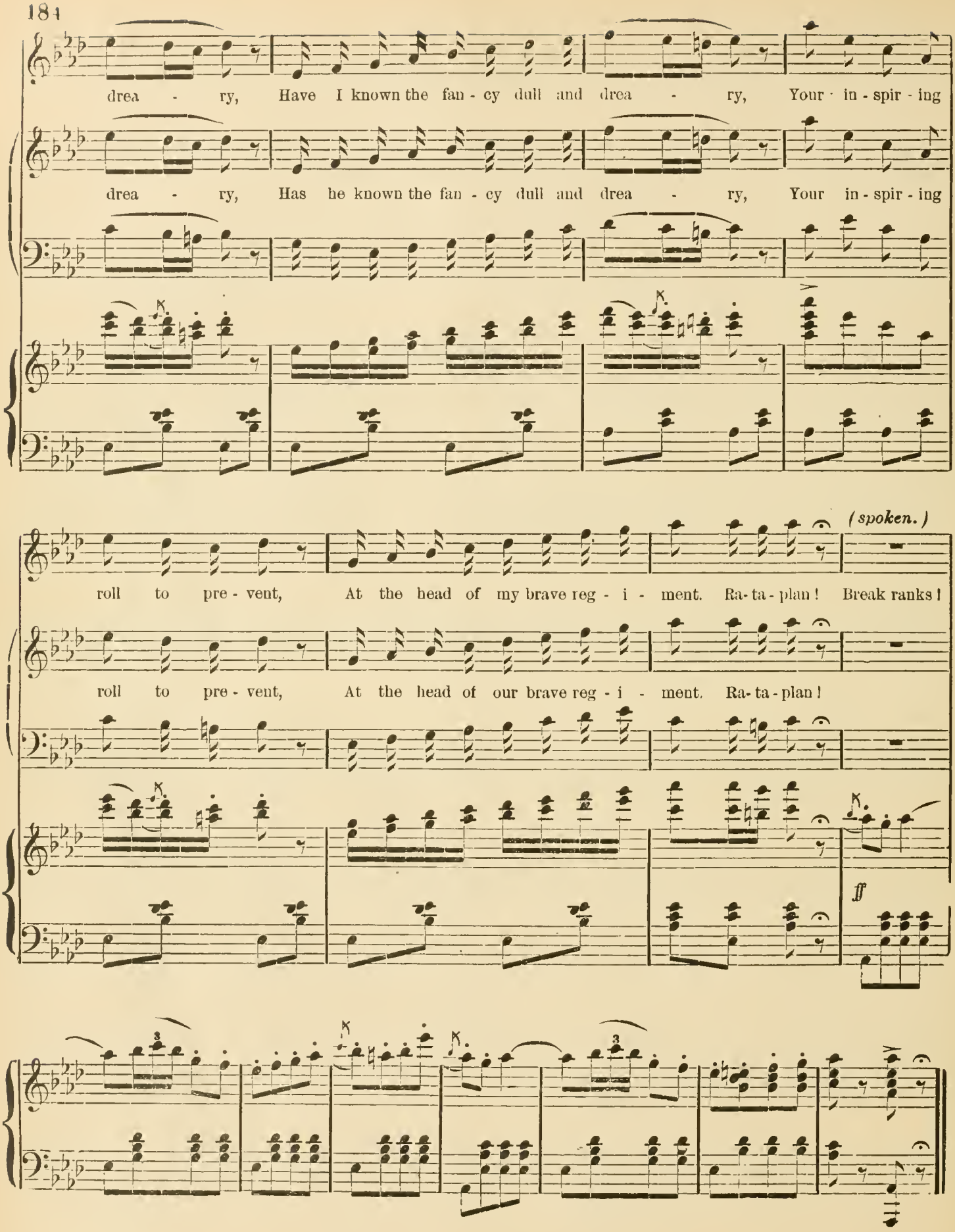

beat, thus gai - ly file a - long, Chiefs and their men en-camp'd lie,
beat, each mo - ment you may see Chiefs and their men are glanced at
bold and strong. Ra- ta- plan, ra - ta - plan ! O drums ! dear drums !
witch - ing - ly.
Ne'er in life's march wea - ry, Have I had the fan - cy, dull and drea - ry,
p
Ra - ta- plan ! Ra - ta - plan !
p
Ra - ta - plan ! Ra - ta - plan !
fp

Your in - spir - ing roll to pre - vent, At the head of my brave reg i - ment! Ra - ta- plan!
Ra - ta - plan!
Ra - ta - plan!
FRED. with Tenors.
Ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan! O drums! dear drums! Ne'er in life's marc
wea - ry, Have I had the fan - cy dull and drea - ry, Your in - spir - ing


roll to pre - vent, At the head of our brave reg - i - ment. Ra - ta - plan!
roll to pre - vent, At the head of our brave reg - i - ment. Ra - ta - plan!
FRED.
3. At the hour of bat - tle im- pend - ing, Its roll a - wakes the sleep - ers all;
Arms and or - ders on - ly at- tend- ing, Down on the en - e - my they fall. Thanks to its


beat, we see up - on the ground. Chiefs and their men dash for - ward
with a bound. Ra- ta- plan, ra - ta - plan ! O drums ! brave drums !
Ne'er in life's march drea - ry, Have I had the fan - cy, dull and drea - ry,
Tenors. p
Ra - ta- plan !
Ra - ta - plan !
Basses. p
Ra - ta - plan !
Ra - ta - plan !
fp


Your in - spir - ing roll to pre - vent, At the head of my brave reg i - ment! Ra - ta- plan!
Ra - ta - plan! Ra - ta - plan!
Ra - ta - plan! Ra - ta - plan!
Ne'er in life's march
Ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan! O drums! brave drums! Ne'er in life's march
Ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan! O drums! brave drums! Ne'er in life's march


drea - ry, Have I known the fan - cy dull and drea - ry, Your · in - spir - ing
drea - ry, Has he known the fan - cy dull and drea - ry, Your in - spir - ing
(spoken.)
roll to pre - vent, At the head of my brave reg - i - ment. Ra-ta-plan! Break ranks!
roll to pre - vent, At the head of our brave reg - i - ment. Ra-ta-plan!
ff

FRED. Break ranks! (*They scatter about.*) But where is Captain Pippo? He asked me for a moment's audience and I am here to meet him.

(*Enter* PIP., C. *from* L., *in Captain's uniform.*)

PIP. Here I am, General.

FRED. Your hand, Captain. Soldiers, I declare before you that our success is all owing to the valor of our brave Captain Pippo!

PIP. Oh, Prince! I may have valor, but you confuse me.

FRED. All heroes are modest; but let us change the subject. You wished to speak with me.

PIP. Yes, your highness; I have a favor to ask of you.

FRED. It is already granted.

PIP. It is very stupid; but then, it must come sooner or later. I wish to get married.

FRED. You marry, and with whom?

PIP. (*Pointing to* BET., *who enters* C. *from* L., *dressed as a little trooper.*) With my orderly.

ALL. With his orderly. What does he mean!

BET. (*Saluting* FRED.) If your goodness will allow it, General.

FRED. Good, very good. I understand. Granted.

SERGEANT *and* SOLDIERS. How? Granted?

FRED. Certainly. Listen, soldiers: this little trooper is a woman. (*Exclamations of surprise on all sides.*)

BET. Yes, comrade, a woman who became a soldier for love — all for this big goose. (*Taps* PIP. *on the cheek.*)

PIP. My little duck.

FRED. (*Coughing.*) Ahem! ahem!

PIP. (*Suddenly taking military position.*) Right about face!

BET. (*Doing same.*) Your pardon, General.

PIP. In two words, comrades, she is my sweetheart. We escaped together from the castle of the Prince Lorenzo. The old duffer intended to make her his wife, and we gave him the slip by jumping through the castle window into the river below.

SOLDIERS. Bravo! bravo!

FRED. Yes, and they jumped bravely, too. I was there.

BET. We swam like ducks, eh, Pippo?

PIP. Yes, and was soon out of their reach. Soon after, we learned from a fisherwoman hard by, that the Duke of Pisa had declared war against the Prince Lorenzo. I said to Bettina, let us go to Prince Frederic. Then we shall not fear pursuit. We forthwith presented ourselves.

FRED. And I enrolled them immediately.

PIP. We went to battle, Bettina was by my side. I became a lion.

BET. The first day he took a flag.

FRED. I made him Corporal.

BET. The second day he took a cannon.

FRED. I made him Sergeant.

PIP. The third day I took— - - (*Aside.*) Now what the devil did I take the third day? I have taken so many things, -- Ah, yes I took a drop — I mean a cold, nevertheless, all goes well, and I want to be married this very day; yes, this very hour.

FRED. A marriage at a moment's notice. (*Pointing to* BET.) But this dress?

BET. Never fear, your highness. We have taken our little precautions in advance.

PIP. Yes, Prince; I have even gone so far as to have the nuptial chamber prepared. (*Pointing to the door on the* L.) Hang, it I forget this is not a palace.

BET. No matter. When at war, do as warriors do.

PIP. She is charming. In love as in war, everything goes well with us, eh, birdie?

BET. (*Tapping him on his cheek.*) Yes, my old chicken.

FRED. (*Coughing.*) Ahem! ahem!

PIP. (*Assuming military position.*) Right about face!

BET. (*As if carrying arms.*) Your pardon, General. (*Salutes and marches back to* C.) I go to dress myself.

PIP. (*Commanding.*) March! (*She exits* L.U.E., *in military order.*)

FRED. Ah! Pippo, you are indeed happy. You are beloved, while as for me, Fiametta disdains me.

PIP. Bah! Don't think about it; seek excitement on the field.

FRED. That is what I have done, I have defeated her imbecile old father.

PIP. Yes, and badly too, they say he is flying and that his army has deserted him.

MAT. (*Aside.*) Poor old man.

PIP. All the army are amused. They have even made songs about him. They call him the great orang-outang.

MAT. (*With a gesture.*) Scoundrels!

PIP. *and* FRED. (*Turning to* MAT.) Eh?

MAT. Nothing.

FRED. Yes, the Prince is flying with his daughter, whom I still love and who knows but what Fiametta may be sad and unhappy (*Great noise outside.*) What's all that?

MAT. (*Looking out at back.*) They look like peasants. One would say they were wandering musicians. The soldiers surround them — they come this way.

FRED. Wandering musicians, no doubt. Let us retire where we shall not be annoyed. Come Captain!

PIP. I follow, Prince. (*They exit by a side door,* L.)

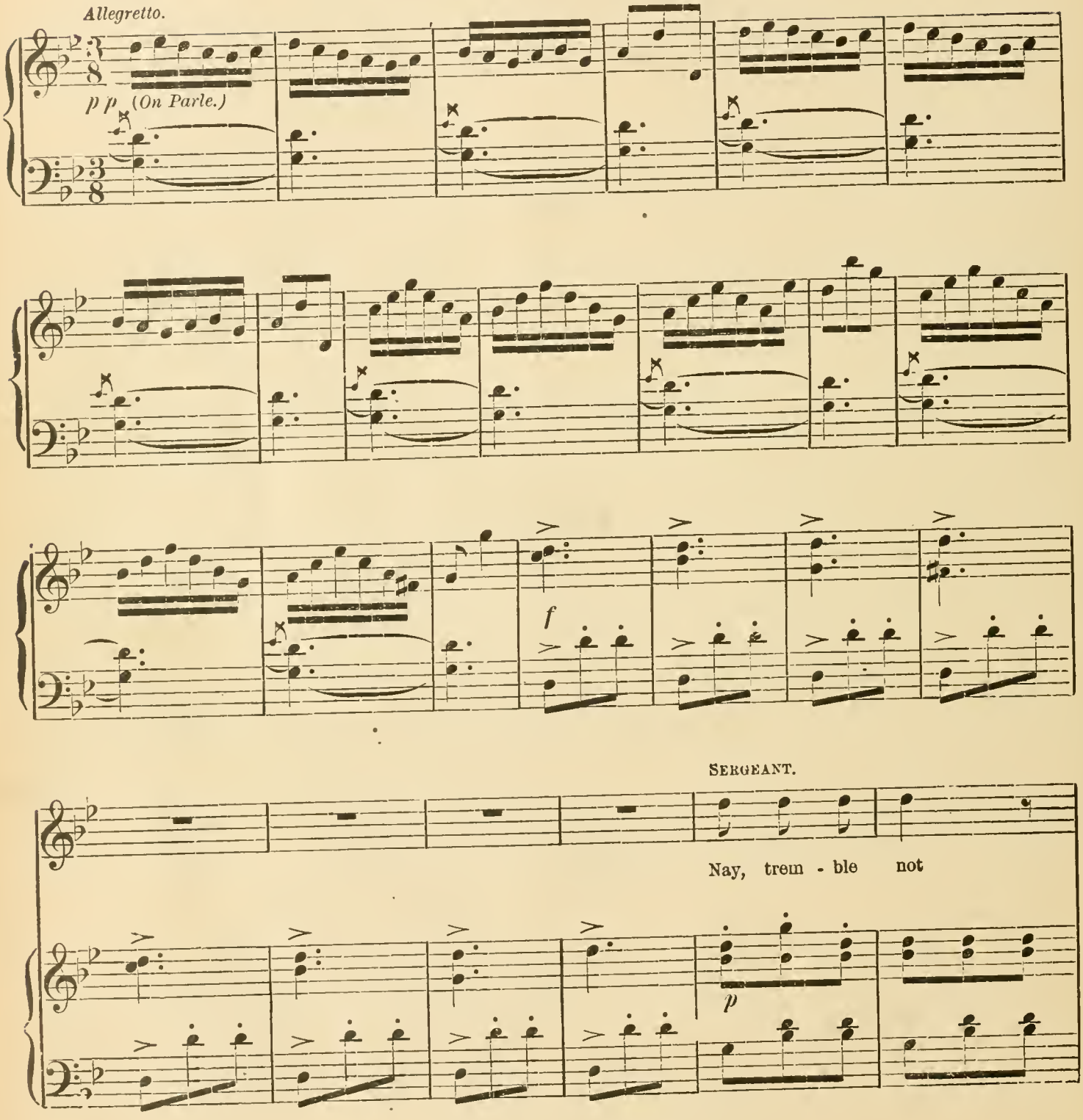
MAT. (*Up stage.*) Here they are.

(*Enter* LOR., ROC. *and* FIAM., *surrounded by a crowd of peasant and soldiers, the two men are dressed as peasants.* LOR. *with large red whiskers.* ROC. *with large black whiskers.* FIAM. *is dressed as a peasant woman, with her hair all rough over her face.* LOR *holds a bagpipe,* ROC. *a flageolet, and* FIAM. *a tambourine.*)

ENTRANCE OF THE REFUGES.

AND THE ORANG-OUTANG SONG.

No. 29. Fiametta, Lorenzo, Rocco, Sargeant, Chorus.



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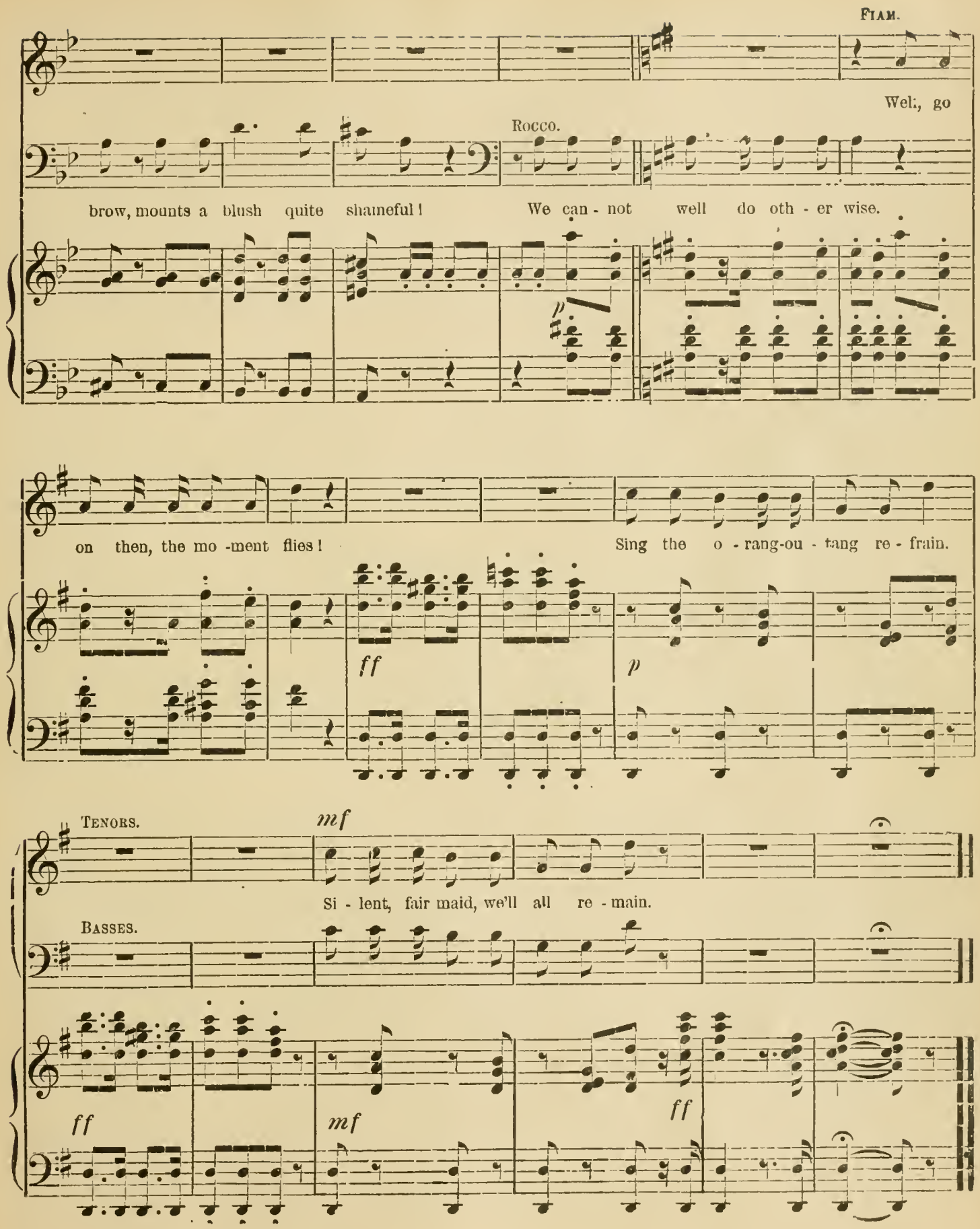
good folks thus. We're hon - est, each one of us.
But tell us pray, clear - ly show - ing, What is this you
Lorenzo.
here are do - ing! Three poor stroll - ing min - strels are
p.
Rocco.
we, Our in-struments you here may see. Our in-struments you here may see!

Han! han! han! han! Mak - ing the bag - pipe wheeze,
LORENZO & ROCCO.
Han! han! han! han!
f
pp
Beat - ing his tam - bour - ine, Sing - ing high mel - o - dies, Our dai - ly liv - ing we gain!
Hein! hein! hein! hein!
SERGEAT
Then sing us some bal - lad a -
LORENZO & ROCCO.
Hein! hein! hein! hein!
f
p

- mus - ing, To pay you, some cop- pers we'll fling;
Rocco.
With good will! What
Do you know you grant us free - dom, of choos - ing, that right live - ly
song shall we sing?
song, That bal - lad new and pleas - ant, Which at pres - ent They all
p

Lorenzo.
call Th'o - rang - ou - tang - song! Which they made on the old Prince, you
p
Allegretto.
know!
Tenors.
Pre - cise - ly so! Sing then, pret - ty maid - en, That song, ere you go.
Basses.
Allegretto.
p
Fiam.
A - bout our - selves, too? 'twould be blame - ful! To my
Lorenzo.


Fiam.
Well, go
Rocco.
brow, mounts a blush quite shameful! We can - not well do oth - er wise.
p
on then, the mo -ment flies! Sing the o - rang-ou - tang re - frain.
ff
p
Tenors.
mf
Si - lent, fair maid, we'll all re - main.
Basses.
ff
mf
ff

SONG OF THE ORANG-OUTANG.

No. 30.

Allegro non troppo.

FIAMETTA. ALL.

1. That big ape, who at Piombi - no, Ruled and ru - in'd with red tape, That big ape, who at Piom - bi - no,
2. But 'twas quite an - oth-er mat-ter, When our sol-diers, thro' the wood, But 'twas quite an - oth - er mat-ter,
3. But Zer - li - na, silence keeping, 'Twas a girl, no fear who knew, But Zer - li - na, si - lence keeping,

FIAMETTA.

Ruled and ru - in'd with red tape, Sharp-ly seized with grip-ing col - lic, Sud - den - ly made his es - capo.
When our sol-diers, thro' the wood, With their maids, in friend-ly chatter, Stroll'd to seek for something good—
'Twas a girl, no fear who knew, On the sly was soft - ly creeping, Towards a soldiers's ren- dez - vous—

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ALL.

Sharp - ly seized with grip - ing col - ic, Sud - den - ly made his es - cape.
With their maids in friend - ly chat - ter, Stroll'd, to seek for some - thing good.
On the sly was soft - ly creep-ing Towards a sol - dier's ren - dez - vous.

f

FIAMETTA.

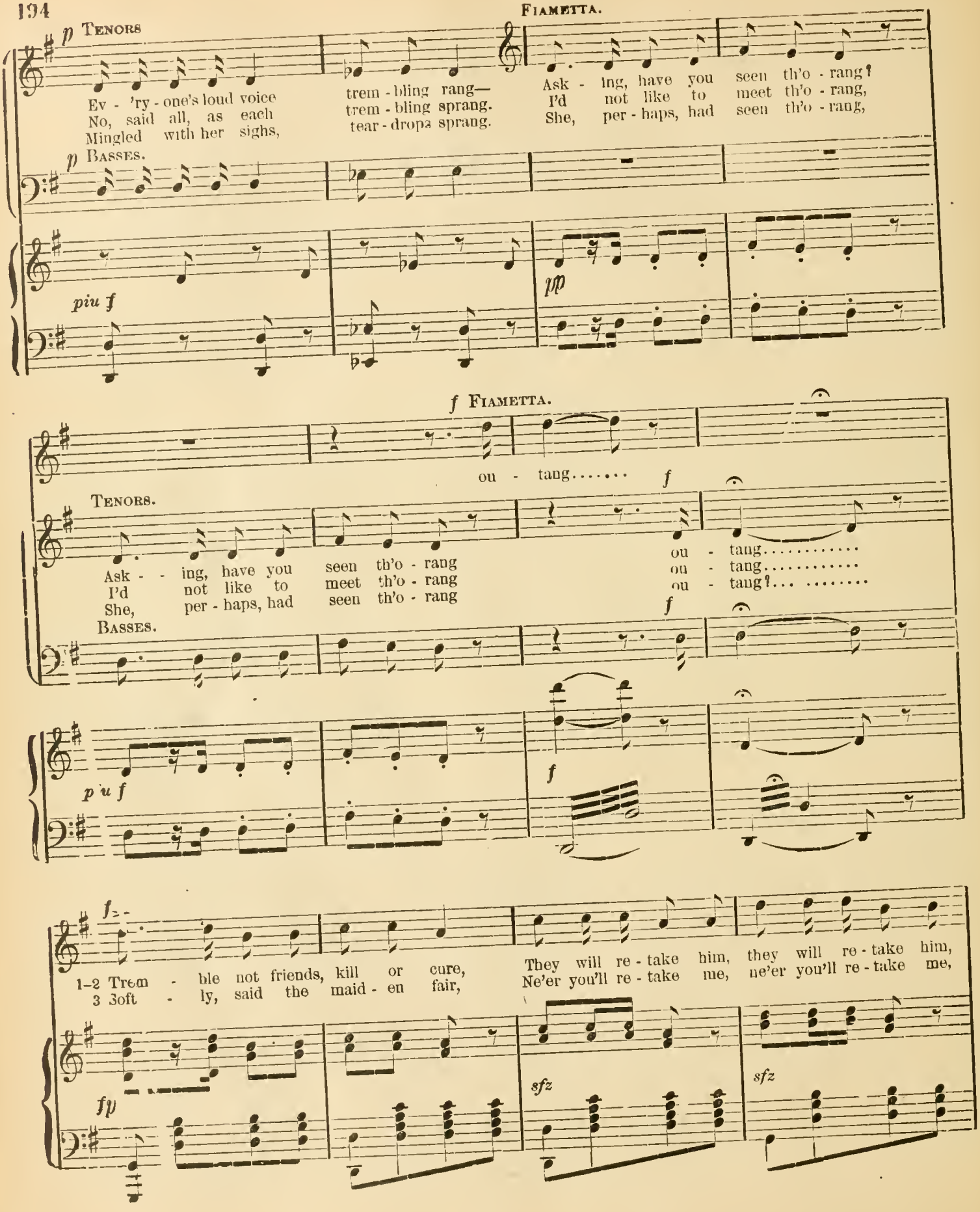
That rude an - i - mal sa - tan - ic, Is, they say, one of the worst; Thus you should have
One might see those fair ones am'rous, Far a - way their lov - ers push; Gra-cious! If that
But a - las! when night was fall - ing, Back they saw her come a - lone,— With an air of

fp *fp* *sfz* *fp*

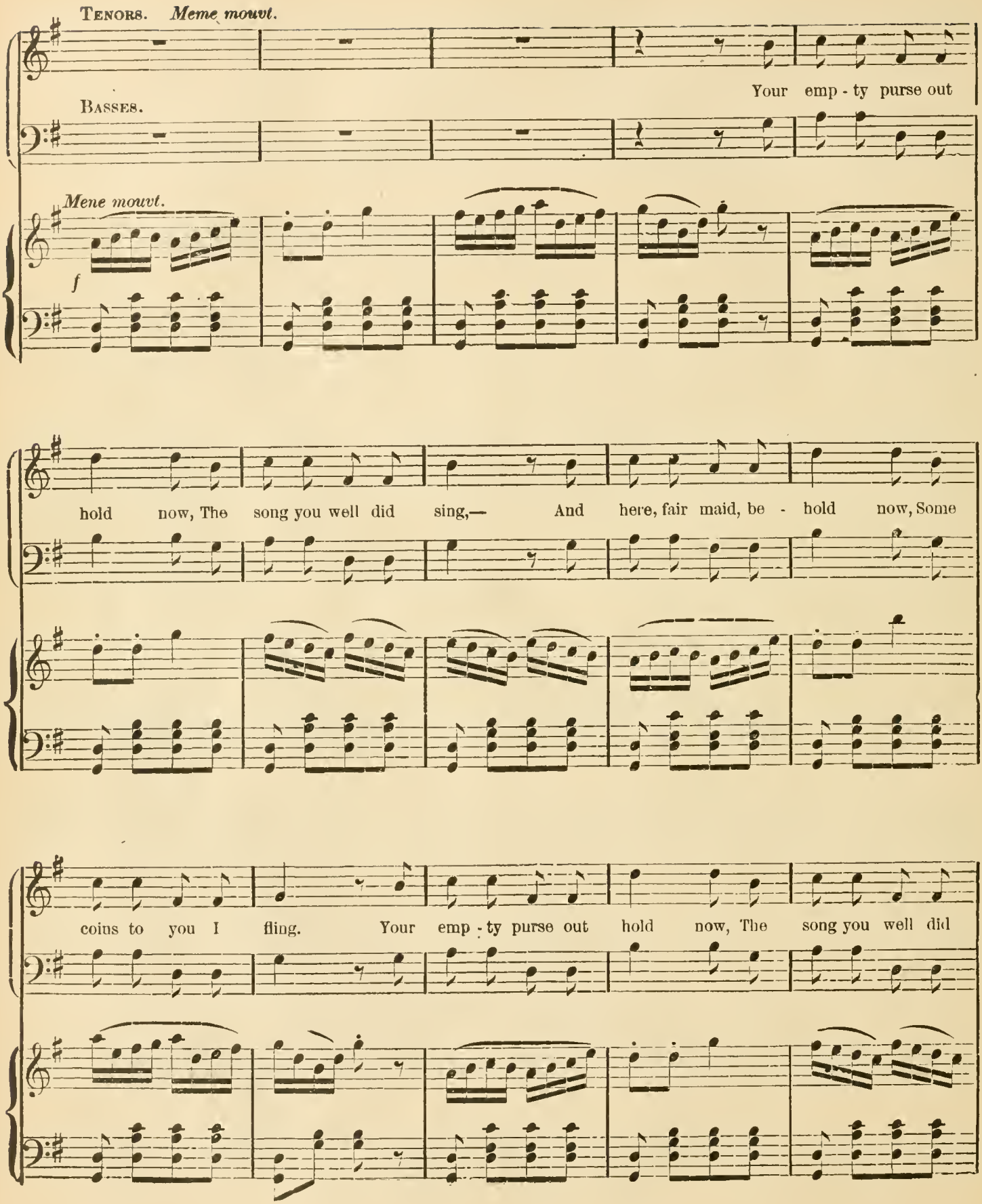
p

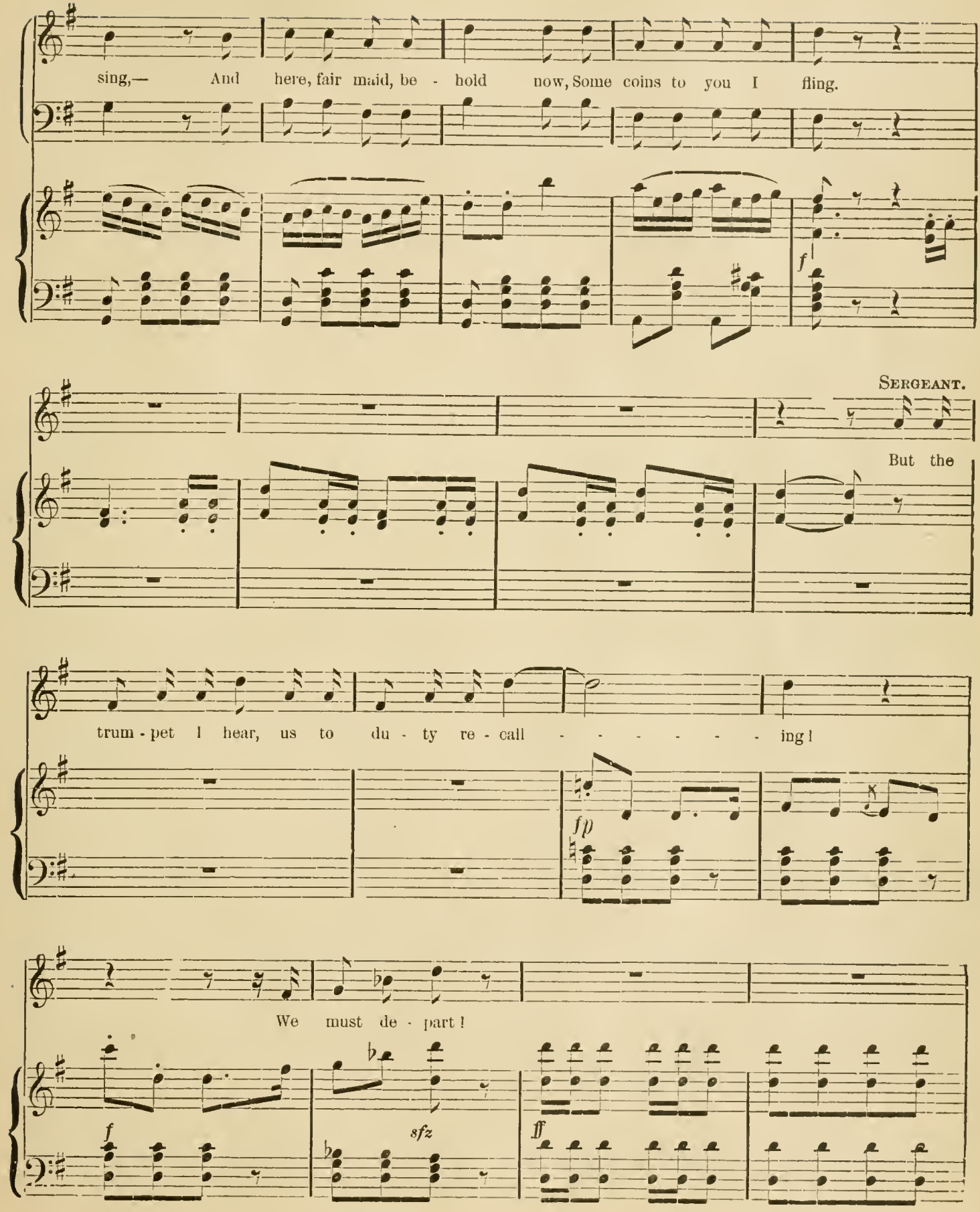
seen the pan - ic That a - mong the peo - ple burst! everyone's loud voice trembling rang,
beast so clam'rous Right be-tween us here should rush! No, said all, as each trembling sprang,—
rough o'er-hang-ing— Naught else did she do but moan! Mingled with her sighs, tear-drops sprang,—

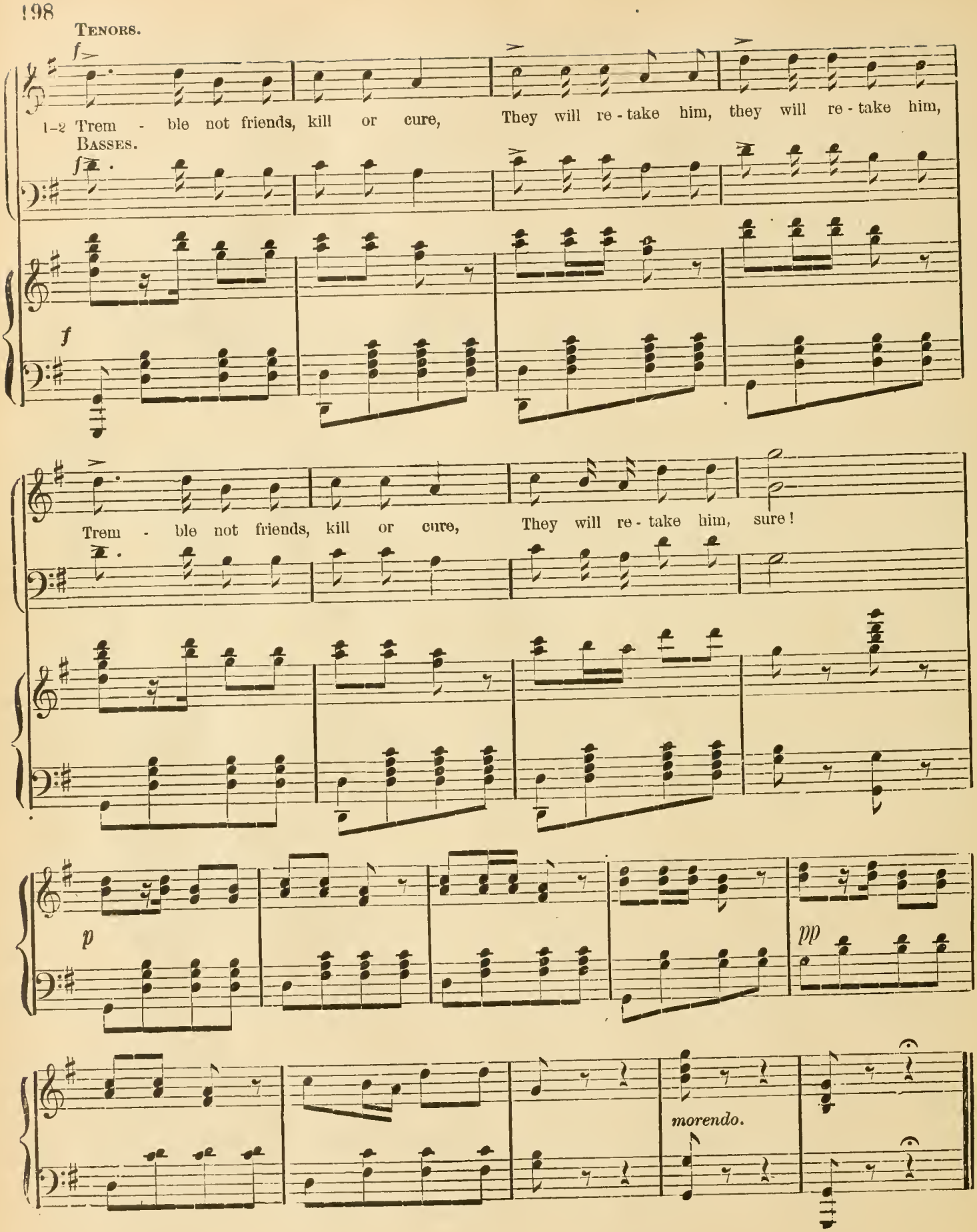
fp *pp*


p Tenors
Fiametta.
Ev - 'ry - one's loud voice
No, said all, as each
Mingled with her sighs,
trem - bling rang—
trem - bling sprang.
tear - drops sprang.
Ask - ing, have you seen th'o - rang?
I'd not like to meet th'o - rang,
She, per - haps, had seen th'o - rang,
p Basses.
piu f
pp
f Fiametta.
ou - tang.....
Tenors.
Ask - - ing, have you seen th'o - rang
I'd not like to meet th'o - rang
She, per - haps, had seen th'o - rang
Basses.
f
ou - tang.....
ou - tang.....
ou - tang?.....
p u f
f
f
1-2 Trem - ble not friends, kill or cure,
3 Soft - ly, said the maid - en fair,
They will re - take him, they will re - take him,
Ne'er you'll re - take me, ne'er you'll re - take me,
fp
sfz
sfz

Trem - ble not, friends, kill or cure, They will re - take him sure, Ah!
Soft - ly said the maid - en fair, Ne'er you'll re - take me there, Ah!
Tenors.
1–2 Trem - ble not thus, kill or cure, They will re - take him, they will re - take him,
3 Soft - ly, said the maid - en fair, Ne'er you'll re - take me, ne'er you'll re - take me,
Basses.
Trem - ble not thus, kill or cure, They will re - take him, sure!.....
Soft - ly, said the maid - en fair, Ne'er you'll re - take me there!.....


Tenors. Meme mouvt.
Your emp - ty purse out
Basses.
Mene mouvt.
f
hold now, The song you well did sing,— And here, fair maid, be - hold now, Some
coins to you I fling. Your emp - ty purse out hold now, The song you well did


sing,— And here, fair maid, be - hold now, Some coins to you I fling.
f
SERGEANT.
But the
trum - pet I hear, us to du - ty re - call - - - - - - - ing!
fp
We must de - part!
f
sfz
ff


Tenors.
f
1-2 Trem - ble not friends, kill or cure, They will re-take him, they will re-take him,
Basses.
f
f
Trem - ble not friends, kill or cure, They will re-take him, sure!
p
pp
morendo.

All the soldiers exit singing the refrain of the chorus of the Orang-outang. LOR., ROC. FIAM. *and* MAT. *remain.*)

LOR. (*To* FIAM., *who is counting the money.*) How much?

FIAM. Thirty-nine sous.

LOR. Keep them. We have no longer reason to be proud.

MAT. (*Roughly to* LOR.) Come, now, move on!

LOR. (*Angrily.*) Move on. (*Softer and more amiable.*) Oh, Matheo! Matheo!

MAT. What now?

LOR. You remember your old master, Prince Lorenzo?

MAT. *Feelingly.*) Ah, yes, indeed I do remember him. He was not very powerful, but he was a good man.

LOR. (*With effusion, and shaking him by the hand.*) Thank you, thank you You, at least have a kind word for him, while others treat him as an orang-outang.) Thanks, good friend, thanks.

MAT. (*Astonished.*) Who are you?

LOR. Matheo. (*Taking off his beard, which he puts in his pocket.*) Look!

MAT. The Prince!

LOR. No, — I am nothing now.

MAT. Is it true, then

LOR. Yes, my old luck has returned. Defeated by the Duke of Pisa in every quarter, my faithful subjects revolted and invaded my palace.

FIAM. Our lives were threatened.

LOR. I am no coward, but I saw that the only way to get out honorably, was to get out quickly.

ROC. Which we did manfully.

FIAM. And thoughtlessly forgot——

ROC. Our cash-box.

LOR. One always forgets something. Then (*Pointing to* FIAM.) my darling child, my grand chamberlain.

ROC. (*Taking off his beard, which he puts in his pocket.*) Your ex-chamberlain.

LOR. Quite right, quite right; my ex-chamberlain and myself borrowed these make ups, I should say disguises, and after enduring a thousand fatigues, find ourselves safe ——

MAT. In the enemy's camp.

LOR. Quite right As safe here as anywhere. Do you know what my faithful subjects have done.

MAT. No, what?

LOR. They have set a price on my head; they have offered a reward of 497 francs.

MAT. Why this fraction? Why not a round sum?

LOR. Perhaps it is because my head is not worth 500 francs. All this would not have happened to me a month ago.

MAT. Why?

LOR. Because I had——(*Noise of Music and bells ringing outside.*)

FIAM. What's all this noise?

MAT. Don't heed it; it is only a wedding.

FIAM And who is to be married?

MAT. A beautiful girl, named Bettina.

LOR. (*Jumping up.*) Bettina!

FIAM. *and* ROC. Bettina!

LOR. With whom?

MAT. A brave officer, captain Pippo!

FIAM. Pippo!

LOR. Pippo!

FIAM. He marries her? Ah, papa, my nerves! I faint! (MAT *comes quickly with a chair.*)

LOR. Some vinegar, Matheo, some vinegar!

MAT. Directly. (*Goes out.*)

ROC. (*On right of* FIAM.) We must chafe her hands.

LOR. (*On left.*) Yes.

ROC. (*Rubbing* FIAM'S *hand.*) So Bettina is to be married?

LOR. (*With energy.*) So much the better!

ROC. (*Same business.*) How so much the better? You well know, if this marriage takes place, Bettina ceases to be a Mascot.

LOR. Precisely—that pleases me. Since I no longer possess her myself, no one else shall have her. You understand?

LOR. (*Walking up* L.) Matheo—the vinegar!

ROC. (*Mechanically rubbing* FIAM'S *hand.*) I have nothing to gain from Lorenzo, while if I preserve the Mascot to Frederic, I can hope for everything from his gratitude. (*Leaving* FIAM'S *hand.*) Matheo—the vinegar! (*He walks up stage.*)

LOR. (*Comes back, takes* FIAM'S *hand, which he rubs mechanically.*) Frederic, no longer having the Mascot, the chances become equal. I will begin the war again, and conquer him

ROC. (*Coming back, and speaking to himself.*) After reflecting, I shall go and warn the Prince.

LOR. (*Same time.*) After thinking it over, I shall let this marriage go on.

FIAM. (*Opening her eyes.*) Where am I? (*Gets up.*)

ROC. She is recovering!

MAT. (*Coming back.*) Here is the vinegar.

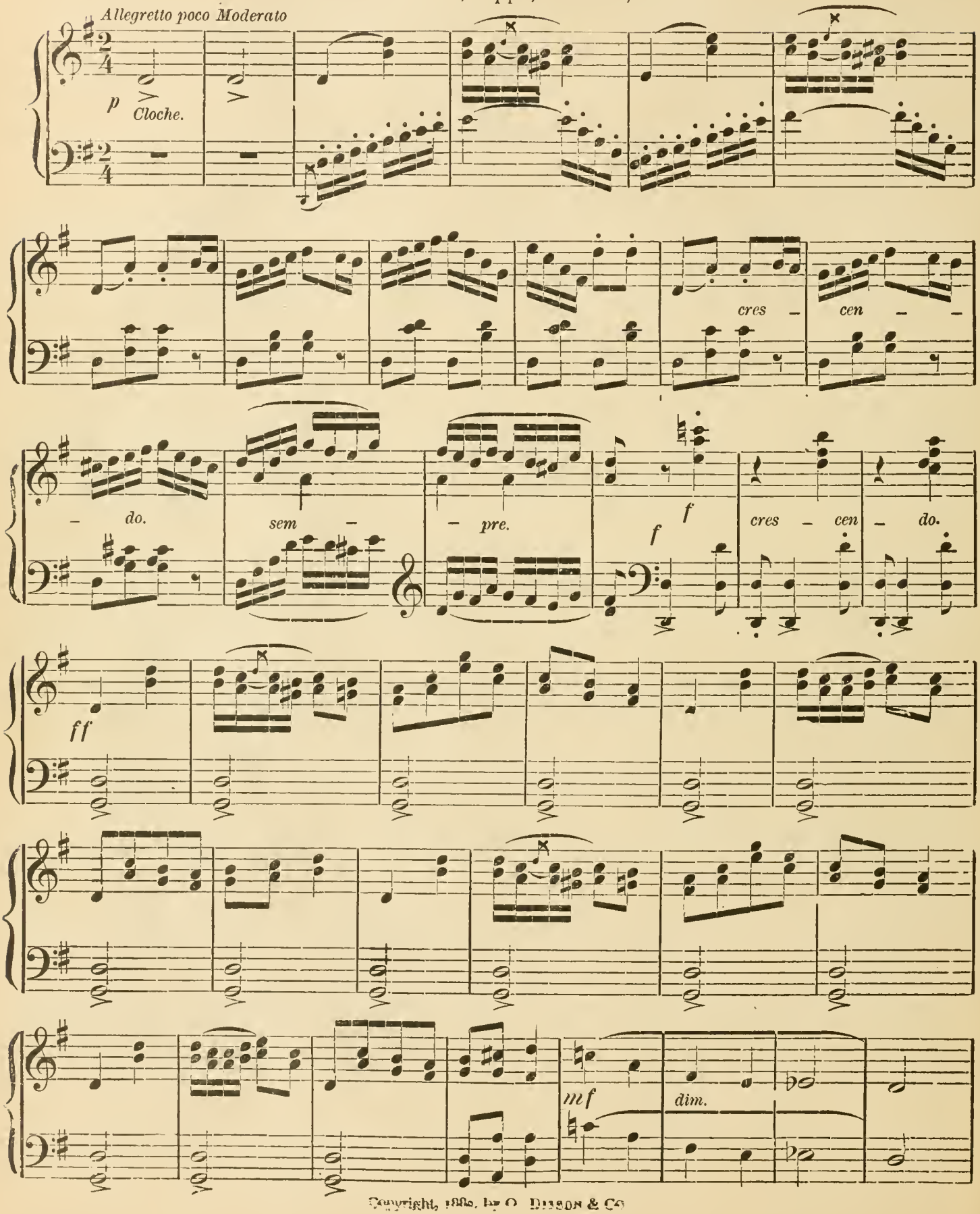
LOR. We no longer want it; you have been too quick about it Keep it for the salad. (*Noise outside, and joyous acclamations.,*

FIAM. (*With a cry.*) Ah, I remember—a wedding!

MAT. (*Up stage.*) Here are the bride and bridegroom and their friends coming from the chapel.

LOR. (*To* FIAM.) Courage, my child, courage! (*To* ROC.) Our beards —let us put them on and keep one side. (*They hide in a room, or cupboard, on the left. Enter* PIP. *and* FRED., *at back, in grand dress;* BET. *as a bride, accompanied by friends and soldiers.*)

No. 31. Fiametta Frederic, Pippo, Lorenzo, Chorus.



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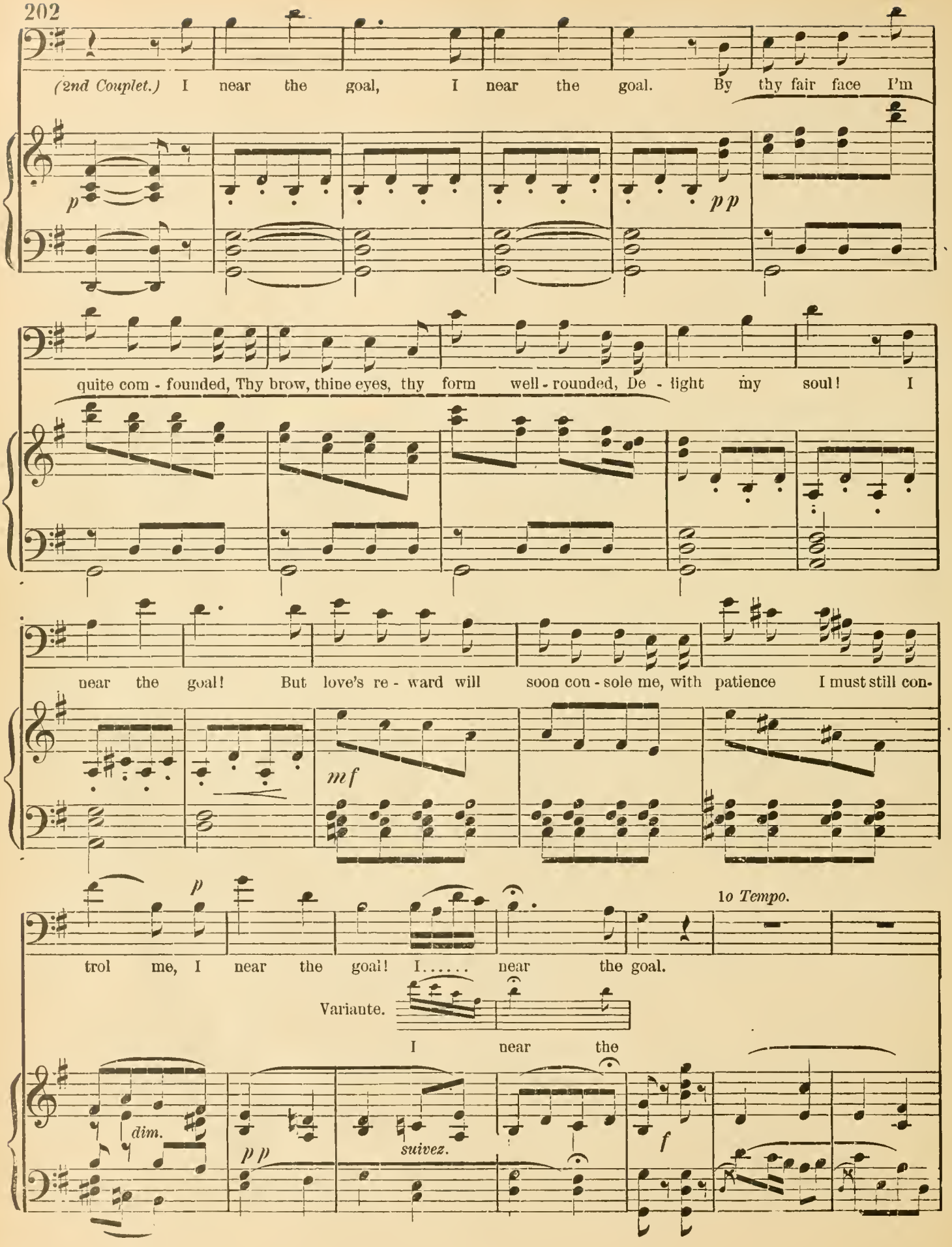
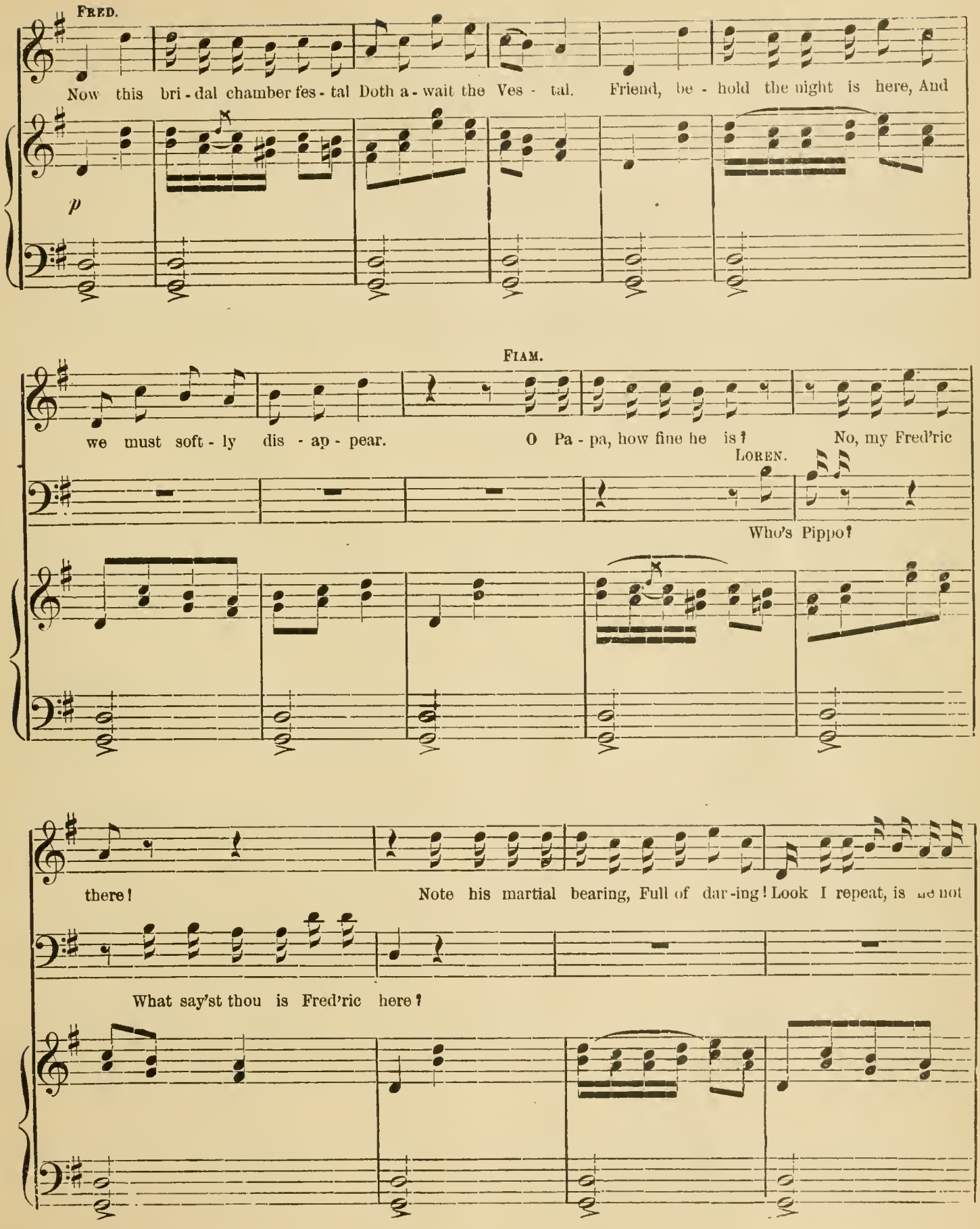
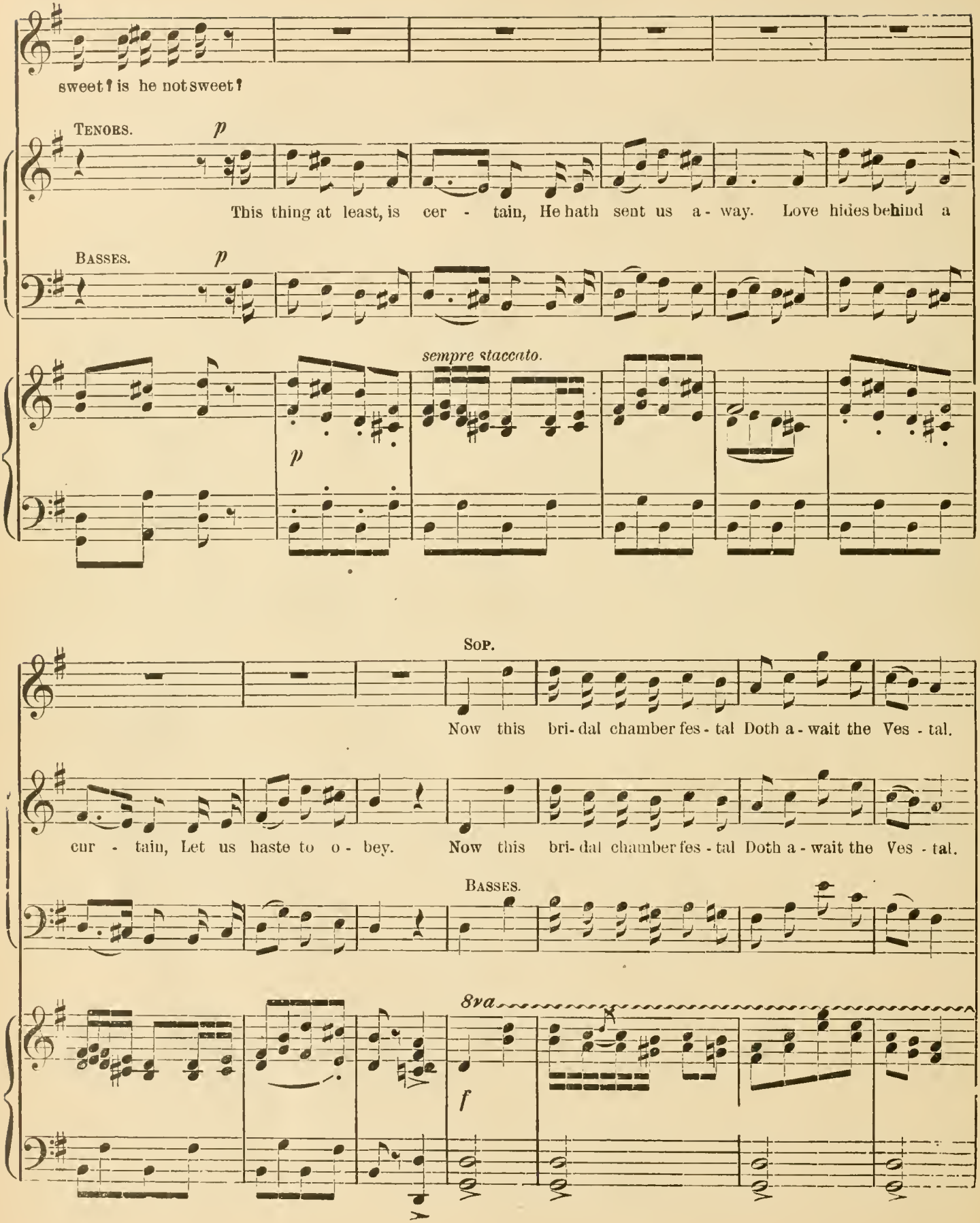
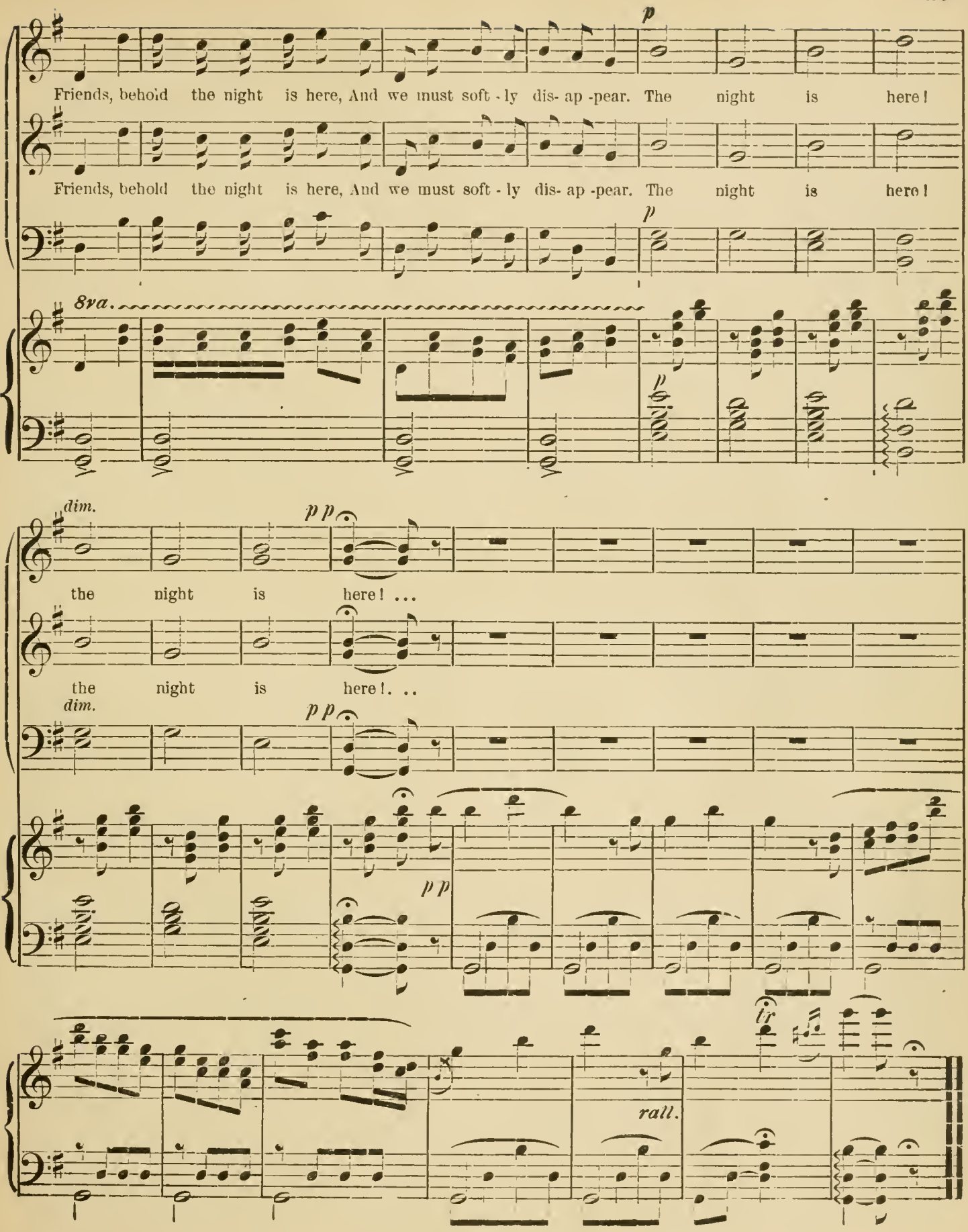
Andantino. PIPPO.
(1st Couplet) I near the goal, I near the goal, I've no more dread of
Andantino.
pp
pp
ills har - rass - ing, I'm in the way of wealth a - mass - ing, Be - yond con - trol; I
near the goal! Friend am I of a Highness roy - al, And hon - ors are mine, ov - er
mf
p
loy - al I near the goal, I..... near the goal!
Tempo.
dim.
pp
suivez.
mf espressivo.


(2nd Couplet.) I near the goal, I near the goal. By thy fair face I'm
p
pp
quite com - founded, Thy brow, thine eyes, thy form well - rounded, De - light my soul! I
near the goal! But love's re - ward will soon con - sole me, with patience I must still con-
mf
p
trol me, I near the goal! I..... near the goal.
1o Tempo.
Variante.
I near the
dim.
pp
suivez.
f


FRED.
Now this bri - dal chamber fes - tal Doth a - wait the Ves - tal. Friend, be - hold the night is here, And
p
FIAM.
we must soft - ly dis - ap - pear. O Pa - pa, how fine he is! No, my Fred'ric
LOREN.
Who's Pippo!
there! Note his martial bearing, Full of dar - ing! Look I repeat, is he not
What say'st thou is Fred'ric here!


sweet! is he not sweet!
Tenors.
p
This thing at least, is cer - tain, He hath sent us a - way. Love hides behind a
Basses.
p
sempre staccato.
p
Sop.
Now this bri- dal chamber fes - tal Doth a - wait the Ves - tal.
cur - tain, Let us haste to o - bey. Now this bri- dal chamber fes - tal Doth a - wait the Ves - tal.
Basses.
8va
f


p
Friends, behold the night is here, And we must soft - ly dis- ap -pear. The night is here!
Friends, behold the night is here, And we must soft - ly dis- ap -pear. The night is here!
p
8va.
p
dim.
p p
the night is here! ...
the night is here!. ..
dim.
p p
p p
tr
rall.

(*All the assistants go out on tip-toe at back, during which* BET. *is made to enter the nuptial chamber.* FIAM. *gives* FRED. *a last look as he goes off at back* PIP. *remains alone.*)

PIP. *Au revoir*, my friends, *au revoir!* (*Coming to the front.*) Here I am, alone; nothing to do, but think of my little wife, my dear Bettina. How my heart palpitates! so does hers, no doubt. A kiss—I must have a kiss from those ruby lips! (*Goes towards nuptial chamber.* ROC. *in the meantime steals across stage on tip-toe. As* PIPPO *is about to enter,* ROC. *taps him on the shoulder.* PIP. *turns quickly.*)

PIP. What?

ROC. Pardon, captain—a word.

PIP. Who are you?

ROC. (*Taking off beard.*) Look!

PIP. (*Surprised.*) My old master! Hang it, what brings you here?

ROC. I must speak with you.

PIP. Not now—I am engaged. I will see you to-morrow.

ROC. Oh, no; to-morrow will be too late—it is about your future welfare.

PIP. My future welfare? Speak quickly, then, for I have no time to lose.

ROC. (*Looking around, and then speaking in a marked tone.*) Listen. For the past month, you have done great deeds; defeated great armies, and have been overwhelmed with gifts and favors from the Prince. To what do you think you owe this unlooked-for good fortune?

PIP. (*Nobly.*) To my valor!

LOR. (*Looking out of door,* L.) What do I see—Rocco and Pippo together!

ROC. Your valor? Now, don't deceive yourself! You know you are a chicken-hearted fellow. No, no—you owe all to a woman—to Bettina; because Bettina is a Mascot.

PIP. (*With a cry.*) A Mascot!

LOR. (*Aside from door.*) Ah! He's splitting!

PIP. A Mascot? Are you sure of that?

ROC. Absolutely sure; and the proof is, that all this good fortune has come to you since she has not quitted your side.

PIP. True. What luck! What chance! So I have married a Mascot!

ROC. (*Stopping him, as he is about to enter chamber.*) Unfortunate man, don't go there!

PIP. Why not?

ROC. Why not? Because if you go in that room, if you take from Bettina the orange blossoms she wears in her bosom, if you even kiss her, that moment she cease to be a Mascot!

PIP. But, hang it all, I love her! She is my wife.

BET. (*Inside.*) Pippo! Pippo!

PIP. She calls me—you hear her?

LOR. (*Aside from door.*) Go in, you donkey?

ROC. Don't enter. One step further—good by, fortune, good by, honors, good by, happiness! You will become a poor shepherd again.

PIP. (*Determinedly.*) Never!

ROC. (*Suddenly.* An idea—make her your sister, and the future is yours!

LOR. Wretch!

BET. (*Inside.*) Pippo—my little Pippo!

PIP. I hear her. There—she is coming!

ROC. Courage! Be firm; be cool!

LOR. (*Aside, from door.*) Yes; damned cool!

PIP. I must and will; but how can I trust myself? Oh, if I only had some one to help me!

ROC. Listen I go in there. (*Pointing to door* R.) If you begin to fail, I will call you to order by playing upon this (*Pointing to clarionet.*) the Legend of the Mascots.

PIP. Very well. That will do, for I am determined.

LOR. (*Aside, from door.*) Happily, I have my bagpipe. We shall see!

BET. (*Coming out in night attire, her orange blossoms at her side, and a lamp in her hand.*) Pippo! Ah, there you are. (*Places lamp on table;* LOR. *is hidden on one side,* ROC. *on the other.*)

PIP. It is she!

HOW'S THIS PIPPO?

No. 32. QUARTETTE. Bettina, Pippo, Lorenzo, Rocco.

Allo. non troppo.
BETT.
How's this Pip - po that when I call you, you stay a -
Allo. non troppo
f
pp
- way, 'tis im - po - lite! Why should it hap-pen that your wife, must come to

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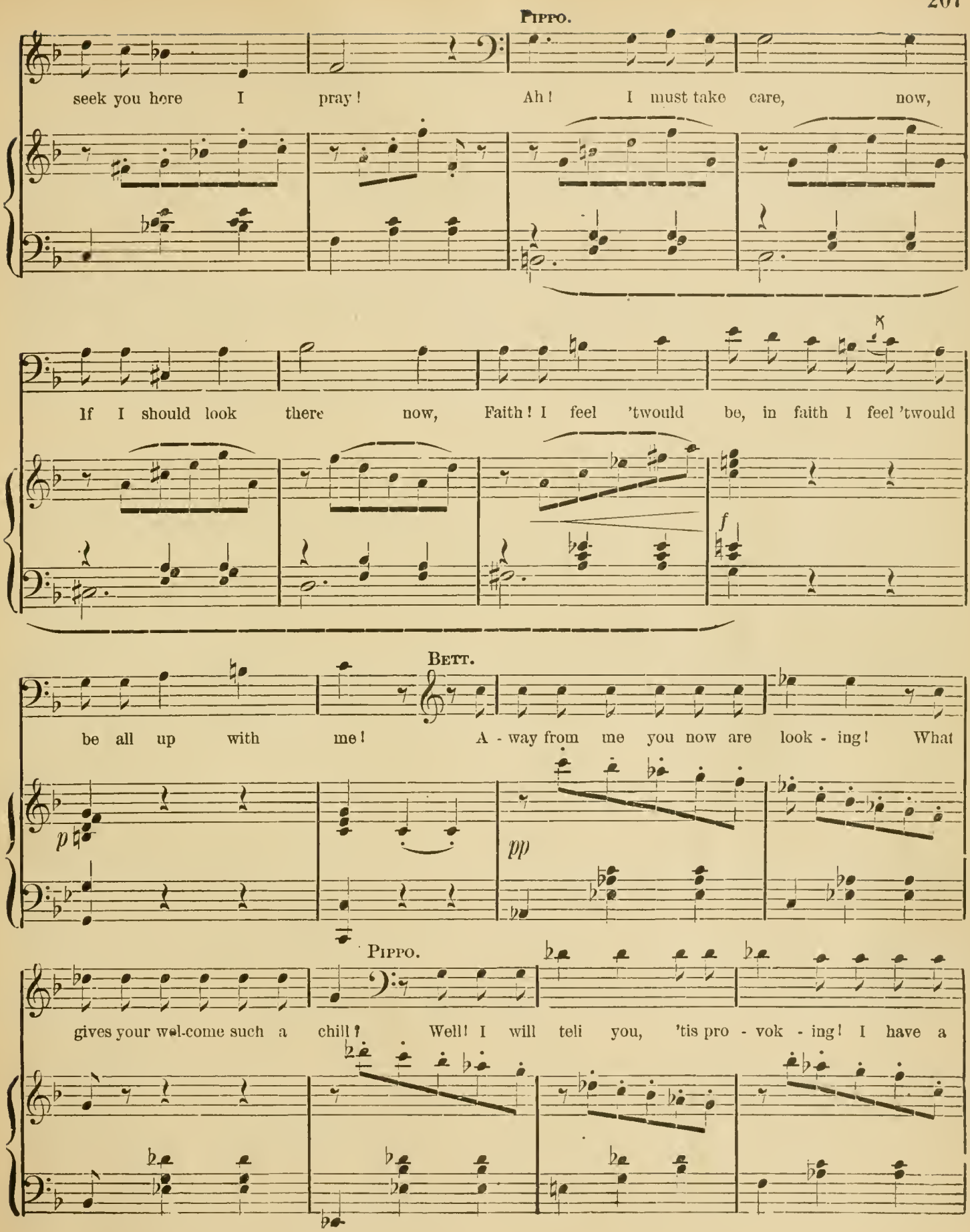
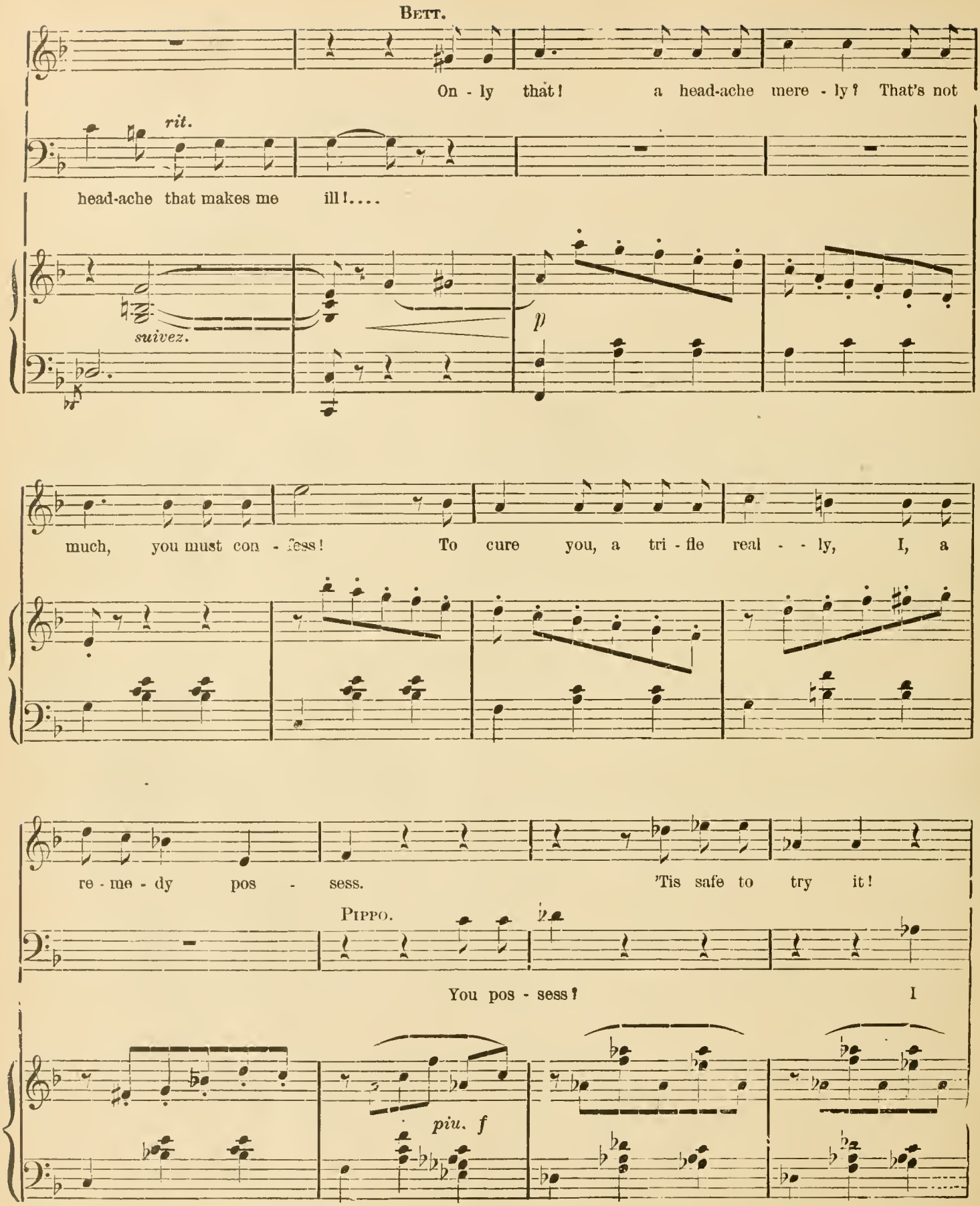
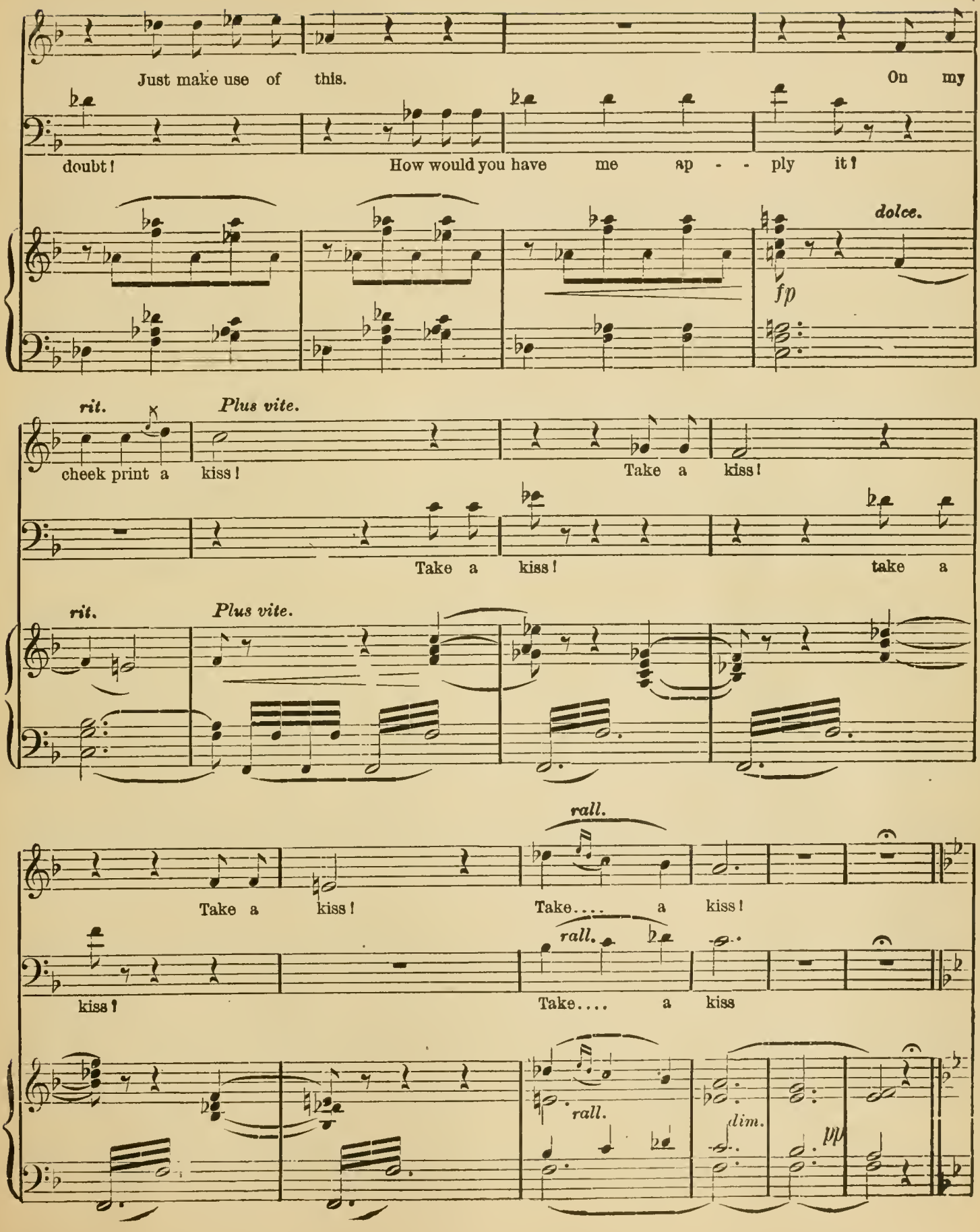
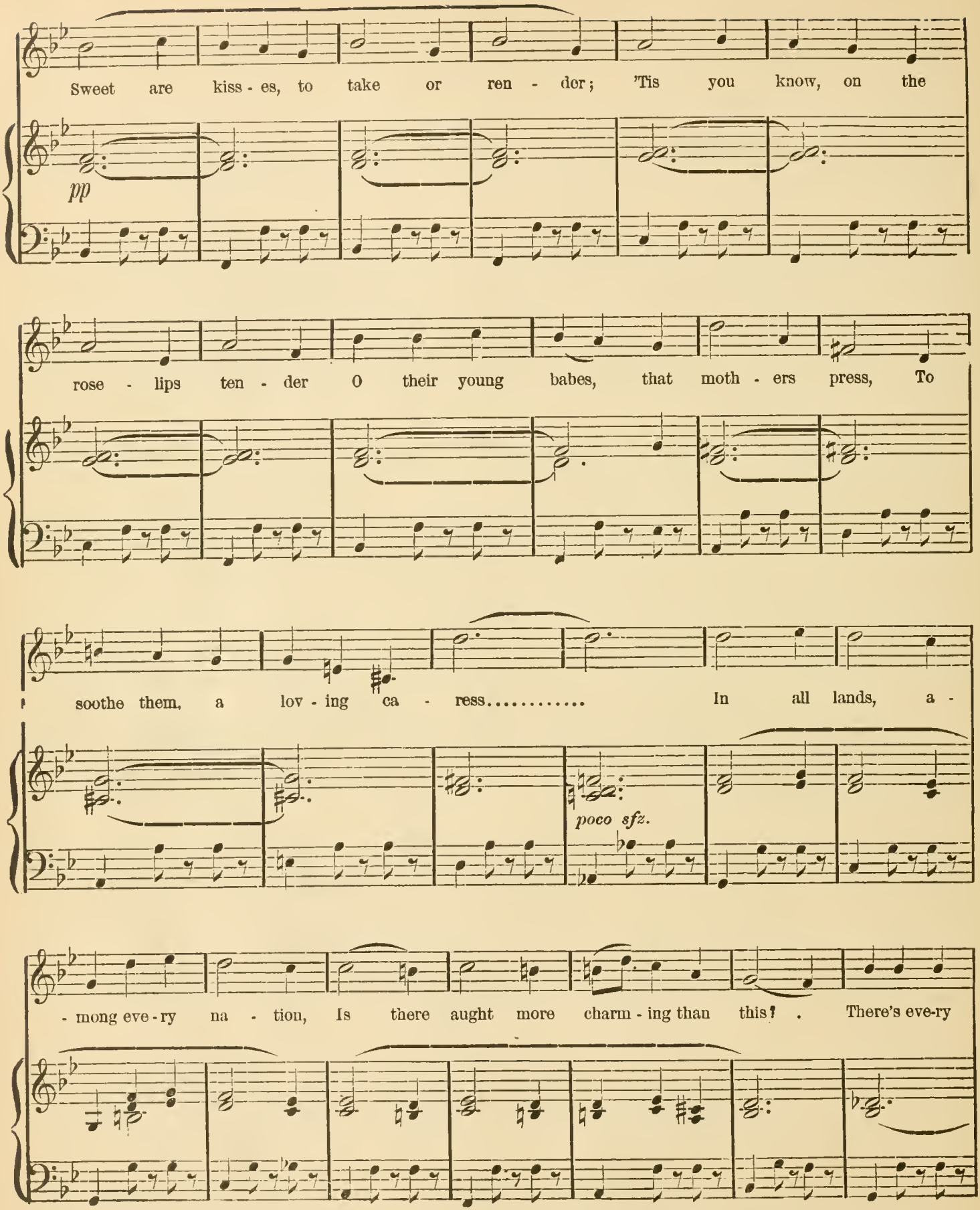
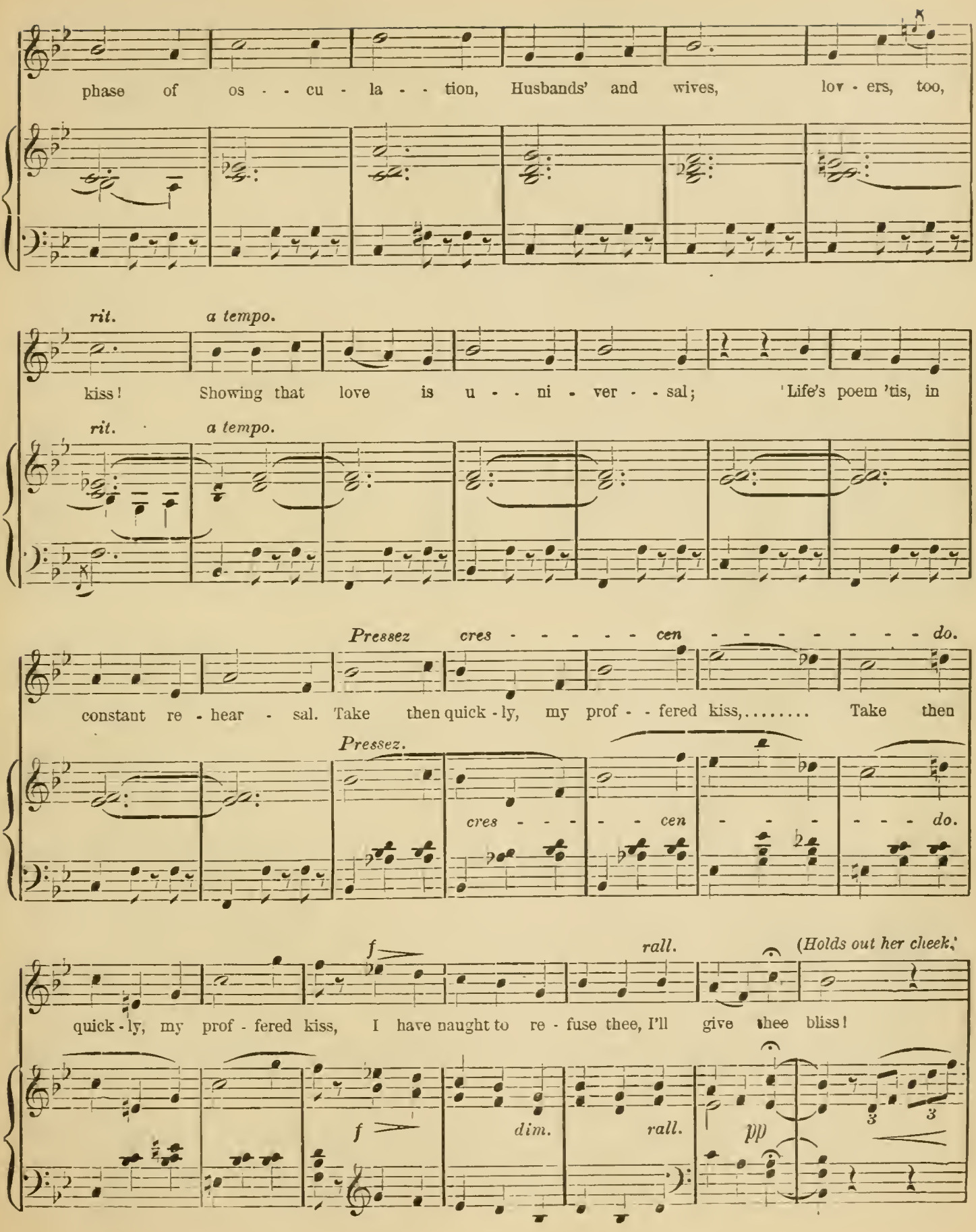

Pippo.
seek you here I pray! Ah! I must take care, now,
If I should look there now, Faith! I feel 'twould be, in faith I feel 'twould
f
Bett.
be all up with me! A - way from me you now are look - ing! What
p
pp
Pippo.
gives your wel-come such a chill? Well! I will teli you, 'tis pro - vok - ing! I have a


Bett.
On - ly that! a head-ache mere - ly? That's not
rit.
head-ache that makes me ill!....
suivez.
p
much, you must con - fess! To cure you, a tri - fle real - - ly, I, a
re - me - dy pos - sess. 'Tis safe to try it!
Pippo.
You pos - sess? I
piu. f


Just make use of this.
On my
doubt!
How would you have me ap - - ply it!
dolce.
fp
rit.
Plus vite.
cheek print a kiss!
Take a kiss!
Take a kiss!
take a
rit.
Plus vite.
rall.
Take a kiss!
Take.... a kiss!
kiss!
rall.
Take.... a kiss
rall.
dim.
pp


Sweet are kiss - es, to take or ren - der; 'Tis you know, on the
pp
rose - lips ten - der O their young babes, that moth - ers press, To
soothe them, a lov - ing ca - ress..... In all lands, a -
poco sfz.
- mong eve - ry na - tion, Is there aught more charm - ing than this! . There's eve-ry


phase of os - - cu - la - - tion, Husbands' and wives, lov - ers, too,
rit. a tempo.
kiss! Showing that love is u - - ni - ver - - sal; 'Life's poem 'tis, in
rit. a tempo.
Pressez cres - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - do.
constant re - hear - sal. Take then quick - ly, my prof - - fered kiss,..... Take then
Pressez.
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do.
f rall. (Holds out her cheek.)
quick - ly, my prof - fered kiss, I have naught to re - fuse thee, I'll give thee bliss!
f dim. rall. pp
3 3

PIPPO. (*hesitates, and looks round.*) (*Approaches to embrace her.*)

Animato.

Ah! a kiss! what de - light, what glad - ness! Still to hes - i - tate would be madness!

fp *Animato.*

ROCCO. (*aside.*) (*Plays the Air of the Mascot.*)

1o. *Tempo.*

Ah! he yields! Quick, ere 'tis too late!

1o. *Tempo.*

p

BETT. (*surprised.*) PIPPO. (*to himself.*)

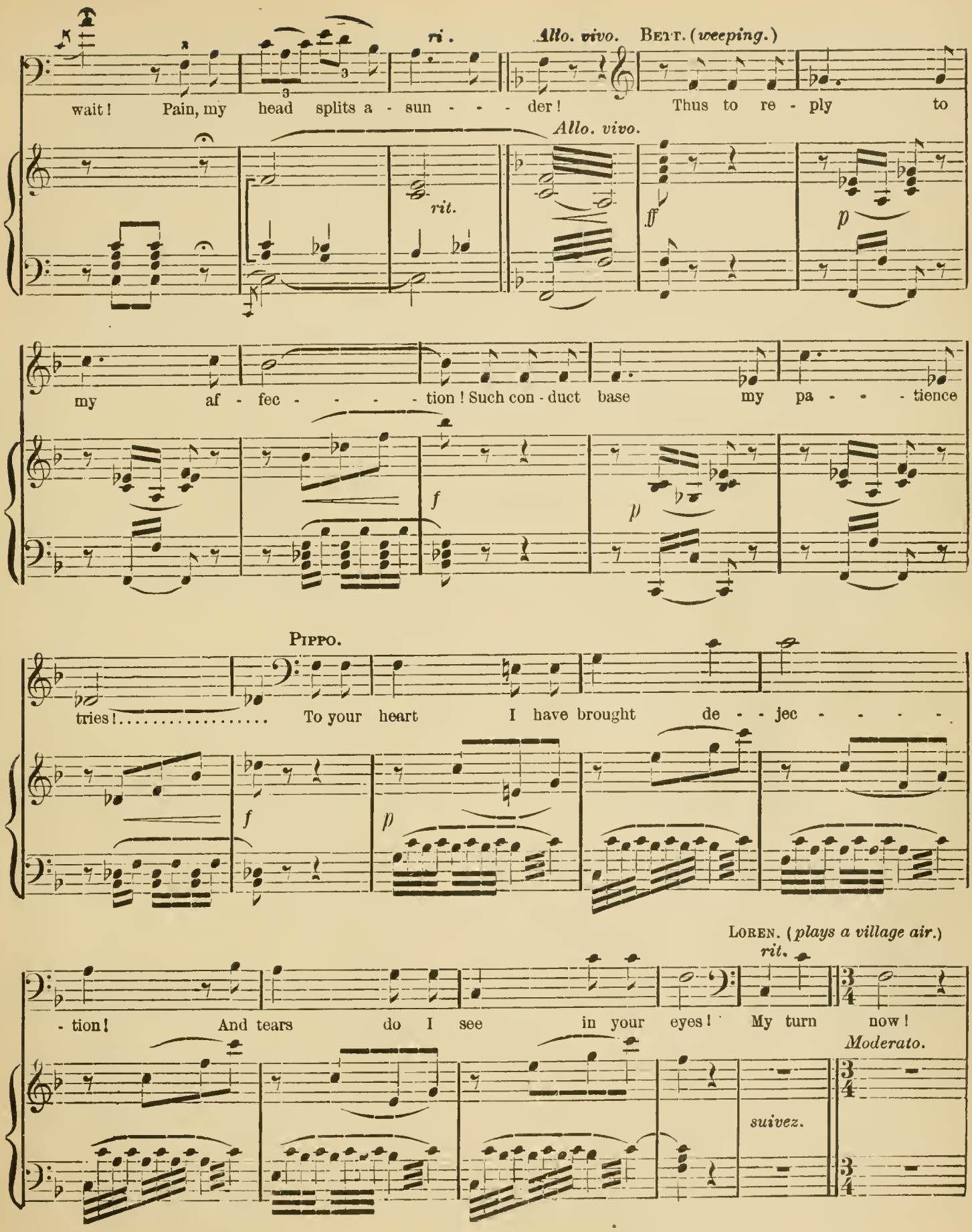
What makes you thus de - lay? I wait! To lose a Mas - cot, what a blun - - -

Moderato. (*to Bettina.*)

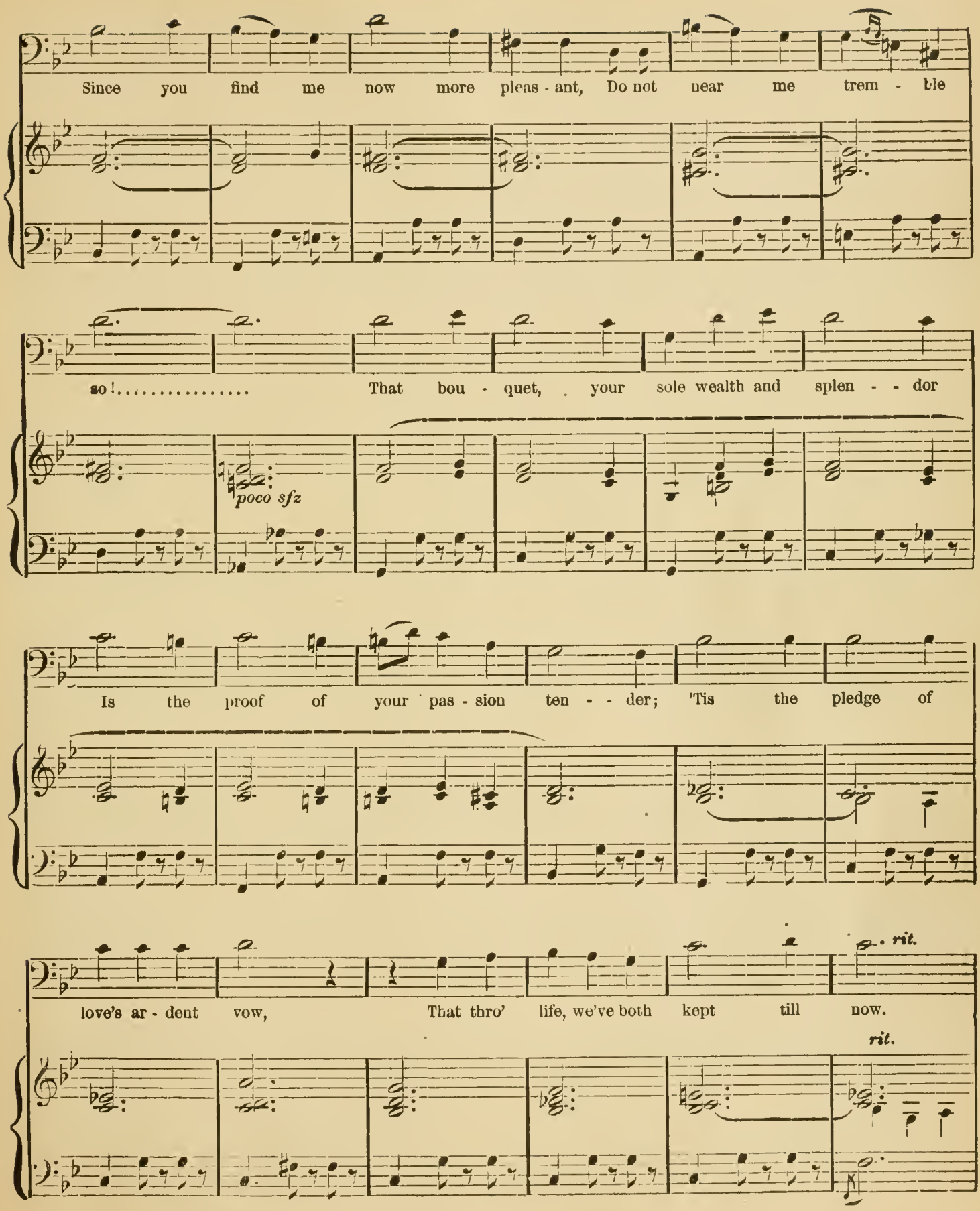
- der! Ah! wait a bit — Pain, my head splits a - sun - der. Ah! wait, do

Moderato.

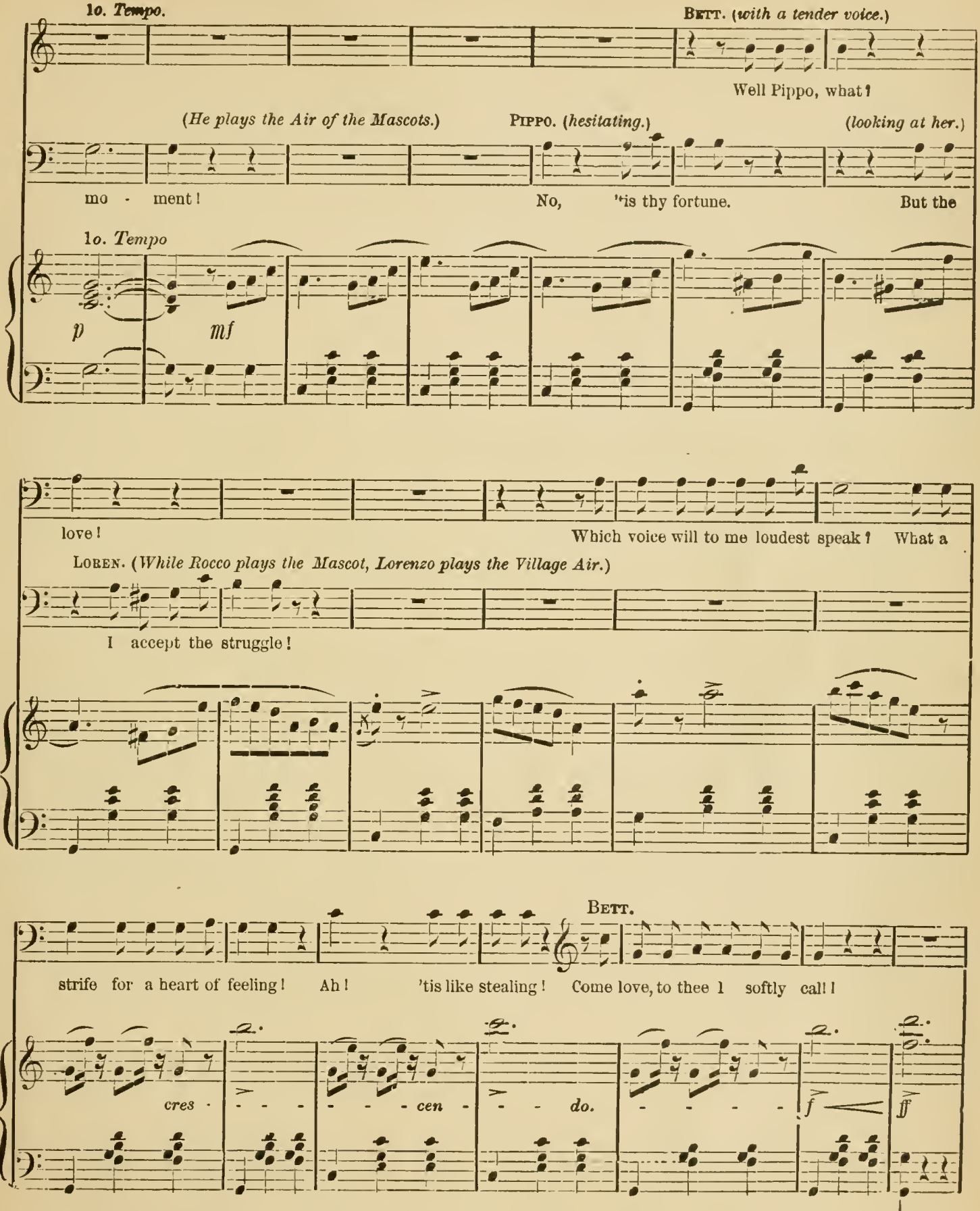
pp


ri.
Allo. vivo.
Bett. (weeping.)
wait! Pain, my head splits a - sun - - - - der! Thus to re - ply to
Allo. vivo.
rit.
ff
p
my af - fec - - - - - tion! Such con - duct base my pa - - - - tience
f
p
Pippo.
tries!..... To your heart I have brought de - - jec - - - - -
f
p
Loren. (plays a village air.)
rit.
- tion! And tears do I see in your eyes! My turn now!
Moderato.
suivez.

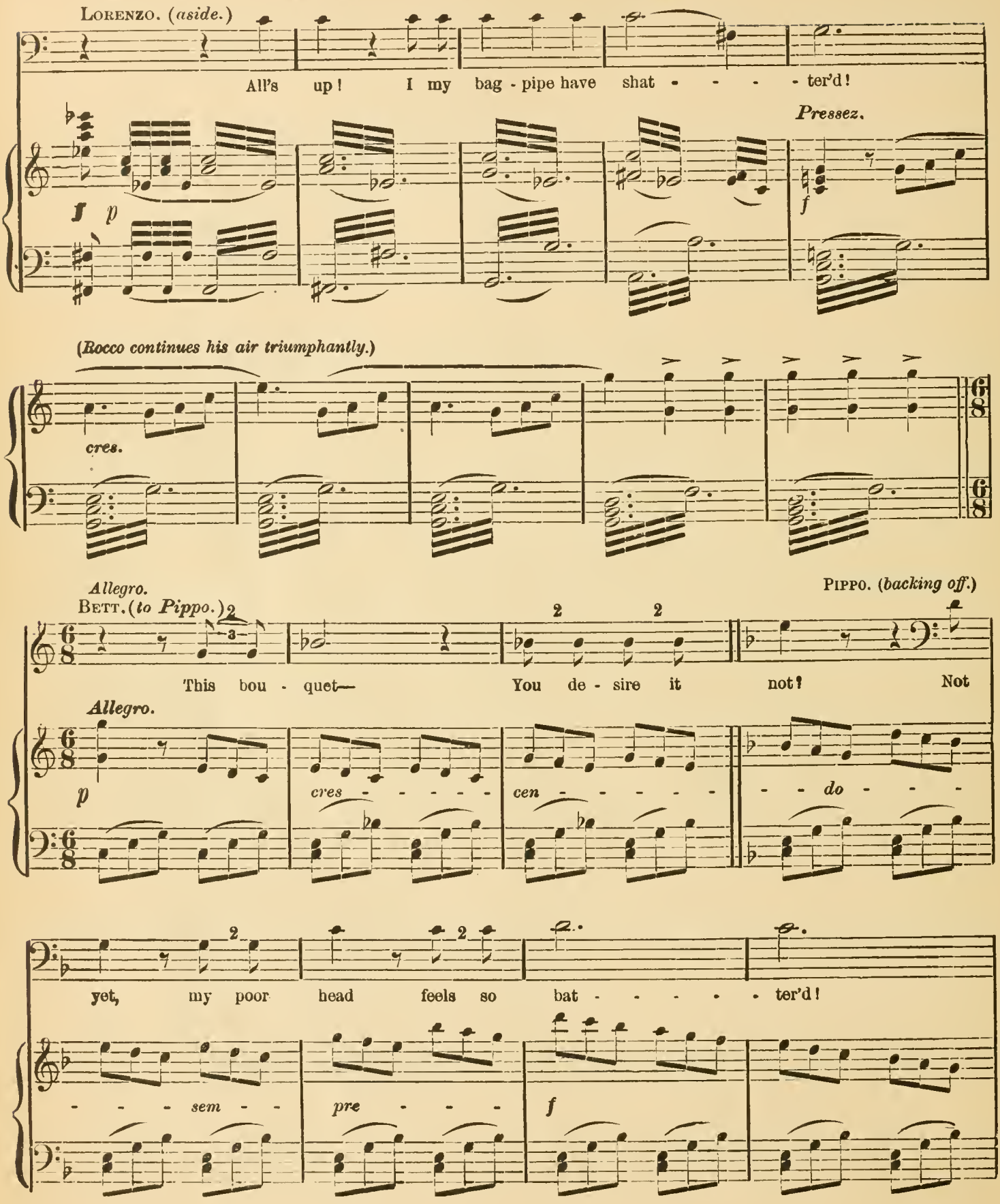
PIPPO. (listening.)
That tune of our vil - lage! What mem'ries dear
mf
(rushes towards Bettina.)
Anime.
It wak - ens here! Its sweet tempting I'll resist no lon - ger! I love thee, love thee dear Bet -
Anime.
f
p
rit.
p a tempo.
- tine! And fain would take from thy dear bosom, That sweet orange blos - som you wear. 'Tis the
a tempo.
rit.
dim.
pp
p
hour of myst' - ry pres - ent, When we speak in whis - pers low;.....


Since you find me now more pleas - ant, Do not near me trem - ble
so!..... That bou - quet, your sole wealth and splen - - dor
poco sfz
Is the proof of your pas - sion ten - - der; 'Tis the pledge of
love's ar - dent vow, That thro' life, we've both kept till now.
rit.
rit.

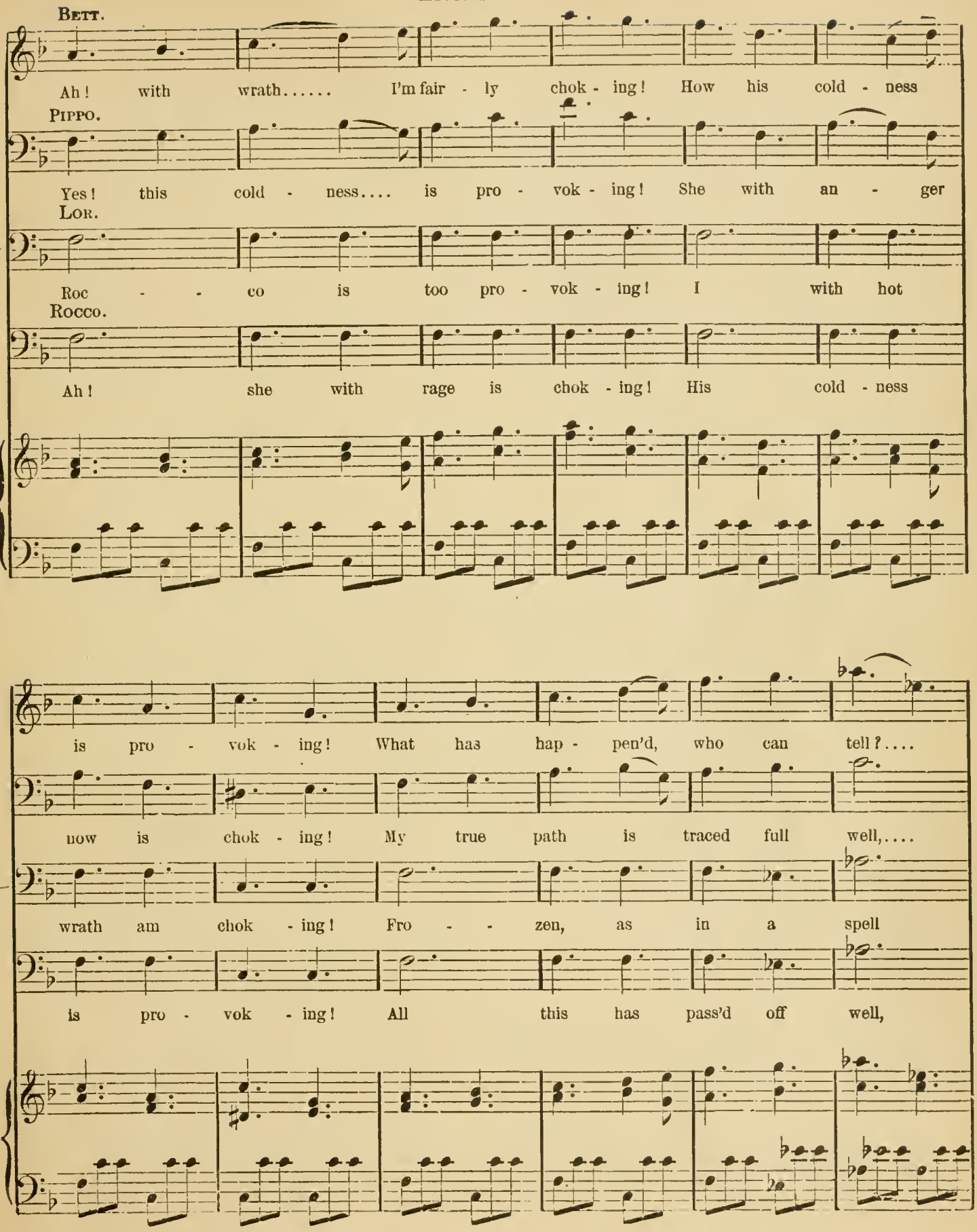
a tempo.
From thy heart, O sweet flower ap - prov - ed, I de - sire in a hus - band's
a tempo.
name, That bou - quet, yes, my dear be - lov - - - ed, On my knees here, that
cres - - - - - - cen - - - - - do.
Bett. à volanté.
Here! to thee I give it.
Rocco. (aside.)
rit.
flower I claim, That bou - quet from thy breast, on my knees I claim. One
f
dim.
rall.
pp
suivez.
p


1o. Tempo.
BETT. (with a tender voice.)
Well Pippo, what?
(He plays the Air of the Mascots.)
PIPPO. (hesitating.)
(looking at her.)
mo - ment!
No, 'tis thy fortune.
But the
1o. Tempo
p
mf
love!
Which voice will to me loudest speak? What a
LOREN. (While Rocco plays the Mascot, Lorenzo plays the Village Air.)
I accept the struggle!
BETT.
strife for a heart of feeling! Ah! 'tis like stealing! Come love, to thee I softly call!
cres - - - - - - cen - - - do. - - - - -
f
ff

(Lorenzo blows so hard that he bursts the skin of his bagpipe, with a great noise.)


LORENZO. (aside.)
All's up! I my bag - pipe have shat - - - - ter'd!
Pressez.
f p
f
(Rocco continues his air triumphantly.)
cres.
Allegro.
BETT. (to Pippo.)
PIPPO. (backing off.)
This bou - quet— You de - sire it not? Not
Allegro.
p
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - - do - - -
yet, my poor head feels so bat - - - - - ter'd!
- - - sem - - pre - - - f

ENSEMBLE.


Bett.
Ah! with wrath..... I'm fair - ly chok - ing! How his cold - ness
Pippo.
Yes! this cold - ness.... is pro - vok - ing! She with an - ger
Lor.
Roc - - co is too pro - vok - ing! I with hot
Rocco.
Ah! she with rage is chok - ing! His cold - ness
is pro - vok - ing! What has hap - pen'd, who can tell?....
now is chok - ing! My true path is traced full well,....
wrath am chok - ing! Fro - - zen, as in a spell
is pro - vok - ing! All this has pass'd off well,

rit.
a tempo.
Cold his heart lies.. as.. a spell! Thee, he said, I a-
I must stay as... in.... a spell! While she wait-ed im-plor-ing, I, her still a-
Stands he, why? who.... can tell? While her husband im-plor-ing, He, still her a-
Yes! all has pass'd off well, Vain was all her im-plor-ing, And vain his a-
rit.
dore! Yet there like ice doth..... stand, like ice doth stand!
dor-ing, All froz-en here stand, Yes, here froz-en I stand, like ice I stand!
dor-ing, All froz-en doth stand, Yes, all froz-en doth stand, like ice doth stand!
dor-ing, He fro-zen doth stand, Yes, he fro-zen doth stand, like ice doth stand.
f
ff

(*At the end of the Ensemble,* BET, *retires angrily.* PIPPO *wishes to rush after her.*)

At the end of quartette, BET. *walks angrily away.* PIP. *wishes to rush after her.*)

PIP. Bettina!

BET. (*Furious.*) There, thats what you deserve. (*She boxes his ears, then runs into her room and locks the door.*)

PIP. (*Throwing himself against the door and knocking.*) Bettina! Bettina! (*Noise of key being turned twice.*) She has double locked the door. (*Knocking again.*) Bettina! Open, I beg of you.

ROC. (*Who has come out of hiding.*) Come, come, — no weakness.

PIP. (*Angrily.*) Let me alone — you bore me. (*Knocking again.*) Bettina! I ask pardon. I give up fortune, honors, everything. I want only you!

ROC. Ah, I will go and warn Prince Frederic. (*Goes out quickly at back.*)

PIP. (*Calling at door.*) Bettina, I am on my knees, I implore you.

LOR. (*Coming out of his hiding place.*) She will not open it.

PIP. (*Turning around.*) Who speaks?

LOR. I!

PIP. And who are you?

LOR. No matter. You have wronged her. You have trampled upon her heart.

PIP. (*In despair.*) What shall I do, then?

LOR. (*Seizing his arm.*) Come with me! (*Drawing him off,* R.I.E.) Come!

PIP. (*Resisting a little.*) But who are you?

LOR. Your good angel. (*Still urging him.*)

ROC. (*Outside.*) This way, Prince, this way!

LOR. Ah, some one comes. Follow me! (*Draws him off.* R.I.E. *Enter* FRED., ROC., SERG., PARAFANTE *and Soldiers at* C., *back quickly.*)

FRED. Sergeant, guard this door with two sentinels. (*Points to door of chamber,* R.) A Mascot! A Mascot! and she is mine. My friend, you can count upon my gratitude.

ROC. I shall do so, your highness.

FRED. But where is Pippo? Sergeant, tell Captain Pippo I wish to see him.

LOR. (*Enters at back, and comes down rubbing his hands.*) He won't be likely to find him very soon.

FRED. What does this peasant say?

LOR. I say that he won't be likely to find him very soon. Captain Pippo is engaged, very much engaged. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha!

FRED. This fellow's making game of us.

ROC. (*Aside.*) I smell something wrong.

FRED. Who are you?

ROC. (*Pulling off his beard.*) It is Lorenzo.

FRED. Lorenzo! And you dare to brave me here. Soldiers, surround him!

FIAM. (*Enters from left and throws herself at* FRED'S *feet.*) Pardon Pardon, for my father's sake, pardon!

FRED. (*Astonished.*) Fiametta! (*Looking at her. Aside.*) How lovely she is. (*Aloud.*) I pardon you, — rise.

FIAM. (*Putting her hand to her heart. Aside.*) How my heart beats. (*Looking at him.*) How handsome he looks. (*Aloud.*) Prince, I find you swift to forgive, while I am slow to love. Do not turn from me.

FRED. (*Transported.*) What! You love me at last. You ——

ROC. (*Pulling him by the sleeve.*) You forget Pippo.

FRED True; where can he be?

LOR. (*Pointing to chamber,* R.) He is there!

ROC. What?

FRED. How do you know?

LOR. (*Imitating.*) I gave him a back up by the window.

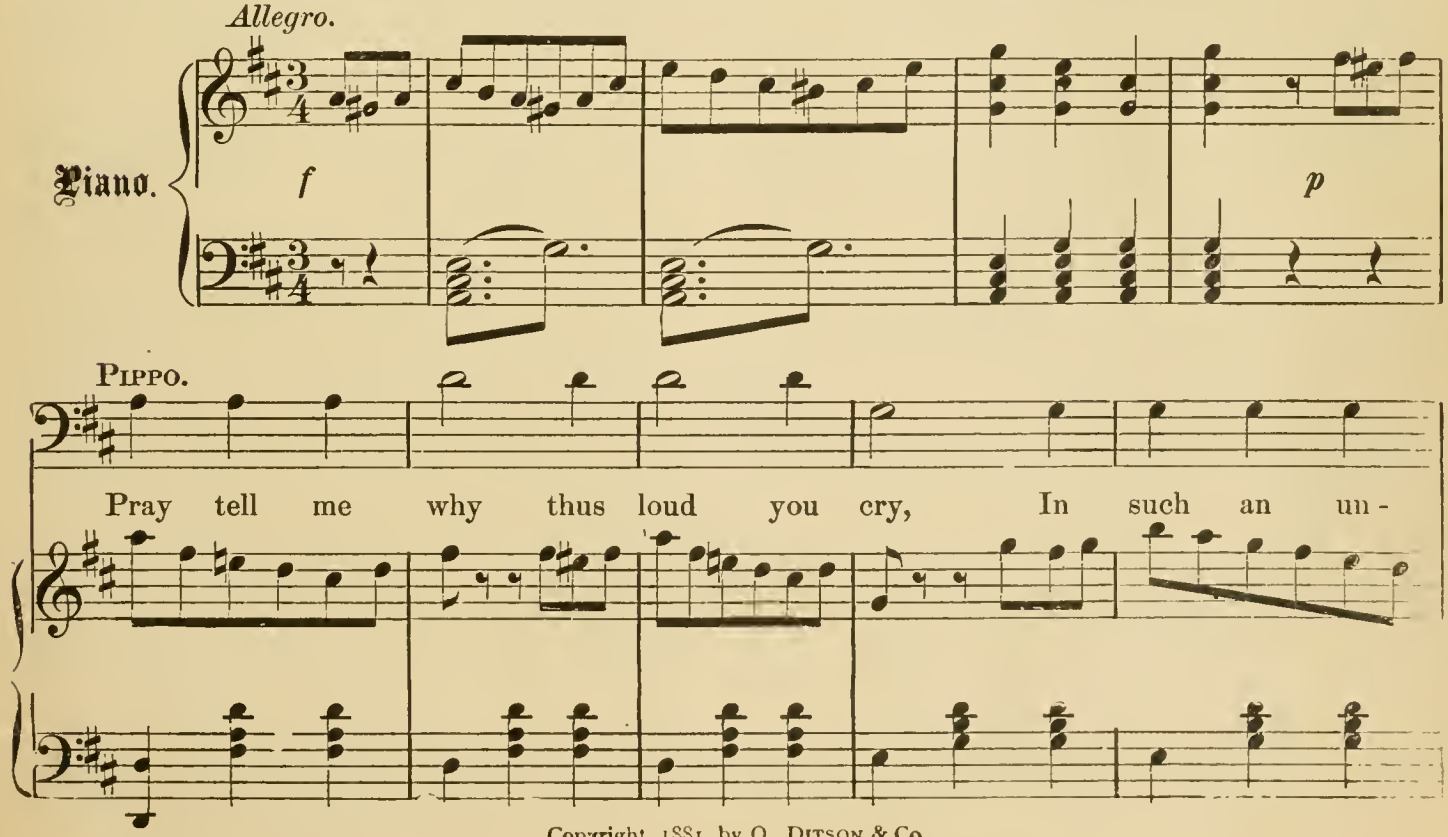
FRED. I must make sure of that. Soldiers, break open the door!

SERG. 'Tis useless, he is opening it. (BET. *and* PIP. *appear upon the threshold of the door.* PIP. *holding victoriously, the boque of orange blossoms.*)

FINALE.

No. 33. All the Characters and Chorus.

ROCCO *and* PIPPO *on the sill of the door.* PIPPO *holding the bouquet of flowers.*



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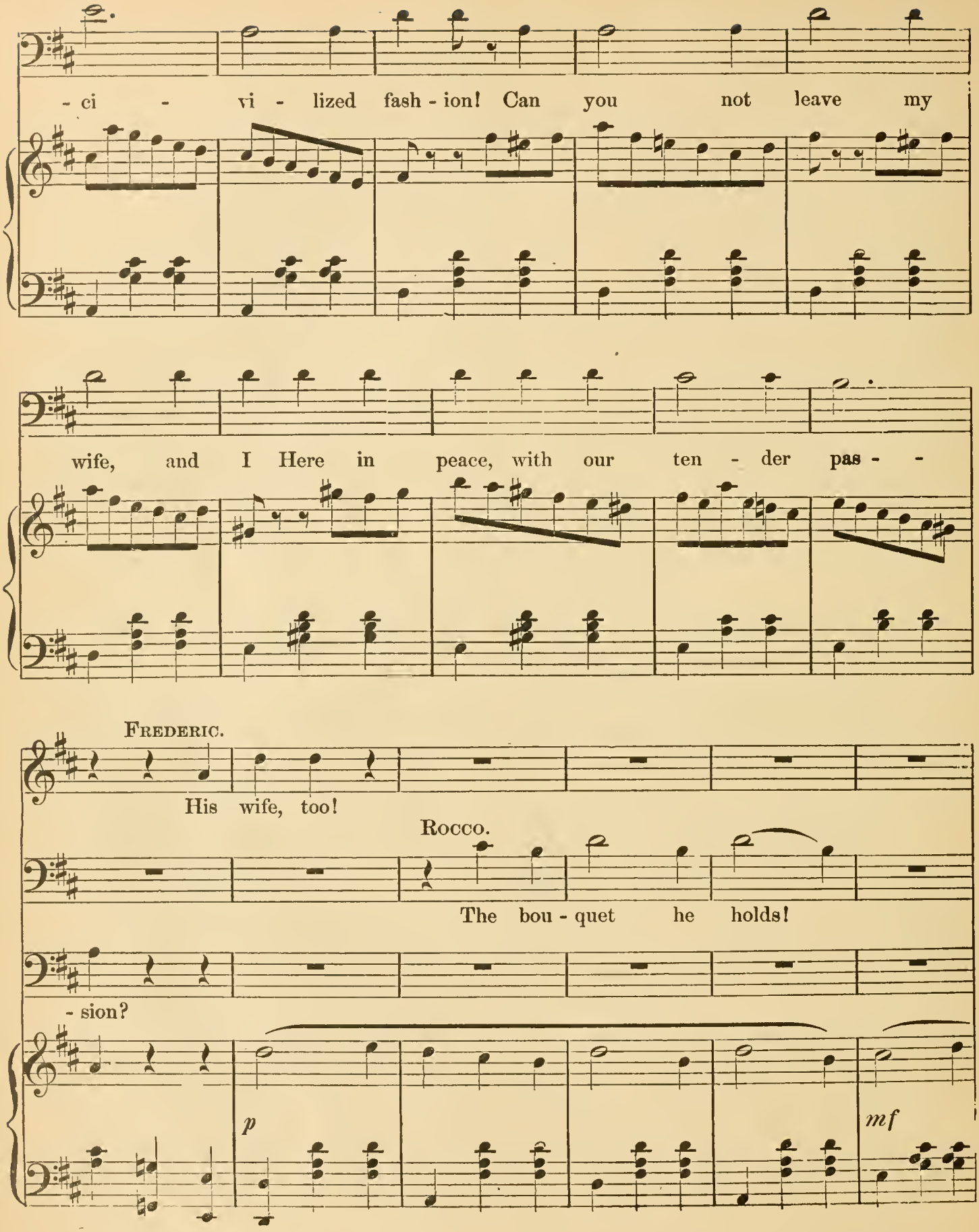
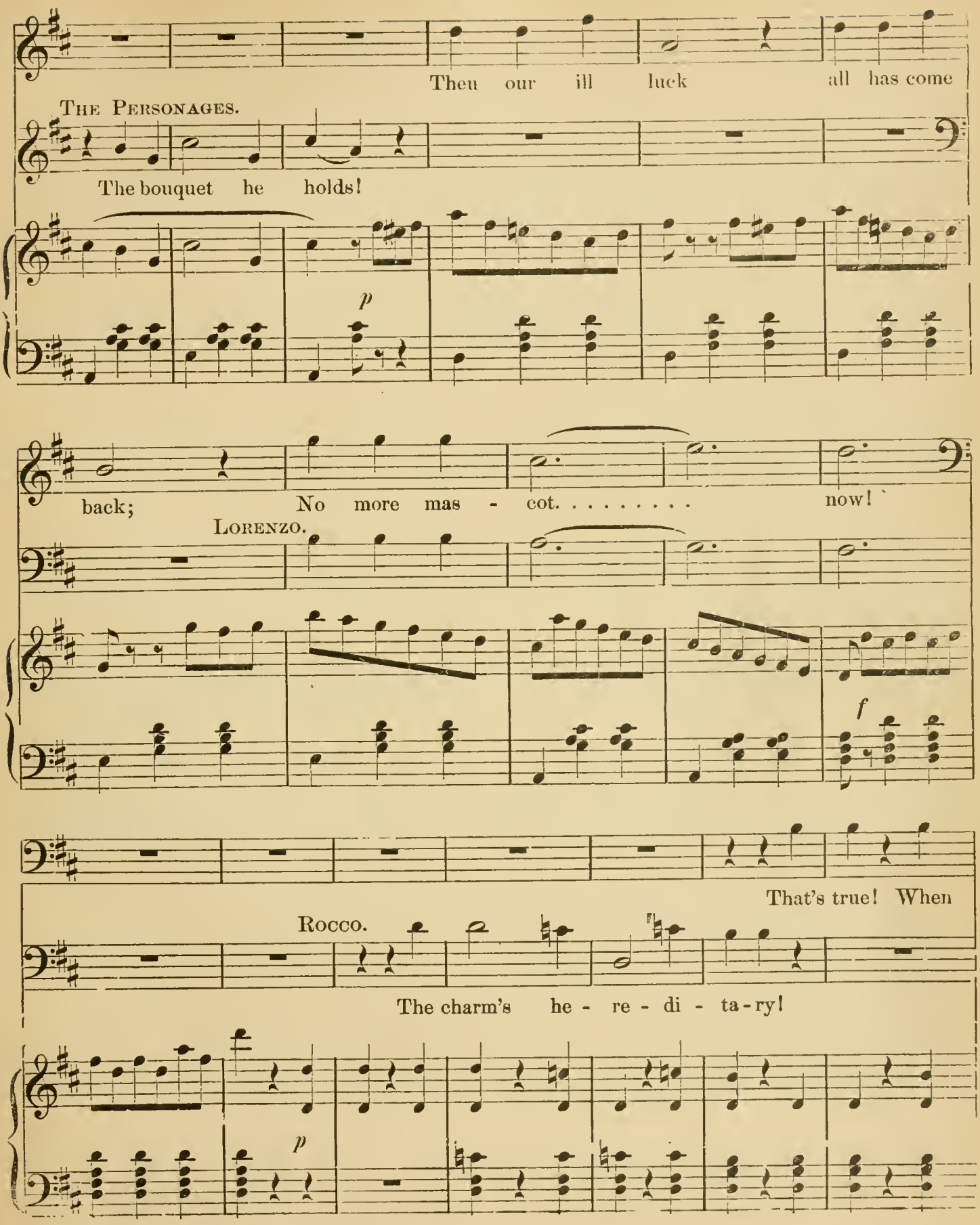
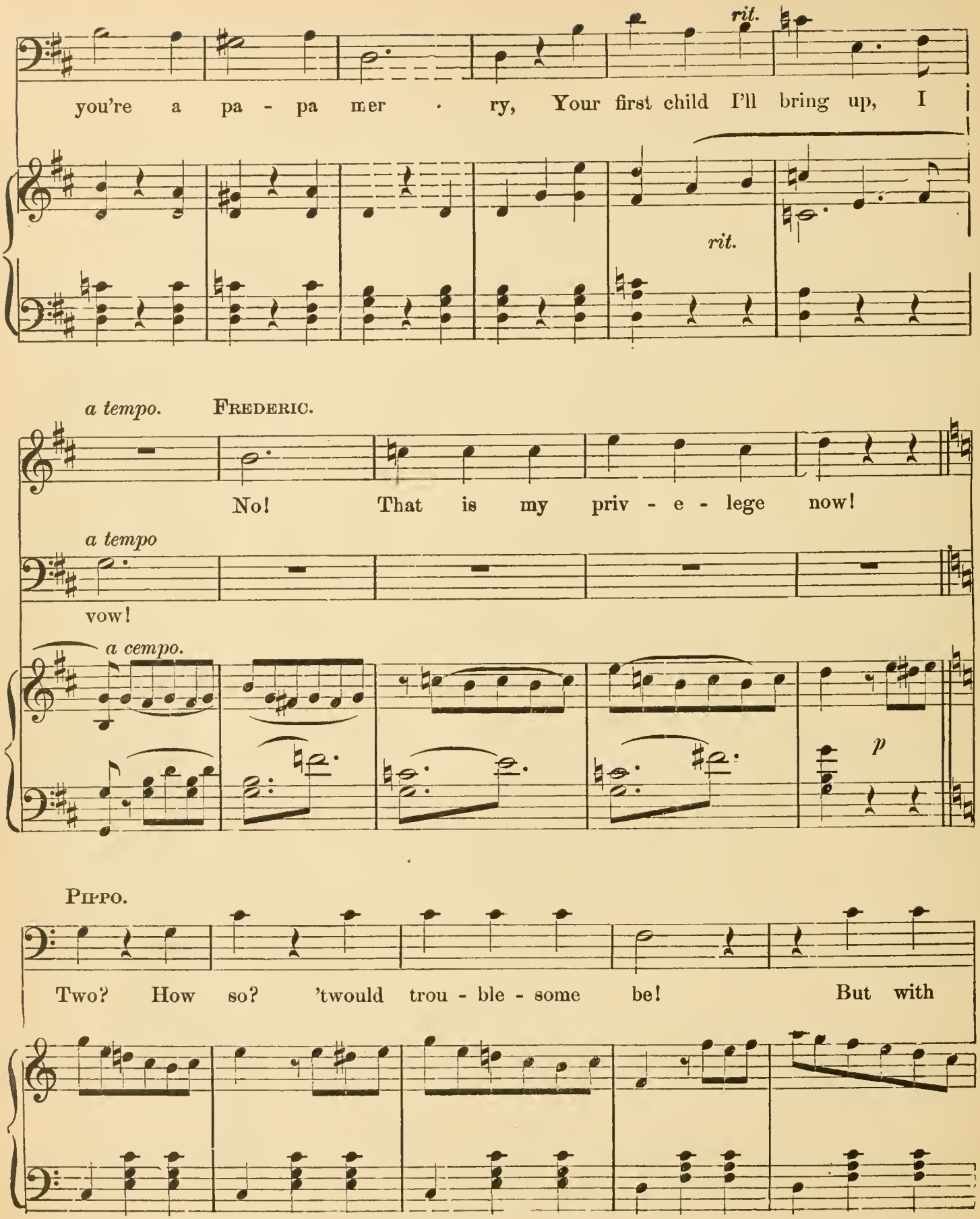
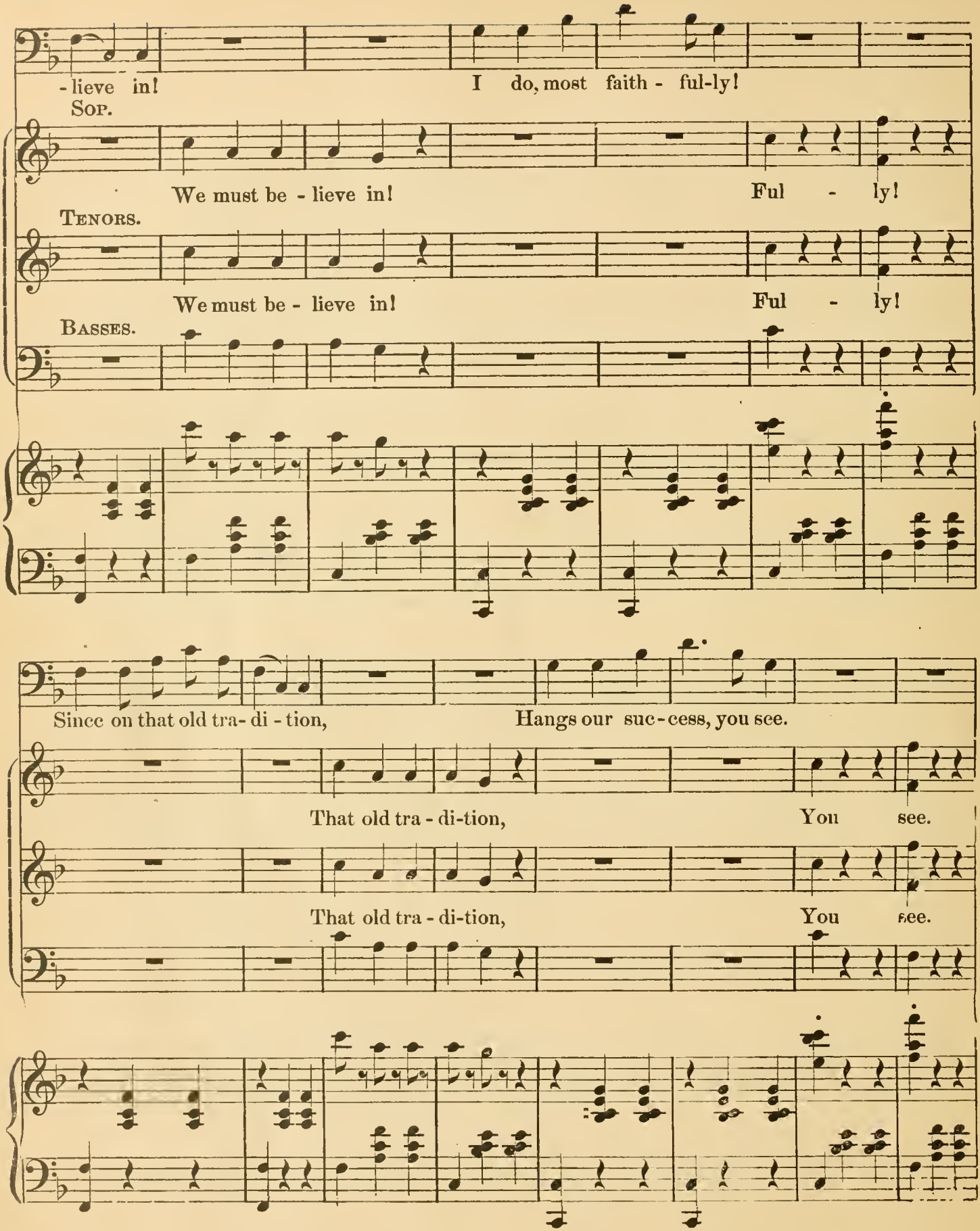

- ci - vi - lized fash - ion! Can you not leave my
wife, and I Here in peace, with our ten - der pas - -
FREDERIC.
His wife, too!
Rocco.
The bou - quet he holds!
- sion?
p
mf

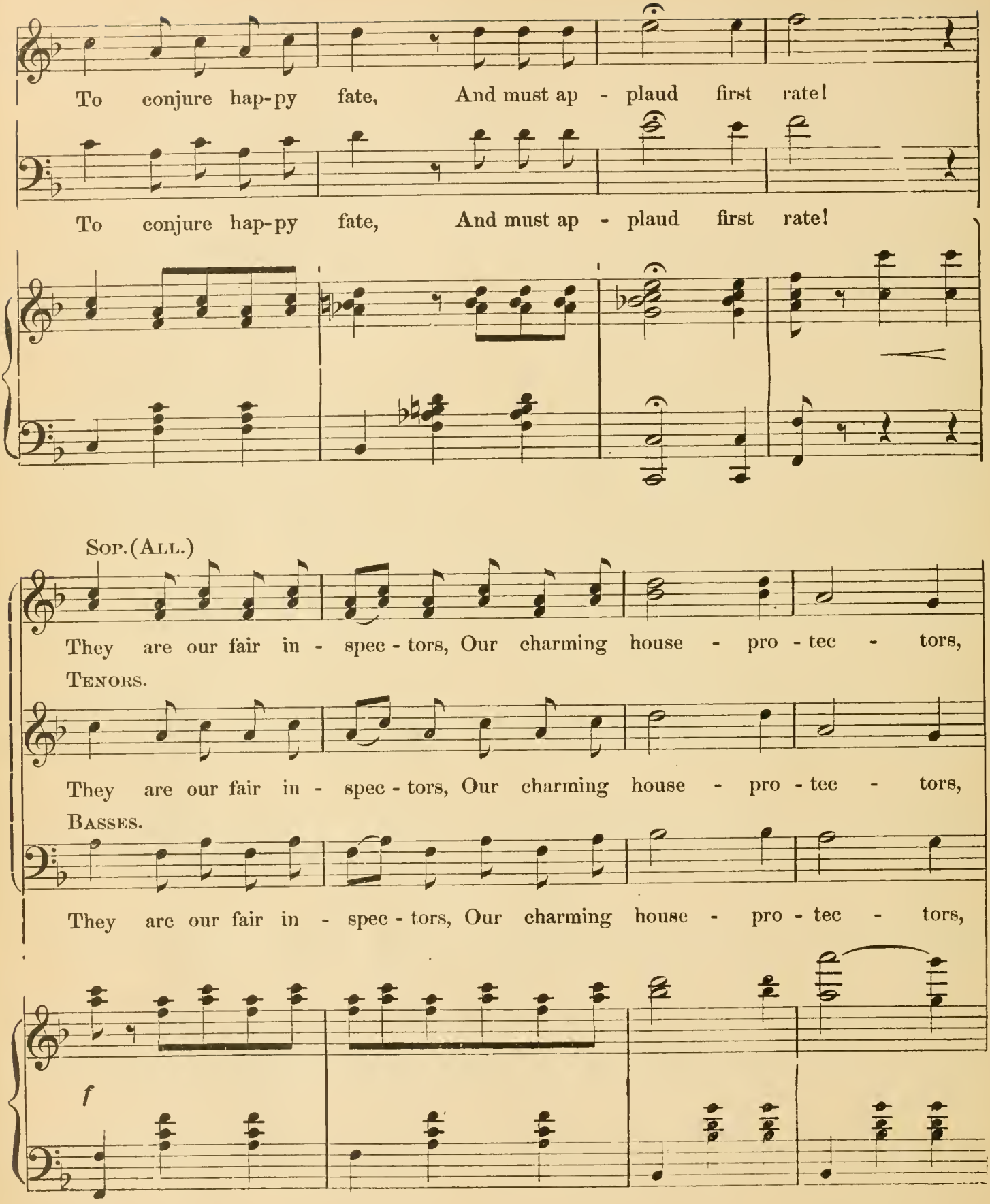

Then our ill luck all has come
The Personages.
The bouquet he holds!
p
back; No more mas - cot. . . . . now!
Lorenzo.
f
That's true! When
Rocco.
The charm's he - re - di - ta - ry!
p

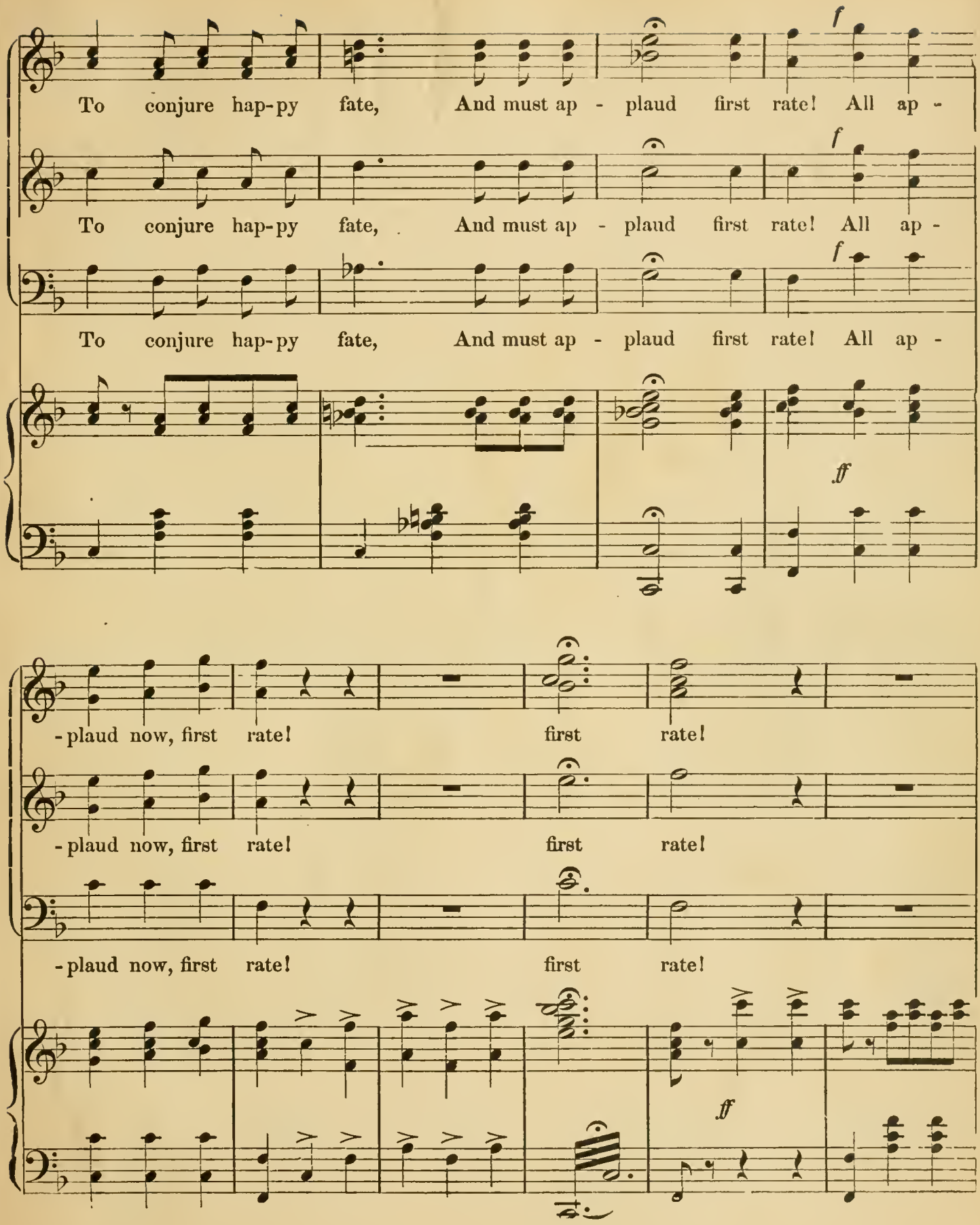

rit.
you're a pa - pa mer · ry, Your first child I'll bring up, I
rit.
a tempo. FREDERIC.
No! That is my priv - e - lege now!
a tempo
vow!
a cempo.
p
PIPPO.
Two? How so? 'twould trou - ble - some be! But with

twins, the thing would go brave - ly! Dear Bet -
f
p
- tine, ... do you hear? . . . . . Our friends are more than kind!
Bett.
rall.
tempo primo.
Then, husband dear, we will leave care be - hind.
Lorenzo.
Mascots we must be -
tempo primo.
pp
rall.
pp


-lieve in!
I do, most faith - ful-ly!
Sop.
We must be - lieve in!
Ful - ly!
Tenors.
We must be - lieve in!
Ful - ly!
Basses.
Since on that old tra- di - tion,
Hangs our suc-cess, you see.
That old tra - di-tion,
You see.
That old tra - di-tion,
You see.

Bett.
In this hall, un - sus - pect - ed, I've more than one de - tect - ed.
p
Pippo.
I man - y more be - hold, Yes, more than twen-ty - fold, all told!
Bett.
They are our fair in - spec - tors, Our charming house - pro - tec - tors,


To conjure hap-py fate, And must ap - plaud first rate!
To conjure hap-py fate, And must ap - plaud first rate!
Sop. (All.)
They are our fair in - spec - tors, Our charming house - pro - tec - tors,
Tenors.
They are our fair in - spec - tors, Our charming house - pro - tec - tors,
Basses.
They are our fair in - spec - tors, Our charming house - pro - tec - tors,
f


To conjure hap-py fate, And must ap - plaud first rate! All ap -
To conjure hap-py fate, And must ap - plaud first rate! All ap -
To conjure hap-py fate, And must ap - plaud first rate! All ap -
f
f
f
ff
- plaud now, first rate! first rate!
- plaud now, first rate! first rate!
- plaud now, first rate! first rate!
ff

CURTAIN.

PTLP Review:
✓Brittle
0 Acid Free

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